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BATTAK WARRIORS AT WAR WITH THE DUTCH.

TERESINA PEREGRINA;

OR,

FIFTY THOUSAND MILES

OF

TRAVEL ROUND THE WORLD.

BY

THÉRÈSE YELVERTON
(VISCOUNTESS AVONMORE).

60584
a c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	MY VISIT TO SALT LAKE	1
II.	THE VALLEY OF THE YO-SEMITE	38
III.	THE SANDWICH ISLANDS	61
IV.	THE TYPHOON	85
V.	CHINA	95
VI.	KIN LOONG AT HONG KONG	108
VII.	CANTON: CHINESE INTERIORS	120
VIII.	MACAO: NEW YEAR'S DAY	159
IX.	COCHIN-CHINA: SAIGON	175
X.	JOURNEY TO CAMPUCHIA	184
XI.	CAMPUCHIA: NAM VAN	196
XII.	RECEPTION BY THE KING OF CAMPUCHIA	206
XIII.	THE CEREMONY OF CUTTING THE PRINCESS'S HAIR, AND MY FIRST ELEPHANT RIDE	215
XIV.	ROYAL THEATRICALS: THE KING OF CAMPUCHIA'S DANCERS, AND HIS HAREM	236

CHAPTER PAGE

XV. SAILING IN A SAMPAN 248

XVI. THE LAKES OF TONLI-SAP..... 273

XVII. THE CAMPUCHIANS..... 293

XVIII. SIEM REPH..... 297

XIX. ANGKOR WAT..... 310

BAKINK 325

XX. BIVOUAC IN SIAM 328

TERESINA PEREGRINA.

CHAPTER I.

MY VISIT TO SALT LAKE.

MY wanderings having been guided rather by the dictates of my fancy than by the instruction of "Bradshaw" or the experience of "Murray," I traversed the globe in a zig-zag course, visiting any and every place which awoke my curiosity or interest, my means of transit being as various as the spots to which they led. The most ordinary were the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, the French Messageries Impériales, and the Overland Pacific railroad in the Silver Palace Cars, where a newspaper was printed every morning for the amusement of passengers.

I have floated upon the majestic roll of waters called the father of rivers, the great Mississippi,

for two thousand miles, in the magnificent river steamers wherein there is usually a dance every night. I have sailed on the glorious Ohio, whose banks, during the fall of the leaf, called the Indian summer, are one continuous, gorgeous bouquet.

I have gazed upon the million tons of limpid green water that casts itself over the Niagara Falls, and with intenser delight upon her ethereal sisters of the Yo-Semite Valley, which seem scarcely of earth as they poured down like clouds evolved into pearls, three thousand feet into the smiling valley below. I have walked twenty miles into the mysterious bowels of the earth, in the subterranean world of the mammoth caves of Kentucky, where the trees, flowers and creepers were of stone, where the river was motionless to view, and its fishes were sightless, in harmony with the Cimmerian darkness, such as might be felt. I have lived amongst a race of fierce-eyed savages, whose natural custom was to eat their grandmothers. I have roamed in the ruined palaces of pre-Christian kings, whose dumb granite lips told the only history of their power and might. I have climbed, like an acrobat, to the leafy homes, midway up trees, of the ourang-outangs.

Accident, rather than design, always wafted me westward, and still, without intention or set plan, I drifted, though with many deflections, towards the home of the setting sun; and, like a waif on the west wind, was borne back to the spot whence I started.

I have availed myself of Chinese junks, British schooners, royal elephants, Dutch barques, and machines called trollies, — of bullock-bandies, sampans, ponies, sedan-chairs, and Dyak improvised Banbury chairs;—of Spanish mules, palanquins, steam yachts, garris, buggies, and many indescribable things on wheels; and my cruise has also been over the Blondin-like traverses of the *batongs* of Borneo.

Very much out of health, I left England for New York in the ill-fated "City of Boston," whose gallant captain will be remembered with regret by all who knew him.

In the United States I travelled twenty thousand miles: but in these volumes I shall give only a sketch of this grand and immense country, having fully entered into its merits elsewhere. I shall therefore confine myself to its natural and human wonders. I shall everywhere give the notes taken on the spot, without

attempting to follow any consecutive plan in this book any more than in my travels. As few of my readers, I opine, would like to follow me, I do not pretend to write a guide-book. I adapted myself to circumstances and took advantage of every opportunity to study nature and human nature, both being infinitely agreeable to me. The hardships and difficulties, being of a novel character, served rather to rouse my energies than to appal my courage. Sometimes the scenery was so startling, the *entourage* so strange, the people so wild, the life I led so unique, that I used to argue the point with myself whether I was the same individual, or in my normal condition; whether perchance I had not died in one or other of my near escapes and been born anew into a fresh planet,—a better one rather, for, strange as it may seem, I do not think there is such an amount of crime and suffering amongst the savage nations as among the civilized. Nature in these climes is so bountiful that she seems to compensate for men's evil passions, and to assuage the ills of life. True that a few heads were chopped off with less delay and ceremony than would be observed in our country: but that brings us to the momentous question, is

death such a great evil as we are wont to consider it? I am half in favour of the Chinese theory that, as death is inevitable, it is folly to make it terrible, and so render life miserable by the dread of it. Under this belief John Chinaman thinks it far better to destroy himself than live in the endurance of any great calamity. However, I found my savage life so much happier than my civilized one had been, that I was quite willing to run the risk of being cut suddenly off by a Battak or a jealous beauty of the harem; by a swollen tide in which I had floundered with my pony, or a fall from a rock whereon I had clambered to get a good view and drink in joy enough to last me for many a week.

As I do not travel for the mere sake of travelling, but for the pleasure of learning and knowing, I resolved to see as much of the route on the Great Pacific railway as I could; and instead of rushing through in a week, I broke my journey at all the principal places in the Rocky Mountains and Sierras, and, amongst others, the Mormon City of Salt Lake. Many were the cautions, hints and warnings given me by my Yankee friends. "Go well armed; take no money; never utter a syllable upon their peculiar institutions; and do not stay long."

Thus in fear and trembling, yet wonderfully curious, and half shaken to jelly by the jolting of the stage-coach, we arrived in the kingdom of Brigham Young; I should say country, but wish to signify that the country was brought into existence by him and that he ruled almost supreme. Through him and by his power and energy this rock-bound wilderness has been made a smiling garden, replete with corn and fruits and flowers, and has been brought forth into as pretty a city as can be well described.

Our visit to the City of the Mormons had been anticipated as the most interesting and exciting portion of our journey. Participating in the prejudices so universally entertained against them in Europe, and well crammed with all the atrocious slanders circulated against them in America, we prepared ourselves for any emergency; and, as we had no present intention of reforming the great President or his harem, we resolved to bite through our tongues rather than utter a syllable other than approving, even though we should see some offending wife flayed alive before our very eyes. I felt as I was wont to feel when, as a girl, I used to row past the old seraglio of Stamboul, where superannuated wives of the late Sultan were immured; whence

on many a dark night could be heard the shrieks of some victim to the fury of the eunuch or harem masters;—some forlorn victim to jealous hate, some wretched dabbler in poison overtaken by a vengeance as fierce as her own. My woman's nature would be so wrought upon that I dreaded to hear those agonized cries for help, lest I should be unable to refrain from rushing into the *mêlée* and only succeed in getting tumbled into the sea along with the miserable culprit.

Having been thoroughly impressed in Asiatic Turkey with the folly of intervention in any case, and being much older and wiser by this time, I had resolved to witness any kind of horrors in Brigham Young's kingdom with stoical immobility. Soon after entering the Utah territory, an old man, with a broad-brimmed hat and a face like a bright winter-apple, selling home-made "cookies" in a very white napkin, stepped into the car. He was our first specimen of Mormonism; but the old man quietly sold his cakes in the car, and nothing more frightful came of it. He obviously made no attempt to carry off any young girl for his fifteenth wife, did not cast amorous eyes on any of us, but seemed only intent upon selling

his cakes. Before starting we had advised our bankers clearly and definitely of our intended whereabouts, with instructions that, if we were "*found missing*," the British minister was immediately to be informed. We had even thought of adopting Queen Eleanor's ruse of a ball of silk in our pockets in order that we might be more surely traced to those deep dungeons wherein it might be the mighty Mormon potentate's pleasure to immure us.

The rail to Salt Lake was as yet incomplete, and we found that our best plan was to pass the night at Ogden, a small Mormon town, and proceed by stage next day. It was quite dark before we reached our destination, which served only to excite our curiosity and trepidation as to what next was to befall us. We were driven to the hotel in just such a little trap as is common to all American country towns. Nothing extraordinary in that:—we reached the hotel without being pitched down a precipice and having our necks broken, although the pit-falls and mud-holes on the road were as deep and wide as all American holes in roads are, more or less. The hotel was an ordinary American hotel or inn. In the parlour was the inevitable great ugly stove, and beside it were

two women sitting sewing, surely Mormons thought we, and very fine specimens too. We scanned them as narrowly as politeness would permit, and they honoured us with a thoroughbred Yankee stare.

They continued their conversation, from which it was very provoking to discover they were New Yorkers; fresh from that United States paradise; and they doubtless mistook *us* for Mormons. We supped on the inevitable beefsteak and bad coffee: our Mormon adventure was becoming very monotonous. I wished to have my secretary's room next to my own, so that, in case of any alarm, he might lend me assistance: but unfortunately there was only one room vacant, opposite; and of course that was of very little use. But we hit upon a plan of putting a string across the passage, an end to be held by each. I was to jerk it vigorously if any evil betided me; that was the best arrangement we could make under the circumstances. Unfortunately some ill-gaited person, not lifting his feet, stumbled over the twine, jerking it hard enough to rouse us both simultaneously; so that we confronted each other at our doors with "What is the matter?" "What are they doing?" "Who is it?" &c. &c. We looked very

blank when we found we had roused each other to no purpose. The string was as superfluous as in any house I ever slept in, in my life.

Next morning a tap came to the door; I said "Come in." The door opened; I expected the siege to recommence. I thought I ought to have had a chain on my door, to enable me to peep through before opening; but a plain, gentle-looking, middle-aged woman with a kindly expression, in a brown stuff dress, white apron, and trim white cap, made her appearance with "Can I do anything for you, madam? Would you like hot water, or your breakfast in your room?"

The suggestion of breakfast in my room was a luxury which had never been permitted to me in America without a great fuss and payment for the one down stairs, which was ready for me whether I chose to eat it or not. She proceeded to untie my wraps and do little trifles about, very like any well-trained maid. I looked on in astonishment. It was the very first time in my travels in America I had ever been offered such a service or attention. In American hotels you are shown into a room by the porter. If what you require is within its walls, well and good; if not, you had better

make a virtue of necessity and dispense with it. Looking at the homely, sweet, intelligent face, and hearing the soft voice, I felt sure she was English, and asking the question, was answered in the affirmative, she naming the country town whence she came. Never supposing she was a Mormon, I entered into conversation with her as to how she came to be there, and how long she had been in the country. Her replies had the genuine frankness and simplicity characteristic of the middle-class respectable English woman. She told me, whilst I vainly endeavoured to conceal my astonishment, that she was the wife of the proprietor of the house, who had ten others besides her;—one of them her sister; her husband being a bishop and greatly beloved, as I afterwards found, by all; and how she had adopted Mormonism from her father, who was also in this house with her mother and a third sister. She told me of their journey over the wilderness, their trials and hardships, and their unfailing trust in God, and that He would assuredly lead them to a land where they could serve Him according to their lights in peace;—of the privations they had still to endure even in the Land of Promise, the severity of the weather,

the lack of wood, obtained at infinite toil and labour, men often frost-bitten at their work, no coal having been discovered until the last year or so when the splendid vein in Echo Cañon had been worked;—of the arduous task of carrying their furniture and whatever edibles they could not grow themselves, two thousand miles in ox-teams;—of the lack of water except what was brought by rude aqueducts from the mountains, while every acre of land needed irrigation before it would produce one growth of corn;—of the swarm of insects (a kind of locust) which would appear and suddenly devour every leaf and bud, and leave the fields a barren desert.

"You will believe, madam, that we must have had some faith and purpose, and a good end in view, to have endured and struggled through all that."

The argument was as simple as it was powerful. She spoke very freely on the subject of polygamy; and as she talked quietly, earnestly, and straightforwardly, I never felt so keenly the consciousness of having been prejudiced, of having settled into a conclusion without knowing anything of the facts of this special Mormon creed. Believing that polygamy was the same

all the world over, and having known well the utter degradation of the Asiatic women in this condition, I expected to meet with the same result here, if not even in a worse form.

My first Mormon woman therefore took me agreeably by surprise. She advanced the scriptural argument—subsequently, I remarked, held by all—that the Almighty had sanctioned polygamy frequently, and had never forbidden it; that a virtue would never become a crime by force of circumstances; and that a vice could never have been tolerated or sanctioned by the Most High; that these practices, once admitted as pure and innocent, could never become impure or vicious for time and eternity, and that the command of the Lord to our first parents was to increase and multiply. It is true, she said, that it is often painful to a woman to share any part of her husband's society or affections: but there are many duties in her life which call for an equal sacrifice. Every duty almost brings its pang as well as its sweets.

"And what can be the sweets in that?" I asked in strange bewilderment.

She made this startling answer: "We know that our husband is living according to the law of God. We know that he is not causing the

ruin of some innocent young creature, and her still more innocent offspring, for the sole gratification of his passions. We know that he is not buying for money the soul of a woman (for prostitution among the Mormons is unknown); and we know that we shall never be abandoned or brought to shame in any way. If a husband's affections stray to one besides his first wife, it makes no difference in her suffering, whether she oppose him or not; and it does not follow because a man experiences a new affection, that he should wholly lose the old one, as in the English custom, where the first wife, throwing herself into direct antagonism with the man's inclination, becomes a bar to his happiness, and he consequently hates and ill-treats her, not because he does not feel the same to her as of yore, but because she stands between him and his new passion, and may at any moment become the avenger of his crime against the law. Your law does not, and cannot stop or prevent this change of feeling, or interfere with the gratification of it, so long as he does not give his second love the same honourable protection as the first. He is allowed to commit the evil with impunity, but not to apply the remedy. The fact of the versatility of men's affections is

tacitly admitted the world over, but we are the only people (in Europe she meant) who protect the woman under its effects. What are the ladies thinking about who are lecturing on woman's rights, and represent us as living in a sink of iniquity? Do they not see that a woman has more rights and more protection with us than under any dispensation of law or of society in the Old World? We are but numerically few as yet, only 150,000; and in Salt Lake, our largest city, where will you find a street or house into which a modest woman cannot go? We have neither palaces nor dens for hidden vice in the land, nor will any be permitted. However many wives a man may have, he is obliged to support them all, and their children, in equal respectability; nor can he cast one off only from the fact that he is tired of her, although divorce can be obtained by mutual consent or for sufficient reason. We have no courtezans, because a man cannot live with a woman without marriage according to the Mormon law. Some men even take but one wife, and remain true to her as long as they both live, but at the unveiling of all hearts, how many men, who condemn polygamy as a crime, will be able to lay their hands on their hearts, and

say that one woman only has ever received their vows ?"

Engrossed by this singular conversation with a Mormon woman (the gist of which I here describe), I found I had missed the coach, and subsequently remained several days in the town of Ogden. It was delightfully placed in a valley shut in on all sides by the mountains. Many of the houses were built of the adobe brick, a clay only hardened in the sun. Every house seemed to have its orchard and flower garden, and although no attempt was made at what the Americans are so fond of calling "elegance," hard labour and frugal thrift were obvious in all directions. The men were remarkably hardy and robust, with that earnest bearing which manual labour gives a man. The women were all at work, scrubbing, washing, gardening, and mending. If Satan, according to Dr. Watts's Hymn-book, only interests himself about "idle hands," surely these women do not get into much mischief; for, during the fortnight we stopped there, we never saw an idle woman. Round each house frolicked a quantity of rosy children. Men and women are alike carrying out the great commandment—earning their bread by the sweat of their brows,—one of the

last things believed in by Americans, especially the women, who rather incline to the rich man's curse—purple and fine linen, and feast sumptuously every day—than to the poor man's blessing of labour. Even to the feasting, the ever-recurring chicken, the turkey, and the purple, must be added a complementary sprinkling of diamonds. Clothed in these, and paying five dollars a day for her board at a fashionable hotel, the change of husbands does not appear so heinous to the American lady or any one else. But two wives, in one little shanty, the one in soap-suds up to her elbows; the other, in an old straw hat of the husband's, pruning the trees, both alternately scolding the half-dozen children making mud-pies in the road, while the father is away with the elder ones cutting drains;—this is a pitch of misery and depravity the fashionable world cannot pardon.

Ogden, being situated at the point where the Central Pacific unites with the Utah railroad to Salt Lake, will give travellers the opportunity of going direct to the capital of Mormonism without any delay. This junction will necessarily bring into Ogden such a number of strangers (or, as the Mormons term the rest of

the world, "Gentiles"), that it will be a severe test whether this curious sect have really the vitality to sustain themselves when the ordeal of conventionality is more immediately brought to bear upon them. Hitherto they have been isolated from the rest of the world, shut up within the great fastnesses of the Wasatch Mountains. They have been considered too insignificant for interference, although their tenets and practices were against the law of the land. There was little or nothing from the outer world to shake their belief in these doctrines; and their chief, either by example or precept, secured a faith which was sustained very much in the same way that it is kept up in convents, viz., once adopted, there occurs little temptation to shake it; no discussion and no new ideas being brought to bear upon it beyond what the individual's own mind may suggest. It is prophesied by Americans that this railroad will be the extinction of the "Saints."

But I fear it is quite as possible that the infection may spread widely among the "Sinners," for the tendency in the United States generally is certainly not towards singleness of affection, but assuredly towards plurality. Hardly does a man or woman take the trouble

to go through the necessary formula to rid himself of his wife, or herself of her husband, ere they get another; and these are the most rigidly proper cases; the ten thousand others *va sans dire*. Mormon man with his two wives is the depth of depravity, but a fashionable New York wife with two husbands is quite interesting and meets with no condemnation. The *right* to change is so fully admitted that any little inaccuracy in the method of getting rid of one, before the second is taken, is overlooked with mild charity. It would not therefore be at all remarkable if society, brought in contact with Mormonism, instead of destroying it, should with fashionable amendments adopt plurality of wives, or husbands, as a national institution. Already the facility of changing has become so great that, like everything made too easy, men will not even take the trouble to observe the due forms. For divorce in one State does not constitute divorce in another.

The road followed the great Salt Lake for thirty miles, until we arrived at Salt Lake City. We passed through several hamlets and by many homesteads, where toil and hardships were conspicuously prominent.

Fruit-trees had been planted on this barren

soil; acre upon acre had been reclaimed and irrigated; the most splendid apples and peaches were grown where a few years before nothing higher than the sage-brush had offered shelter.

About three miles distant from Salt Lake City we noticed a great vapour in the air, as though some engine was blowing off steam: but this was the Boiling Springs, and, as we approached, the sulphur was keenly perceptible both to taste and smell; in fact, for twenty yards intensely disagreeable. The water streamed from the rocks in a small bubbling cascade, and formed a pool or pond of water hot enough to cause one to withdraw his hand very quickly, but not hot enough to scald, and whence it emptied itself into the lake, which for several yards was steaming; yet at a few feet distant it was frozen, and skaters were skimming around. We noticed almost as many female as male skaters; and this, added to the number of buggies with fluttering veils in the breeze, led us to the conclusion that Mormon women were allowed to enjoy the good things the gods provide, as well as their freer sisterhood. The waters of this great lake are so very brackish and so buoyant, that it is stated no one

can drown in it; but I should not like to try the experiment if I could not swim.

We entered Salt Lake City on one of the most lovely afternoons that can be imagined in January. The lake on one side, although frozen, looked bright and gladsome with the skaters flashing up and down under a brilliant sun; the mountains on the other side seeming to rise perpendicularly from the lake, their snow-clad peaks tinged with a delicate pink; the city, with its pretty houses shaded in trees, nestling in the bed of the mighty mountains, which like watchful sentinels towered around, all clad in the brilliant white and red sun-glow. To those who had wandered thousands of miles seeking where they might dwell in peace, this spot must have appeared the realization of their dreams.

Conspicuous above the rest of the buildings and visible for miles away, with the sun glittering on it, was the vast dome of the Tabernacle, looking like a gigantic egg, for the dome is cylindrical and supported by brick walls without ornamentation. This building, which is said to seat eight thousand persons, is no doubt more useful than ornamental, although it is also asserted that only the President Brigham Young can make himself heard throughout its vast

extent. The one great dome with all the neat houses circling around it, without a spire or steeple or chimney to strike the eye, renders Lake City novel and extraordinary, as well as one of the most beautiful anywhere. Its streets are wide, well kept, and green with the gardens surrounding each house. A pure stream of water, brought from the mountains, circulates on both sides of the streets. The houses are built either of burnt brick or *adobe* (the sun-burnt clay), and tastefully painted. Except in the principal streets each house is detached. There is a cleanliness and completeness about the city arrangements, which does infinite credit to the council.

Great mountain peaks soar into the blue sky, dazzling in their eternal snow, and lower down a tier of green undulating slopes appears to hem in the little city; but, when you attempt to make the ascent on foot, you discover they are eight miles away, so deceptive is the distance in this intensely clear atmosphere.

The following morning after our arrival, we sallied forth in fear and trembling, full of prejudice, believing the Mormons to be demons in human form, yet very anxious to examine them *de près*.

I had recently read a book giving an account of a lady who had had the misfortune to marry a Mormon and had been treated with the greatest barbarism, even to the extreme of attempting her life; so that under similar circumstances I might meet with a similar fate, as I also objected to plurality of wives. We were just beginning to express our pleasure at the beauty of the city and its cleanliness, when we were accosted by an old farmer-looking man with a similar broad hat to the cake-man's:—

"You are strangers in Salt Lake, I guess?"

We said we were. "You are stopping at brother T——'s, I believe." We replied in the affirmative. "Well, then, strangers, you are in my district. I am one of the Bishops; anything you need or would like to see in Salt Lake you can apply to me, and I will do my best to gratify you." We said we should like to see Brigham Young. "Oh, certainly! He does not care about being stared at as a wild beast by the travellers who come through Salt Lake, but he will not refuse to see any one who calls upon him."

The idea of my calling on Brigham Young seemed monstrous, and I exchanged glances with my secretary. He bid us good-morning, saying he would look us up at the hotel, which

he did; and after a conversation our scruples so far vanished that an interview with the chief was arranged. It passed off like any other interview, quite *en règle*. I found him earnest, quiet, and philosophical, far removed above my power of criticism: but his secretary, who received us at first, seized the whole circumstances of the case and slyly joked me upon the terrors I had experienced, and how I had victimised my feelings to curiosity. This seemed to afford him intense amusement, and I must say took me a little aback. Subsequently I made the acquaintance of several wives of Brigham Young, and, being invited to a ball, met quite a number of his daughters, and, terrible to relate! danced with one of his sons, who was (I may mention apologetically) a very handsome young man, six feet high, with a bright, pleasing face quite winning. He had only one wife, and he confided to me that she was the best woman living, and that he should love her to the last day of his life; whereupon I paid him a very fine compliment.

At the ball, at least, we expected to see some signs of the levity and want of decency so strongly urged against the Mormon women. But the dance was a fac-simile of an English county town reunion, *minus* the attending

gentry. The girls were all quietly and nicely dressed, but without the pretence of extravagant fashion so universal in America. They all looked modest and good-natured, really pleasant country girls, enjoying themselves in a rational manner. The quadrille seemed most in vogue, but when they danced the waltz and polka, they did so in a becoming manner, without launching themselves into the arms of their partners or reposing their heads on their breasts, as considered *bon ton* in America. The ball was as well conducted and enjoyable as any such entertainment could be in any country. I noticed a man dancing in the same quadrille with his two wives alternately, just as a man would dance with his two sisters; and, however strange it may appear, it seemed to me that the feeling existing among them was more of friendship than of love.

In some instances, where the wife is much older than her husband, she will select a nice young girl for his second, and persuade her to take him by the enumeration of his good qualities, just as a mother might do for her son. This would look very much like wishing to be rid of him herself; and no doubt it is often the case. A wife may experience nothing but a passing

friendship for her husband, and, whilst retaining her full position in his house, and all the comforts of her home and children, she may, without any trial to her feelings, dispense with much of his company. There are many Christian wives to whom a thought of evil has never come, and who yet feel it an immense relief when their husbands go on a journey. Indeed, in the United States, for the wife to be living in one State and the husband in another, is not uncommon; and very frequently, where the fortune is large enough, they put the Atlantic between them. Often the wife, sufficiently aware of her husband's infidelity, does not trouble to have a divorce so long as he supplies her with suitable maintenance.

The manager of the theatre called upon me, and presented us with complimentary tickets to go to the performance whenever we felt disposed, and also to go behind the scenes, where he said to my secretary—"I think you will find it different from any theatre you may have visited."

The finest building in the city is the theatre, which, for its size, is as handsome as any I have seen in the United States. It was built by Brigham Young, at his own expense, and is conducted by him on his own principle, namely,

of morality and decency. Even one of his own family took part in the performance, together with actors and actresses of known moral character. The infamy of our low-class theatres is prohibited there, and behind the scenes it is as orderly and respectable as in the front; and yet the representations are quite equal in merit to any of the small theatres of the Union. The interior is in very good taste, and prettily finished in white and gold. Brigham Young's family boxes occupy a large space, for in Salt Lake it is the fashion for all the children and young people to attend the theatre.

There might be seen one of the most gratifying sights in nature—eight or ten hundred children, from the age of four to fourteen, thoroughly enjoying themselves. They all came in little parties (sisters and brothers, I presume), and, without any marshalling of adults, were shown to their seats, and behaved quite decorously, although carried away by the most rapturous delight; some little ones hugging their tiny arms and rocking themselves with glee, others clapping their hands in ecstasy when the old woman in the pantomime was tossed in the blankets, and others making the rafters echo with their peals of clear, bright laughter. What

sound is there in nature so ravishing to the ears as a child's mellow, pearly laugh? The little ones, for the most part, wore scarlet hoods and capes.

They were nearly all fresh, rosy-faced, hardy children, as robust as any English or Scotch village could boast. They all wore warm and comfortable clothes; and indeed poverty, as combined with rags and misery, is unknown in the city, for charity seems the first precept of the Mormon religion; and it is not only a precept, but a practice. After we had been accustomed to the frail, shrewd, and precocious Yankee children, the exuberant, healthful life of these was very refreshing. The same contrast struck us forcibly as regards the adults. They made no pretensions to be higher or grander than they actually were. They dressed and acted as became their position, and enjoyed, in a rational way, the comforts it afforded. They made no efforts at aristocracy, fine gentleman, or ladyism. They did not tell you, in the most vulgar and ungrammatical language, of the high station which they occupied before they had the misfortune to lose their money. They did not affect to dress like duchesses while their husbands stood behind their own bars, like the Yankee lady who kept the hotel I stopped at, who

asked me if I could inform her if the Princess Metternich was really the leader of fashion in Paris, as the papers said. "Because, if that's so, I guess I'll have my trail cut the way the fashion book says she fixes hers." But I believe that, if a hundred women were taken promiscuously from any city in the United States, except New England, you would reap no greater amount of intellect from them than from an equal number of Mormon women, but a very much smaller proportion of kindliness and true womanly spirit. Some of the President's wives are well-educated women, one of them writing plays and poetry. Far from the scandal being true that they had been selected from the *demi-monde*, it is the fact that the President's wife, like Cæsar's, according to Mormon tenets, should be unsuspected. There was not the slightest appearance of that fast, flaunting, bold impudence, so common to the "woman of the period."

Brigham Young's establishment consisted of three detached houses, with gardens, orchards, and a school, which his and other children attended. It was the holidays whilst we were there, so that we had not the opportunity to see it in full operation. Different occupations are pursued by the different wives and daughters.

All the household take meals together, and the purveying is undertaken by one, the cooking by another, the cleaning by a third, and so on, working very much on a system by which a convent is so admirably managed, each being mistress in her several department, only amenable to the head, which, in the case of the Mormons, would be the husband—surely very scriptural, the husband to be the head and ruler of his household. Were the husband so much the intellectual superior of his wife as St. Paul affirms him to be, this system of government would answer remarkably well, as no doubt it does in the case of Brigham Young's household.

He is a man out of a million for power of mind, and his female equal has not yet appeared among the Mormons; and it is presumable that, in the various households where the husband had the predominant will, they were regulated in peace and harmony. But, if one of the wives of a man had a more powerful character, and could dominate over his, the result would be anything but comfortable for the others. In this case, if she should chance to be the first wife, she would probably exert her control to prevent him marrying more; and, when the first wife is very decidedly set against a dupli-

cate, the husband rarely persists, nor does the Church like to enforce this right. An old lady, with very determined nose and thin lips, was pointed out to me, sitting beside a mild, blue-eyed old man, her husband, whom she had never allowed to bring home a second wife. She was an old Yorkshire woman, and had been married forty years. When she was reasoned with upon this prejudice of hers against a second wife, she would exclaim, in broad Yorkshire—"I make no account on these young wives, so long as I do for him and he for me. What do we want with another? It's hard enow to make the two ends meet, but we've always had as much as we've a right to expect, and we don't want no more wives." She evidently regarded polygamy as a luxury beyond their means.

In some *ménages* all the wives lived together, bearing and forbearing, very much in the same way that one often sees a number of female relations, whom circumstances, not inclination, oblige to live together, tolerate each other with more or less goodwill. In France and Germany this is more common than in England, where a wife likes to rule supreme in her own sphere, without the advice of aunt or mother, sister or cousin, to say

nothing of her husband's relations. Where there exists a decided incompatibility of temper among the wives, the husband takes a separate dwelling for the least tractable one, and she reigns in her own establishment, rarely inviting the others, or having much to do with them.

When a man dies, his property is divided equally amongst his children and his wives; but any preference which there may be is given to the first wife, and should there be only enough for one wife, and not for two, it would be given to the first widow, and the Church would see that the other was provided for. An instance was related to me of a man who, becoming tired of his first wife, married a second, and shortly after placed the first out upon a farm in the country, which she attended to. Subsequently he resolved to sell her farm, making no arrangements for the return of his wife. She applied to the Church, which compelled the man to keep the farm and leave the woman upon it; for, as my informant remarked, all men are not good Mormons, though professing the faith: but the council allow them to do as little mischief as possible, and as there is a bishop for each district, it is his duty to assist and protect all within his boundary.

In the main streets there are many handsome blocks of houses, or stores, and every building has a substantial appearance. On the Sunday we attended the Tabernacle, and were much surprised to see a congregation amounting to over two thousand—not of pleasure-seekers or idle spectators (such as form the congregations of great popular preachers like Spurgeon and Ward Beecher), but of earnest, devout, religious people, who came to the temple to worship and obtain instruction. It was not the fashionable assembly for the display of style or mock piety. A more real congregation I have never seen anywhere. It could not be said of them as of the usual churchgoers :—

> "Some go to church to take a walk,
> Some go there to laugh and talk,
> Some go there an hour to spend,
> Some go there to meet a friend,
> Some go there to meet a lover,
> Some go there a fault to cover,
> Some go there to doze and nod,
> But few go there to worship God."

The service followed something of the ritual of the Baptists or Congregationalists. The prayers were extempore; and the hymns, sung very tolerably by that immense congregation, sounded solemn and sacred; and, after the rowdy, rata-

plan music of fashionable American churches of all denominations, conveyed to the mind very much more the idea of worship. The Americans, with that exaggeration peculiar to them in trying to imitate the church music of Europe, have rushed into the extreme of an operatic company seized with idiotcy and frenzy. Generally speaking, the singers in the choir are amateurs, resolved, at all hazards, to make themselves heard above their companions, and only in unison on the one point of selecting music or rearranging it so as to make the most noise and display possible. Devotion, prayer, sacred sentiment, are all lost sight of in the intense desire to produce an effective sensation. Even in the Catholic churches the glorious masses of Haydn, Handel, and Mozart are entirely superseded by the Rum-di-did-id-dum yowl of some dreadful plagiarism from "Fra Diavolo" or "Figlia del Regimento;" so that for purposes of worship, if the music is not sublime, one longs to have it simple.

The discourse was delivered on this occasion by Brigham Young. He stood upon a raised daïs, with a low railing before him and a reading-desk at his side. Strange to say, he struck us all, I mean our English party, as resembling the late Lord Derby. In close proximity, as we

afterwards saw him, there was lacking the nobility of the great earl which comes of a long line of noble ancestry; but a few yards distant, as we saw him on that Sunday, there was a power and dignity about the man, which not only imposed upon his half-educated hearers but would have told anywhere. His language was fluent, his action graceful; and he adapted himself to and carried his hearers with a magic that is beyond description. We of course had gone for the purpose of criticism, to discover if possible the secret of this man's power over one hundred and fifty thousand human souls; and we therefore listened attentively to all he said: but it seemed to us that there was not a man, woman, or child, who was not wrapt up in every word that fell from his lips. This sermon (if it can be so called) was to our thinking exactly adapted to benefit his audience,—plain, simple, practical, yet grand in its truth and the beauty of goodness; neither dogmas nor peculiar institutions were touched upon. There was no flowing eloquence, no sensational phraseology calculated to inflame enthusiasm and spurious devotion, which is only an invention for goading weak minds into temporary insanity. But there was as much sound sense and philosophy in Brigham

Young's discourse as there was true Christian charity. He spoke for about an hour and a quarter, always making himself distinctly heard in every part of the vast building, with perfect ease. He has a fine toned voice; the accent denoting a self-educated American. The polish of a great orator was wanting: but the germ of one was evidently there. One of the Elders or Bishops then took his place, and offered an extemporary prayer; after which a hymn was sung and the congregation departed. Several of the women seeing we were strangers, spoke words of kindness and welcome to us.

As regards the doctrinal points held by the Mormons, it appears to me that they consist in a literal adherence to Scripture—to the letter of Scripture, and do not amount to any disbelief or heresy.

They take them without reservation or explanation *au pied de la lettre.* They argue that whatever was said by Christ or His disciples must be not partially or possibly true, but inevitably and altogether true. For instance, if Christ says, "In my name shall they cast out devils," then, say they, it is absolutely certain that devils can and will be cast out in His name. "He that believeth in me, the works that I

do shall he do also;" and upon this assurance they believe in the power to work miracles. "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the Elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." Acting upon this promise, the Mormon, when he falls sick, sends for one of the Apostles of the Church, rather than the medical man.

CHAPTER II.

THE VALLEY OF THE YO-SEMITE.

THE Valley of the Yo-Semite is an appalling subject to treat of, either to the artist or the author. Its immensity of beauty seems alike to defy the lines of art and the hues of colouring as well as every symbol of typography. Yet not to portray it is to leave undelineated the grandest feature of American scenery. Moreover, the very contemplation of its splendour inspires an irresistible, if rash, attempt to simulate its magnificence with pen or brush, in order to convey to others some conception of this natural wonder. It arouses in most natures the sympathy which breeds the desire to share with one's fellows such transcendant enjoyment. Hence the artist essays with his finest colours, and the author follows tremblingly after, for besides

having the more difficult task to perform, he is the most sure of criticism. The amateur launches out more boldly in either line, for his inexperience is his bliss, and he is sure of the admiration of his friends. Some artists, failing to transmit to canvas the reality, portray an ideal; and the outer world are satisfied. But the few who dwell inside of this tabernacle, the holy of holies of nature, the true worshippers of this granite sublimity, are furiously indignant with the fictious attempt, call it a sacrilege and desecration of the temple. Others with a good heart, but lacking brains to guide its emotions, rush into rhapsodic twaddle, as exemplified by the hotel register-books, wherein they pour their effusions equally with the faithful devotee of the valley. For this great natural phenomenon of the Yo-Semite has a sect peculiarly its own which I call Yo-Semitians. Niagara, Vesuvius, and other great celebrities excite only the wonder and admiration of strangers and sight-seers, exercising no more influence over the *habitués* than the hero over his *valet de chambre;* but the dwellers in the valley are all devout worshippers of the valley, a sect every day increasing. A stranger taking up his residence there is nearly certain to become a member of the

sect, and lift his voice and soul in adoration of these venerable Deities towering in benignant glory around him. Perhaps it is the atmosphere, perhaps some subtle magnetism, I know not, but a residence in the valley invariably makes a convert. No wonder, then, if nineteenth-century people, coming from the civilized ends of the earth, fall into this mysticism of the mountain; no wonder that the aboriginal Indians, born under their shadow, gazing in their first state of mummy-"papoises" (babies) up at what must appear to those little eyes everlasting strength and never-ending vastness, believe in a goddess enthroned on the topmost peak of Tis-sa-ack, and hear the roar of the evil spirit in the majestic fall of Pohono. True that in modern days these grand crests, which rise up to take the first kiss of the morning or catch the dying embrace of the waning moon, have been christened by the prosaic cognomens of North Dome, Liberty Cap, the Captain, and Vernal Falls, and some egotistical photographer has baptized (in collodion) after himself (which his name was Walker) the majestic granite mass rising vertically two thousand feet, reflecting itself in the mirror lake which appears to be set there for its special delectation. But these un-euphonic vandalisms

cannot cast a shadow of absurdity upon the seemingly eternal sublimities.

The valley is entered at the west end by a headlong scramble of about four thousand feet descent, to about five miles length over rocks, over rivers, over fallen giant trees, and over all that is wild and rugged and beautiful. Yet the valley horses are so sure footed and accustomed to the route that there is not a particle of danger, and no more chance of accident than in crossing Oxford Street, London, about five o'clock in the afternoon; for my own part, I would rather take the risk of the Yo-Semite trail. Excellent horses are kept for the purpose of mountain climbing, not the usual wretched skeleton Rosinantes of the livery stables, but sturdy, sleek, knowing little mustangs, with whom climbing is an instinct and to whom a three-pair stairs back would only be fun.

In proof of this, no accident has as yet happened to any tourist, very few of whom can ride. Although it is natural to human nature to exaggerate the trials and difficulties we have passed through, yet in reality there is very little in the journey to Yo-Semite. The descent into the valley takes about eight hours from the highest point, and the trail is cut from the side of the rock; the

two ends of the valley dwindle into narrow cañons or ravines, and are inaccessible to all but Indians and hardy mountaineers. The whole descent is one of unexpected delights and continued surprises. Now we traverse a grove of azaleas, whose delicate blossom perfumes the clear air; in a while we intersect a clump of sugar pines dropping their saccharine crystals as sweet and luscious as a French *bonbonnière*. This pine-sugar is considered excellent for diseases of the lungs. Here we climb round or slide over large boulders, very pyramids in size and shape. Here a pure fount ripples over golden sand and tempts us to drink of its icy sparkling water. Champagne was never so dazzling, or *parfait amour* (Danzic Wasser) so floating in gold.

At this altitude we gather precious ferns rarely to be met with in the sublunary earth, feathers for the headgear of the spirits of the wind who float round these high peaks and domes. Now we come to a little plateau or grassy lawn which seems to have been stolen from some rural parsonage in merry England, and no further surprise could have been evinced if the parson in his long surtout, book in hand, had emerged from the gray rock covered with

creeping honeysuckle, which looks so like a modest manse. At intervals through the trees we caught glimpses of the most weird and magical pictures, which we could scarcely believe were real, in spite of the experience we had already gone through of mountain scenery. Through a framework of gnarled boughs of some ancient oak, giant masses of rock rose aloft into the sky, and blending so intimately with the atmosphere, that the eye ached to discern the one from the other. Here and there, on the very brink of the heights, the stalwart pines were growing, their roots on earth and their tops in heaven, shadowy and ghost-like, as though they were the beatified spirits of the pines below ascending to their home in the great "Hereafter." In a little while we could look down into some sunny vale, where strawberries and raspberries were growing in luxuriant profusion, and which we resolved to gather very certainly when we should have succeeded in getting down. Then around a stone shrine, where an image of the "Mother Mary" might have been, but was not, grew the virgin lily in all its pure whiteness, glistening on the traveller as he passed. Through steep clouds of the gnarled mansanita, with its port-wine-coloured

bark and silver leaves; through groves of whispering aspens, gigantic pines and leviathan cedars overtopping all; sometimes their twisted roots made a flight of stairs, down which our horses stepped as nimbly as goats; sometimes, when the rock was rather steep, they would anchor their hind feet and slide down, like Irish horses over a stone fence. When we had almost reached the valley, we heard the roar of the first waterfall, the beautiful Pohono, sentimentalized by some honeymoon tourists into "Bridal Veil."

It falls through an inverted crescent rock, 940 feet, without break, straight down into a basin of rocks. Winding through a garden land of Maraposa lily, marigold, columbine, golden rod and seringa, we came suddenly upon the rocks forming the basin into which this avalanche of foam leaps and dashes. Water it does not suggest. From the very head of the fall, glistening rockets shoot downwards with the steady grace of falling stars; for hundreds of feet you may trace their mystic outline until they blend in the great whirlpool of frothing, fleecy flume, and are hurled into the seething caldron of boulders. Two brilliant iris bars hung across the fall, and transmuted the cloudy vapour into the most vivid prisms of the rain-

bow. The rockets, shooting through these bars, carried the colour streaming after them, like myriads of birds of Paradise shimmering through the air. Sometimes the wind—of which there is often a strong current, caused by the rush of the waters—caught up the whole column, and wafted it over the side of the rock in a dazzling spray of diamonds, opals, emeralds, and sapphires, the rainbow being carried up and broken into showers of glorious tints. The Red Indians regard this waterfall as the Spirit of Evil—though, if evil, it must be a "Spirit of lovely guise," such as tempted St. Anthony; for a more exquisite creation never streamed from the hands of the Almighty. The head of the fall, where it first breaks over, is about forty to fifty feet wide. The rocks almost overhang, and, as it were, cast the fall out from them, and the wind, rushing underneath, twists it into a gigantic plume, waving to and fro. Curiously enough, neither this nor any of the other falls represents water, unlike Niagara, where the vast volume of water forms the most impressive feature. These falls are so ethereal that they more resemble a cataract of clouds than water. Their texture is as fine as steam, the figures as elegant and their colour as white as snow; yet

those who in their intense admiration are impelled to approach, are speedily soaked through.

But, shortly wonder and amazement are to crowd upon us, for during our stay at the fall the moon has arisen over the mighty Loya, straight and rigid, 3300 feet above us; and we think that, were it not for the silver orb, reposing her soft cheek against his smooth crest, piercing almond-shaped into the blue vault, the eye could scarcely have scanned his summit; and right athwart her silver disc were painted three tall pines, as though they had been photographed there. The sky and mountain were so closely blending together in colour that it was impossible to see anything else than the trees in the moon. Now, a man in the moon we have most of us expected to see from our earliest infancy, but three tall grown pines took us all by surprise. This picture is soft and lovely, and fills us with devout wonderment.

But we cast our eyes to the left, over the silver Mercede river, winding with a low gurgle through the valley, and our view of earth and heaven is shut out by the most stupendous tower of perpendicular granite known in the world. Sharp and clear, unbroken by tree or seam, it rises like the

battle-front of some warlike universe. We hold our breath to conceive its dimensions, but in vain. The giant Tu-tock-a-nu-la soars higher and higher with every test to compass its altitude; wider and deeper the more we try to fathom its foundations; more tremendous and appalling it looms upon us—the mighty Tu-tock-a-nu-la, the Yo-Semite. A silent awe, and something like superstitious terror, creeps over most of us, like children at the sight of a corpse or a bogle; we are overpowered by a new sensation which we cannot all at once control or settle into its proper place. Some come to the extremity of weeping, the great outlet for unconquerable emotions. We were all in a frame of mind to believe in spirits of the wind, waters, or rocks, and bow and worship, in spite of our yearly subscription for the conversion of heathen and fire-worshippers. What fearful rites we might have been tempted to perform under the first impulse of the supernatural grandeur of Il Capitan, I know not. Our sanity was restored at once by a mathematical genius of our party suddenly commencing a calculation of how many million tons of solid granite our God of Tu-tock-a-nu-la contained. This prosaic problem broke the spell of enchantment, and turned the weeping into laughter.

But only for an instant can we remain commonplace. We are hurried out of our natural selves by more marvels and wonders, three mountains leaping over each other with gigantic springs of 1000 feet each, and, as the moonlight quivers upon their over-topping peaks, we realise, as in a frightful dream, the Indian nomenclature, "Pom-pom-pa-sus," mountains playing leap-frog, milk-and-waterized into "Three Brothers" by sentimentalists. The incline of these mountains is so oblique, seen from a certain position, that we are fain to tighten our hands on the bridle-rein lest they might topple over, and continue the great game which seems to have been so suddenly arrested, for in the moonlight they appear to sway and bend over each other, as though measuring their distance. Then we wander on through a park-like forest of splendid oaks and pines, the latter rising from one hundred to two hundred and fifty feet, casting long, ghostly shadows in the moonlight. We are startled by a peculiar shrill, agonized crying, which echoes through the forest, and drowns the dull thud of our motion over the sward and pine straw. We pull in our jaded jennets and listen. "Some animal *in extremis*," we exclaim. "A young

fawn caught by the bears, I guess, and being scrunched up!" explains the guide. A cold shudder runs through some of us, and we one and all apply our switches, and rattle into a canter, much to the amusement of our guide, who says, "I guess he's had his supper by this time, anyhow, and he'll not hanker after you!"

This, indeed, was an enchanted valley: here all was weird, mysterious, unknown, and almost undreamed of. If we had passed through the jaws of death, and been translated into the valleys of the moon or any other planet, we could not have felt more completely out of our native element than we did upon our first entrance to this marvellous region. The panic of the bear being over, we rode on in silence through the glistening moonlight, each, no doubt, ruminating in his soul upon the glorious works of the Omnipotent Creator, for surely Moses had never seen anything like this when he asked the Lord to show him His glory. Such moments as these dwell in men's minds as long as memory holds her throne, and are the soul's never-ending hymns of praise.

From these devout reflections we were aroused by our horses pertinaciously standing still before a pretty wooden cottage, the first

habitation we had seen for many a long mile, forming a portion of Mr. Hutchings' establishment, which, on the whole, is rather scattered, extending over a zig-zag of about half a mile, consisting of several buildings and an hotel, where there is rest and good cheer for the weary traveller at all times. Then there are the pretty, tasteful cottages for those who like quiet and seclusion; the guide's house, outhouses, blacksmith's shop, and dry goods drapery establishment; across the river Mr. Hutchings' home for the winter, when the valley is snowed up, and the sun visits only one side: then there is the saw-mill, which has contributed to the building of all this. A canvas *bonbonnière*-like box announces itself in unmistakable letters as "Mr. J. J. Ridly's Stereoscopic View Manufactory and Groups Taken!" A number of Indian wigwams, constructed of the bark of trees, and a few cachets, or stores for the acorns—which form their principal food—complete the picturesqueness of the scene.

Mr. Hutchings always meets his wayworn travellers at the door, and, like a true host of the good olden times, cheers and refreshes them with a cup of Catabaw, after the exhaustion of their long ride and excitement. Our eyes are soon gladdened

by the sight of his lovely wife, who might have been the ideal of Jean Ingelow's "sweetest woman that e'er drew breath," and two wondrously beautiful children, born in the valley—the only white children of the Great Yo-Semite. And here, after having made such severe strictures on hotels in general, I am in conscience bound to note this in particular, as being one of the most comfortable *locales* I have met with in my travels. The viands are good and well-cooked, and exactly what they *pretend* to be; no long paper-rigmarole of green turtle soup—mere dish-wash; no champagne sauce—made from the water-tank and molasses; but good beef soup, excellent mutton, delicious bread, milk, and butter, cream, grapes in abundance, and every other thing in a plain but honest way; fruit and fresh vegetables in plenty, all grown in the valley.

Mr. Hutchings himself is a remarkable man, and a character well worth knowing. He was one of the first white men to enter and settle in the valley, and by his explorations and thorough appreciation of all that is grand in nature, was the means of making it known to the world, for which the world owes him a debt of gratitude it rarely, if ever, feels

inclined to pay, no, not even the interest, nor even in this free and independent country, where a man is supposed to do what he likes, and where in any part of the wilderness, 100 miles from any town, he can, by throwing up his hat and flourishing his stick, claim a title to 160 acres of that barren desert, provided he settles upon it, blasts rocks, and builds bridges over rivers. Yet, because Mr. Hutchings had the enterprise, hardihood, and good taste to discern one of nature's greatest phenomena, and because, after years of endeavour, he has finally succeeded in bringing the great world to witness these hitherto hidden glories, the Liberal State of California appropriates the whole, and will not allow this man's claim, simply because he had had the merit of pioneering them to it. He may build and improve, keep horses and cattle for the benefit of visitors, and make the place accessible and habitable, but he, the author and originator of the whole scheme—he who has laboured in the valley for eleven years, through winter's snow and summer's heat, blasting rocks in order to make convenient roads for the whole world to enjoy; this man, who is as much the real hero of the place as Stephenson of the railroad, or Raphael of cartoons;

this man is to reap neither honour, glory, nor benefit in a free and independent country! This is the world's gratitude.

The cottage in which we took up our abode was just fresh from the sawmill, redolent still with the juicy pine odours of the forest. There were no mosquitoes, no insect of any kind, and the bed so comfortable that we never slept better in any grand hotel of San Francisco, New York, or Paris; but we half expected to wake in the morning and find the whole evening's adventure but a curious dream. The morning rose lovely in pink haze, revealing the whole valley in its magnitude and glory. As some philosopher remarks that there is nothing true but statistics, I must here give a few as a basis for my description. The valley of the Yo-Semite is from seven to eight miles long. The river Mercede enters at the east end by a leap of about 4000 feet in consecutive cataracts, winds tranquilly along the valley, and disappears at the west under a cañon, where none but Indians can follow its course. It is, at intervals, from half a mile to a mile and a half wide, bounded by walls of granite, rising in some places a mile perpendicularly. All these mountains are precipitous, and many quite vertical, sometimes smooth

granite, at other times wooded with pine and mansanita. Most of the mountains are accessible, and terraced by the trails over which visitors descend into the valley. Although these walls shut in such a narrow space, yet there is no monotony; indeed, the variety is remarkable, and a visitor may pass a month in the enclosure before his eye becomes thoroughly accustomed to the various aspects which the mountains assume from different points of view. The "Sentinel" rock, rising as straight as a pine, 3000 feet, seen *en face*, looks like a colossal tombstone, a living, growing emblem of life in death, and death in life, and its great magnitude is only realised when you essay to walk past it, which you fancy you can do in a few paces, so deceptive are the heights and distances. You walk and walk, and look up, but you are not past nor even abreast it. The great monument seems marching with you; it takes actually twenty minutes to walk past it, and then you behold it in a totally different form. The outline has changed, the tombstone has vanished, and you behold an ancient fortress, a mammoth castle of the Rhine, based on a granite foundation, rising 3000 feet up in the air. The same curious deception takes place as regards the

great waterfall, the Yo-Semite, opposite Mr. Hutchings'—a descent of 2700 feet, the highest avalanche of pure water known at present in the world. It looks from one point of view like an immense sheet of white fleecy foam, leaping with terrific sweep from the top to the bottom of the valley; and its thunder can be heard for more than a mile away. More to the east there are two distinct cascades, and they seem to be half a mile apart. At another angle three falls are visible, and in fact the fall is broken into three separate divisions, though it is all composed of the same water, which the foam occasionally unites.

It is a beautiful scramble to go to the foot of these falls, and get into the chamber where the cataract converges for its last leap, amidst clouds of mist and spray, and huge boulders tossed carelessly about. The water strikes on a great stone lyre, which responds in deep diapason harmonies. Sheltered in a nook, about 100 feet up, is a fresh patch of verdure—a beautiful garden of choice flowers and ferns. There are four large waterfalls in the valley, but in the early spring there are a great number of smaller ones, as many as twenty, which enhance considerably the beauty of the place. But it must not be supposed that all is sublimity and

grandeur, and that we are crammed with it *ad nauseam.* The curtain is drawn, and we immediately descend from the sublime to the ridiculous. The farce after the *grand tableau d'opéra* is effected by the arrival of a batch of tourists each day; and here we need the pencil of Cruikshank or Leech to do them justice, and convey an idea of the grotesque figures which come travelling in Indian file, borne on the backs of horses, and adroitly steered by the guides. No facial muscles can withstand the disposition to laugh, any more than we can resist the train of oddities led on by the clown in a pantomime. Why ladies imagine that they must costume themselves as for a carnival, because they are coming to see the valley, is a mystery too deep for investigation here; but so it is with ninety-nine out of a hundred. They are bedizened in a manner almost incredible. A theatrical bloomer is the prevailing taste—an uncommonly short skirt barely reaching to the knees, frogged out with scarlet, blue, or yellow knicker-bockers to match. Others disport themselves in half-way compromise between masculine and feminine attire: for instance—husbands' or brothers' pantaloons, with a bundle of wadding in places where they fancy they may

require it; their own flannel skirts over; jacket or paletôt of indefinite sex; and a hat, like an umbrella, tied down on either side of the face. These ladies ride, or, I should say, stick on, their horses astride; and it is an exciting amusement to bet upon them in the distance, as to whether the riders will turn out men or women. But really orthodox strong-minded "women's-rights-men" admit of no such feeble compromise; but, seizing the Taurus vigorously by the horns instead of the tail, rush straight into the highlanders' costume, as the only one admitting perfect freedom of action of the limbs. Scarlet jacket, full short petticoat reaching scarcely to the knees, striped or plaid stockings, and high-lows; high-crowned, narrow-brimmed hats, despising, like Tam o' Shanter, "hail and rain and fire." Of course they try to sit their horses like men, but don't precisely know what to do with their knees, and are desperately inclined to hold on to the high peak of the Mexican saddle used here; so that their equestrian feats have a tendency to elicit roars of laughter from their male semi-brothers. But the captain of the "female-rights-men" went a step further than her band, and stepped out of her shoes and stockings, and was usually to be seen as a Scotch

gillie. Side-saddles are anathematised as a tyrannous invention of the enemy, man, to force women lopsided through the world, like a crab, and cripple her from going ahead like himself; but astride they anticipate shortly getting ahead of him. The Americans are not a riding nation, and do not yet appreciate the grace of a woman on horseback, or the healthful exercise it affords. They forget that side-saddles were invented for Queen Elizabeth, the most man-like of queens; and that only in barbarous nations, such as Asiatics and Indians, do the women ride astride; whilst the most perfect lady-riders, such as go across country and follow the hounds, ladies of rank and culture, use the side-saddle; whereas, vivandières and camp-followers, who are supposed to have no decency to jeopardise, ride the other way. There is not a statue or picture of any old master which does not utterly repudiate this breaking up of the lines of beauty in the female form, such as the arms akimbo or the legs astride. Some of the ladies, anxious to preserve washed-flannel-coloured complexions, had bound up the front of the head in a green veil, and the back part in a blue ditto, so that, in this Janus condition, it was difficult to know which side to address them on, or whether it

was a time of peace or war. The green might indicate the one, and the blue the other. Ladies whose hair *grew* on their own heads, usually wore it *à la* mermaid, the comb, however, which would have been useful, replaced by a riding switch. One lady mermaid shared the fate of Absolom, her hair catching in the boughs of a tree, where, for a second, her horse left her, and whence she fell to the ground, and was gathered up affectionately by her admirers, fortunately unhurt. Some ladies who do *not* grow their own hair, are obliged to have the larger portion of their head strapped on, owing to the jolting of the horse; but one, whose straps had not been made taut enough, lost a large portion of this capillary adjustment, which was discovered by a professor of natural history, and mistaken for a new discovery in crows' nests. Others arrived with what appeared at first a coral-like fungus growing out of their heads, which, upon closer investigation, turned out to be an enormous sponge, worn for the purpose of keeping the head cool. Ladies, probably holding undecided opinions about their rights, wore a nondescript Turkish costume—I mean a general loose muffling, with nothing very concise or definite about it but the trouser and small feet in slippers.

Others, desperately resolved on the preservation of their complexion *à tout prix*, had contrived white calico masks, which they had fastened on to their faces, with apertures for the eyes and mouth, exactly like the Italian grave mourners *accompagniatura buona morte*. Fearful, ghastly spectacles they looked, like so many corpses riding to their own funerals, or feminine Ku-Klux. Space does not permit to give all the costumes of the valley, and the gentlemen I leave to a masculine delineator. To the few who care to profit by another's experience, and study comfort, convenience, and decency, I would suggest a short, tight riding habit, made of some strong, but light, material; trousers of the same stuff, or strong brown holland, also tight, for the creases in a full garment are the principal causes of the pain in riding. Ladies should be cautious of materials transparent when exposed to the light, for the whole valley was convulsed by one unfortunate bloomer who, whenever she went near a door or window, became as though clothed in zephyrs. A second dress, as plain as possible, should always be taken, in case of accident or getting wet, as it is anything but agreeable to have to remain in bed whilst your garments are drying.

CHAPTER III.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

I REMEMBER once meeting a friend, who accosted me as follows: "I have just seen the loveliest woman I ever saw in my life." "Where? where?" I exclaimed; "take me." I would run a mile any day to see a beauty. But I did not see her, and consoled myself with the reflection that we all, more or less, fall into the delusion that the last beautiful object seen is the best. Thus I thought when, one bright morning (bright as only mornings in the Pacific Ocean can be), we hove in sight of the Hawaiian, or Sandwich, Islands, that my eyes had never known true beauty until then. It might have been the sudden breaking up of the monotony of the circular horizon I had watched for so many weeks on my journey out from San Francisco in a Dutch schooner, or it might be that I

really had not seen anything so perfectly beautiful in the shape of islands before, though, in point of scenic grandeur, I do not think the Yo-Semite can be surpassed; or it might have been like my friend's loveliest woman he had ever seen. Novelty is, after all, perhaps the most pungent spice which can be taken with any enjoyment. Albeit this was different, more divine, more delicious, more entrancing, if I may use the term, and set all my senses brimming over with delight. I could have laughed, or sung, or danced, or done any other absurdity, hugged the dog, or anybody else who would have sympathised with me. Very few artists could convey, with the most lavish colouring, even a faint idea of the dream-like beauty of this spot, and, if I wrote for ever, I should only impress my reader with a suspicion of my own lunacy, and not in the least with the sensational, intoxicating beauty of the place. Nor was the spell of enchantment anyway broken by the inhabitants of this Elysium. One soon gets to love them, and feel that they are part and parcel of us. The first man I saw, I said, "Oh! what a good-looking man!" the second, "What magnificent eyes he has!" and the third, "Good gracious! what a handsome brown face!" for

having been lately accustomed to Negroes, Digger Indians, and Chinese, amongst whom I could rarely find a trace of beauty, I was astonished to see these dark-skins so good-looking.

But I am anticipating, and must hark back to our first approach of land, indicated by the increase of flying-fish and molluscs—the former like swallows with white bodies and pink wings, and the molluscs floating by in wonderful variety. Some swam in long, thin, silvery threads, like the reflections of moonlight; others, larger ones, in brilliant colours, like snakes; others in every shape and form conceivable—round, oblong, triangular, octagonal, &c.; but the most beautiful were the little ship-like nautilus shells with sails set above the water, glittering with all the prisms of the rainbow. We peered in vain with glasses to descry the wee mariners upon the tiny barks floating under the ship's lee, destined to satiate the ravenous maw of some gigantic monster of the deep, who prefers jelly to solid food.

Chinese eating birds' nests cannot vie with these epicurean monsters feeding upon these delicate molluscs. They would float past by the hour together, which signifies myriads, and a whale coming across such a shoal would at least

have a delicious *bonne bouche*. Finally, a crowd of creatures jumped on board, which served for a difference of opinion amongst the whole crew. They emitted a dark fluid, which some declared to be genuine ink, others rank poison; others disputed this last assertion upon the ground that the Chinese eat them. For me the chief interest was their extreme beauty of colouring. Their form was that of the cuttle-fish, but their colour varied from the most delicate shades of pink to the most lovely violet; no shell which I have ever seen could rival them in perfection and brilliancy of colour. I tried to preserve some by pickling in spirits and salts, but they soon grew dim, and I believe the sailors finished the dispute by cooking and eating them.

But the great sensation arrived when one morning land was announced, and how eagerly we strained our eyes with glasses and without to descry it! Like a soft cloud, it lay stretching to leeward, so fleecy and faint, yet so distinct a child might have known it for land. Indeed, I believe our Newfoundland dog was as cognisant of it as any one on board. He thrust his nose through the taffrail, looked speculatively across the ocean, and wagged his tail approvingly. In the course of the day we were

in among the group of Sandwich Islands, picturing to ourselves the fate of Captain Cook, and trying to fix upon the exact spot where that brave navigator met his end. Nothing could have been more enlivening than these islands grouped round our hitherto speckless horizon. They rose precipitously, mountains of five to eighteen thousand feet, out of the sea, finely prominent and *accidenté*. As we gradually approached, they assumed majestic and individual forms, shining in mighty blood-red cliffs, and dropping into soft, green valleys, where about five times a-day there appeared to fall a shower. There were long, smooth slopes of bismark brown, and dark rocks running out into the ocean like fortifications or ramparts. And now we could easily discern a white, sandy beach, where the waves scarcely rippled, yet a few paces away they strove to ascend the scarlet cliff with vehement bound, leaping up twenty to fifty feet in frothy spray.

Standing boldly out to sea at the end of one island, as it appeared from our point of view, was a gigantic Gothic gateway or portal, through which the waves dashed madly as in reckless sport. There was plenty of room for them elsewhere in those thousands of miles

of water, but, like mischievous boys, they must try to cram themselves in crowds through that royal portal, and spring and crush and hallo and shriek in their frantic mirth. This grand arch must have been two or three hundred feet high, and yet the proportions were wonderfully symmetrical. All day long, as we tacked about near these islands, making our course for the harbour of Honolulu, new beauties revealed themselves. Some islands were furrowed from the summit to the waters' brim in vast ridges clothed with a green as bright as arsenic, so regular that they bore the resemblance of monster cotton plantations.

One of the islands, Ahua, had a rough, jagged top, upon which the light clouds hung as on the prongs of a fork. Intensely beautiful at sunset was the rosy glow of these clouds, and the fiery furnace in which the sun sank into the waves. After so much monotonous blue, these brilliant colours were perfectly delightful to the eyes, enhanced a hundred-fold by the force of contrast. There was also a soft tropical breeze wafting us gaily along. The exhilaration became so infectious that even our pigs caught it, and began to squeal their pleasure at the scent of fresh green on shore. As all the islands are

mountainous, we were soon sailing as in a vast bay shut in upon all sides, and we began to distinguish large cocoa-nut groves and little white houses and churches dotted along the shore.

Joy was great when we perceived a small boat, with cross-sail, putting out towards us—actually some living, animate thing was approaching us, sure enough. It was the pilot boat coming to guide us in through that rock-bound coast. A pilot ought to account himself a lucky individual in this world's drama, for he is always welcome —ours was, verily. He was brought alongside by his sturdy Kanaka rowers, with their mild faces, and smooth, dark skins, to me a totally new type of the human family. They had nothing in common with the negro, unless good humour, and that was of a more genial, delicate kind; nor had they the wild, savage sternness of the Red Indian. There was a *soupçon* of the Spaniard both in manner and complexion, but the eyes, though large and often lustrous, lacked the Spanish fire. On the whole, they reminded me more of the Neapolitan Lazzaroni than any other class.

And thus, in the early morning, a clear, warm breeze brought us in full view of the Eden of the Pacific—Honolulu. It lay at the

foot of the rugged-capped mountains, completely nestling in groves of mimosa, bananas, and the tall pillars of the cocoa-nut—its low brown roofs and white spires of some church or hospital making a picturesque contrast with the rich tropical green around. We lost no time in entering this paradise of the Hawaiian kingdom.

We jumped into the pilot boat amidst the sympathetic smiles of the Kanakas and the dulcet tones of their musical voices and language, every word ending with a vowel, generally beginning with one, and a plentiful besprinkling through the course of the syllables. The little skiff seemed literally to dance over the clear emerald waters, through which we could speedily behold the coral reefs, like the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Ravishing was the sight of these sea-gardens as we could trace them through the green glassy water in leaves and flowers and tiny grottos and fairy dells, inhabited by a strange population of fishes of all colours. It seemed as though the mirrored shadow of the island above us had been petrified beneath the wave into corals delightful to look on. Beautiful were the flowery acacia and hybiscus to our weary eyes, and the mango and pine-apple to our thirsty palates, and sweet on the aching ear

accustomed to the surging of the sea came the Kanaka song with every stroke of the oar. His Hawaiian Majesty is surely kind and considerate not to prolong, by red-tape exactions, the admittance of strangers to his dominions, for the Peri at the gates of Paradise could not yearn with more impatience for the promised bliss than we did. Blessed we felt that there were no Custom Houses to worry us, no quarantine to detain us, no exactions—no swarms of locusts to devour one, in the shape of cads, runners, commissionaires, baggage expressmen, or any nuisance whatever. We stepped ashore into the quaint little city, welcomed with a bow and smile from all, as if they had really been expecting our lonely little bark, and were rejoiced we had escaped the perils of the deep. There was a general feeling of wanting to shake hands with every one, which desire when one of England's Princes paid a visit to the island was actually complied with, and H.R.H. shook hands until his arm nearly came off.

The settlers of all nations seemed to have caught the infection of good nature, peace, and harmony; and, instead of endeavouring to prey upon the defenceless stranger, they took him to their hearts and homes, and made him feel as

happy as he was capable of being under such a blissful combination of circumstances. His Majesty's Ministers were principally of this class of settlers—American, English and German. They took us completely in charge, and treated us right royally with every kindness, sympathy, and attention.

Greatly to my edification and delight, they told me the name and the nature of every new shrub, tree, and flower, those which were indigenous to the islands, and such as had been introduced. Glorious beyond all word-painting was the foliage and light through the long umbrageous avenues, often with a number of dark figures seated in groups under the shade. His Hawaiian Majesty was kindly pleased to send his band for our delectation.

These musicians, although they had only been drilled for six months by a German bandmaster (prior to which they had never seen their instruments), played remarkably well, keeping exact time, and seeming to enter into the spirit of our music. When the instrumental music was finished, they sang in chorus. Never have I listened to such enchanting wild music, and yet so perfect. One would fall into a third above the air; a second hit off a fifth; and then a

third voice seemed to sing but a single note as a bass, boom-boom, like the note of a drum. Another would sing tenor, and all in the most perfect time, and generally in the minor key. They also improvised, and sung my welcome and praise until I was quite astonished to know I had so many good qualities, like the client who never knew how deeply he had been wronged until he heard his lawyer state his case. In both instances, no doubt, the statement was firmly believed. Fairylike, indeed, was the scene when, under the wide-spreading banyan trees, they threw themselves picturesquely on the ground, and gave us some of their exquisitely plaintive Kanaka airs, which were sung first as solos, then as duets, trios, quartets and quintets and full chorus. The airs were soft, slow, and wondrously melancholy, enhanced to a pitch of enchantment by the low ripple of waves breaking over the coral reefs and up to the very edge of the garden where we enjoyed this *al fresco* treat.

In the distance to our left rose the mighty extinct crater of a thousand years ago, grim and frowning still, with the scars of the boiling lava yet fresh and rugged on its sides; and, hemming it in like an amphitheatre, stood the cocoa-nut trees, with their single tufts of

plume-like leaves waving gently in the blue ether, seeming to brush the glittering stars. And children here might easily realize the nursery rhyme of the "little old woman up so high, brushing the cobwebs off the sky." The gigantic banyan, which grows horizontally a few yards above the ground, as far as ever it is supported, and forms an impenetrable shade from the heat of the sun, was now hung with small lamps throwing a poetic light over the sweet, plaintive faces of the musicians, and the groups of servants, fishermen, and retainers generally, who congregated around, enjoying the pleasure in common with their masters and their guests, and applauding when anything gratified them more than usual. Their graceful attitudes formed a tableau which a ballet-master might have envied. Song after song they delighted us with, never wearying any more than their listeners, until the small hours of the morning approached; for the Hawaiian climate is so mild and dewless that the evening out of doors is the most delightful portion of the twenty-four hours.

The dress of the women, taken individually, was as ugly and ungraceful as could be. It consisted simply of a lady's night-dress,

made on the saddle pattern, and must surely have been introduced to the natives by a prudish missionary's wife, desirous of hiding every trace of the human form divine, on the ground of modesty. As I have heard of nuns tying towels round the waist of a too Hebe-like novice, to disguise the symmetrical moulding of nature, so the Hawaiian woman, enveloped from her chin to the tip of her toes in this coloured night-gown, has little chance of displaying the symmetry of her proportions, except when she draws it close around her—though, from the beauty of the taper hands, and the almost Spanish grace of their carriage, it is fair to assume they are good figures; beside which, they are never thin, though in age they are certainly too stout for any but a Turkish taste.

The men were dressed in bright-coloured shirts and trousers, with or without hat or cap, as the case might be. The women, who had their glossy black hair short, also wore indifferently men's wideawakes or women's modern hats; the only ornament of man or woman being wreaths of flowers gracefully and artistically wound round their heads and necks. Some of their heads, twined with leaves, were

perfect models for Bacchanalian busts. The necklaces were made of jasmine, or of the ginger flower, which retain their perfume for several days. On our presentation to Queen Emma, she ordered her handmaids to make several of these beautiful wreaths, which she presented to us as one offers a bouquet; and I left the palace a perfect Flora, decorated with garlands and wreaths. I never have been so well adorned, even for a ball.

Most English readers well remember the visit of the Dowager Queen of Hawaii to our shores. We visited her in her country villa—a perfect Elysium of the most beautiful flowers I ever saw collected in one spot, not excepting the London horticultural and flower shows, the conservatory at Chatsworth or Sydenham. All the tropical plants, ferns, and trees, so sedulously cultivated in the latter, were here blooming in the most extravagant size and wildest luxuriance. Scores of different varieties of ferns seemed of spontaneous growth with the largest lotus lilies, decorating the ornamental water in the grounds. Ginger, cinnamon, and camphor blossoms vied with each other to perfume the fitful breeze—that never-ending zephyr, yclept the trade wind, which

renders the temperature of Hawaii probably the most delightful in the world; even in the hot months of July, August, and September, this celestial punka fanned this favoured spot of earth—this green isle of the green ocean.

The palace, or house of the Queen, was, of course, wooden, in common with all the buildings in Honolulu, except some of the modern ones, which are built of stone. The post-office would be a handsome building anywhere, and the barracks of gray granite is quite a miniature gem. There are also a very handsome hospital, a reformatory, and gaol, situated on a pretty little island within the harbour. The commerce consists principally of sugar and the most delicious coffee. Formerly the trade of the island was entirely supported by the whalers, who resorted here by the thousand; but now, San Francisco and some of the Japanese ports offer a more convenient harbour for repairs.

The little nation is almost self-sufficing; indeed, completely so, were it not for the foreign settlers; the Kanakas living principally on the *Taro*, the root of the *Arnum esculentum*, which they make into *Poi*. By mixing with water and fermenting it, it becomes a thick paste like meal porridge. It tastes rather like ground rice with

an acid flavour, and appeared to me quite as palatable as the Scotch oatmeal porridge, and very much better than the Indian acorn paste, which it otherwise resembles in point of colour and substance. This Taro is cultivated in plots of ten to twenty acres. We rear it for its beauty in our own conservatories; and I can remember that, as a child, I used to love to stroke its green velvety leaves, attaching some sweet, genial goodness to its soft, yielding touch; for, with my dawning perceptions, I believed in the individuality and consciousness of so-called inanimate objects, and shared my sympathies alike with them and my fellow-beings.

Formerly there was a great export of sandal-wood, which still lines many of the ravines between the mountains, and the island was hence called by the Chinese the Sandal-wood Islands—a much prettier name than Sandwich, which inevitably smacks of beef and ham, and is very incongruous with the poetic feeling of all around. I believe there is a great deal in a name; and I opine that names and things ought to be in the same harmony as colours and sounds. Thus, when I had beheld this lovely spot, I was ever after irritated by this cognomen of "Sandwiches," and delighted

to call it by its own musical trisyllable of Hawaii.

It is, however, still more fortunate that Cook did not name these islands after himself, and call them the Cook Islands, for the suggestion of a cook, or cooking generally, would be even worse than sandwiches in particular, the more especially as the poor man was "cooked" in the end. It would have left an odour not of sanctity, in spite of his assumption of the Godship of Lono (one of the favourite divinities), but of Roti *sans* sauce.

The Hawaiians were converted from *nothing* to Christianity about the year 1820, by American missionaries from Boston. I say from nothing advisedly; for, several years previous to the advent of these latter, the natives had, by one accord of their priests, and chiefs, and king, thrown down their idols, and abolished the law of human sacrifice and other heathenish practices, and were living *ad libitum* without any restraint or profession of faith, like many "Christians" of the present day. Cannibalism is said not to have formed part of their religion; they were, therefore, ripe for the reception of an entirely new religion, which they seem to have embraced with eagerness and zeal, their gentle

natures adopting readily the peaceful doctrines of Christianity.

In point of morals, however, I should surmise they have not been much converted. There is an amount of love-making, which would not appear to be quite without results; and the women have a voluptuous ease and *dégagement*, so amiable and pleasant, that one could scarcely term it vice, yet rarely appearing to lead to virtue. I believe that, amongst mariners, the Pacific Islands are noted as containing the most lovable women in creation.

Schools have been established through all the islands, and there are few Hawaiians who cannot write and read their own sweet language. The alphabet, consisting of only twelve letters, renders it particularly facile of acquirement. The Kanaka language is soft and musical, and sounds as though the speaker had his mouth full of Turkish Rhahatlacomb perfumed with roses. It is adapted to the expression of the affections and natural feelings, rather than of rhetoric or logical disquisition; and, if the heart were permitted its natural language, it would sigh out its love in the Kanaka tongue. Could anything be sweeter than *Aloua* (my love to you)?

The Hawaiians make very attached and faithful

servants, are good seamstresses and matting-makers, and are peculiarly skilled in the arrangement of flowers. One of the most wonderful acrobatic feats I have ever witnessed was the ascent of a cocoa-nut tree, a hundred feet high, by a native, to gather us some cocoa-nuts, that we might drink the milk, which is cool and delicious when fresh gathered. He placed the soles of his feet and the palms of his hands to the round, smooth stem, and literally walked up, never touching the tree with his arms or legs, as we are accustomed to see trees climbed by boys at home. He just stepped up as light and agile as though he were walking the most convenient stairs, until he reached the tuft of pluming branches at the top, where the nuts clustered under them. He broke them off and threw them down; sometimes they burst, and we hastened to drink the milk from the shell. This delicious cool beverage, very different from the sickly fluid so appreciated by children in Europe (after the nut has been gathered six or eight months), is quite a luxury in these warm latitudes.

The natives have the habit of lounging or squatting upon the ground, natural to most dark skins. They eat the Poi in the same fashion as the Red

Indians their acorn paste, and the Italians their macaroni, viz., by dipping in the finger, rolling a quantity round it, then, throwing the head back, they drop it into the mouth from a certain elevation; from the other hand they nibble a little piece of salt-fish. The quantity of this Poi consumed by one individual is enormous. A "calabash," containing as much as a large washhand basin, is scarcely an ordinary portion for two, being about three times as much as a Scotch farm-labourer will devour of oatmeal porridge. What may be lacking in quality they make up in quantity.

In various parts of the country we noticed large ponds communicating by a sort of canal with the sea. Into these the young fish swim, but are unable to return, and become very fat and large in their new home. The King most graciously sent us a supply from his own preserves—enormous red mullet, delicate and delicious, and several other species, doubtless of Kanaka breed, rather like gigantic carp, but as white and solid as soles.

We paid our state visit to His Majesty, but, as he is a bachelor, he deputed his Minister and amiable wife to entertain us. "The Lonely One," as he is designated in Kanaka, was very curious

and delighted with our visit, and would, no doubt, have liked to gratify himself more, but he is very shy. There is no telling what good luck we missed, for His Majesty is understood to be on the look-out for a foreign wife, there being no women of his own nation sufficiently high in rank to be permitted to share the royal honour, and the throne of Hawaii is at the present moment heirless, and no Hawaiian Princess is of marriageable age. So we had to sing with the Scotch lassie :—

"Bide ye yet, bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide ye yet,
Some bonnie grand king may fancy ye yet,
Sae comfort yersel wi' thinking on't, thinking on't."

His Majesty is six feet two, *sans souliers*, and weighs three hundred pounds—no light catch, as a manœuvring mamma might think.

The whole group of islands, eleven in number, were first conquered and formed into one kingdom by *Kamiamia* the First, the present king being *Kamiamia* the Fifth. Unlike his father, who kept great state, and visited England, arrayed in a mantle of red and yellow feathers, with his Queen, who was nearly seven feet in height, similarly attired—the present *Kamiamia* lives almost the secluded life of a private gentleman,

rarely entertaining in his palace, and affecting much a small residence on the sea-shore, where he can enjoy the luxury of the water. Kanakas are by nature almost amphibious, thriving as much in water as ashore, fearless swimmers and divers. There is a tradition of a woman who swam thirty miles, bearing her husband, who was sick. I was unable to ascertain the exact distance they can swim ; the accounts seemed so fabulous, Byron and Leander sinking into pigmies in point of natatory prowess. They use very pretty-shaped boats or canoes, long, narrow, and turned up at each end, somewhat resembling the Venetian gondola.

The largest island of the Hawaii is that of Kehalakekua, the spot upon which Cook was sacrificed. There also is the largest and most active crater, which two years ago convulsed this portion of the world by its furious outbursts. A thick mist or smoke spread for nearly a thousand miles over the ocean, and the shock was sensibly felt by vessels traversing it. The tidal wave which it caused travelled almost with the rapidity of light, reaching San Francisco, a distance of 2000 miles, in four hours. It was not like the usual eruptions, ejected out of a cone, but the side of the mountain literally

opened, like a gaping wound, sloughing out red-hot lava by thousands of tons, and flying up into the air in a column of 1000 feet. People living a mile or two distant had to fly for their lives, and several families (about 100) were overtaken and swallowed up, coinciding in many respects with the descriptions of the overwhelming of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

No doubt, if there had been towns or villages, the calamity would have been equally great. As it was, the molten lava swept like a torrent towards the sea in such volumes as to form a mountain, and thrusting the water from its bed in the ocean, hardening, formed a vast promontory a mile in length. Much of the cinders and lava retain their heat to the present time, and the country around for miles is desolated, and covered with sharp jagged flint, rough lava, and arid cinders—a picture of desolation such as no pen can describe.

Like its prototype in Italy, the contrast and awesomeness of this Satanic-looking region are increased by the lovely scenery which is traversed in reaching that portion of the island. Groves of the picturesque cocoa-nut, the Kui-Kui, the graceful bananas, and the velvety surface of the Taro, render the sharp ridges of

lava, the broken masses of cinders, and the hard metallic glisten more keenly painful to the sight and imagination.

His Majesty was most graciously pleased to offer me a thousand acres of land in the most picturesque spot if I would settle on one of the islands, and make it my home.*

* King Kamiamia died a few months ago.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TYPHOON.

FATALITY may be a dangerous doctrine to advance and demonstrate by the balance of evidence; yet those who have been its victims through life find it difficult not to believe themselves encompassed and overruled by a destiny. I am one of those who have felt unrelenting Fate pursue me from my childhood, hemming me in with misfortunes morally and physically. Unlucky must have been the star that shone on my birth. Friends beholding continuous misfortunes befalling me, are apt to term it "my fault," as the easiest method of accounting for it. But, in forming this judgment, they usually leave out some vital point of evidence. My elder relatives, especially, were wont to declare, "You always get into some trouble." Now I protest that it is the "trouble" that always gets hold of me. Thus, I am no

more guilty of bringing a typhoon into Hong Kong harbour, and its concomitant disasters which I am about to relate, than I was of the snow-storm in the Yo-Semite mountains, which fell and enveloped me in its soft but cold embrace. The night passed alone in a hollow cypress tree was, in point of horror and anguish, a twin to the one I have just gone through, also alone, battened down in the cabin of a Dutch bark, while the typhoon raged in fury, and tore down masts, and ripped off cables, and swamped vessels, and sucked in men's lives, and roared with the united tongues of hell, let loose to wreak its vengeance on poor humanity. I, being only a woman, was forgotten, and left to meet my fate as best I could, while men strove and wrestled with the danger, and fought for their lives; whilst they hoped, and feared, and contended, until the excitement of the struggle banished the poignancy of pain. For nine hours I sat alone, peering with aching eyeballs into the darkness, watching for the king of terrors, whose form, I knew well, was enshrouded in its tenebrious folds; listening with strained ears to catch the first sound of that voice of death which should announce my dissolution. But there was only the one awesome boom, drowning all in its

hollow depths. The cries of the sailors, the cracking of the timbers, the trumpet orders of the captain, the avalanche of rain—all were engulphed in this demoniacal roar, as in a dead stillness.

It was unlike any other storm I ever experienced, and worse than one in the Bay of Biscay, where I spent one fearful Christmas Day of my life. Old sailors, unaccustomed to typhoons, declared they never heard such a sound. We could hear no cracking of the ship's timbers, no whistling of the wind through the rigging, no growl of thunder; nor did the flash of lightning reveal how far the disaster had spread. It was a supernatural sound—as though the mighty winds had been gathered from the four quarters, rushing in a whirlwind round this devoted spot, and hurling each other in clamorous, frantic blasts. If in the memorable storm round "Alloway's auld haunted kirk,"

> "A child might understand
> The de'il had business on his hand,"

it was easy to imagine that there were millions of devils revelling around with chaotic howlings. I knew that I was still alive; but whether I was the only one on board surviving, I could

not tell; or whether any of the ships with which the harbour was studded had broken loose, and were drifting swiftly down to their own and our destruction; whether our two enormous anchor-chains would hold another second, or snap with the frightful plunges of the little bark, and drive us whirling on to the rocks—all this was not for me to know until the anticipated moment of my fate arrived.

Scarcely one vessel kept her berth; and either in the one or the other case it was certain destruction, for, through the darkness in such a sea, no boat could live for an instant. And through the long vigil, as on the night when wrapped in Yo-Semite fleece, the whole of my life rose clear before me, as it is said to occur to persons in imminent danger. Every episode and passage, every feeling, mere words and looks, advanced distinctly from the background of the past. Even the faint smile of a mother seen in childhood revealed itself anew; and the "passionate wrath with one we loved worked like madness in the brain." Then I knew that my joy of life had passed for ever; that my dear ones had gone before me; and that lingering here was only a weary waiting at best. But this I knew, through faith that brought its peace into my soul, that God was

everywhere, above and beyond the storm; and that, if my eyes closed in this midnight and the tempest, they would open to a glorious light yet unrevealed. Such, however, was only a lonely woman's experience of a typhoon.

The morning showed what had been the dire result to many less fortunate than we. Vessels with broken masts and spars were to be seen on all sides; some cast ashore bespoke the horrors of the night; and yet more sadly was the story enforced by the disappearance of others that had foundered—their topgallants alone indicating their whereabouts. Others had dragged their anchors for miles, carrying devastation wherever they fouled. One of these—a French ship—ran ashore, when the crew threw out a rope, and all escaped save the captain, who remained to the last and perished at his post. His death-cry was smothered in the billowy foam, and was heard by none but his Maker, as he passed from the view and sound of man.

When the sun shone out for a few moments over these green, velvety-looking, rocky islands, which surround one of the loveliest bays in the world, their shores were strewn with wrecks and human victims. The sampans and smaller craft had sought shelter early in the day; but many

a poor Chinaman lost his little all during the severe scourge. Wretched-looking vessels from outside the bay were towed in during the day, all tattered and torn, and disabled from the terrible conflict.

Time only can show how many met a more fearful doom. For years such a fierce hurricane had not been known; for, although short, it made up in point of fury—commencing about five o'clock on Saturday, reaching its climax from ten to twelve, and subsiding between three and four on Sunday morning. The whole day of Saturday had been stormy and threatening; and when our pilot had come on board we could distinguish, amid the cackling of Chinese, the word "Typhoon! Typhoon!" which talismanic syllables caused our bark to "go about" more than twenty times before we could make the passage into the bay, where we were able to take up our berth, and prepare for the worst.

The P. M. S. S. from San Francisco was then outside, and it was feared she might not get in, owing to the fierce, contrary winds blowing stronger every minute. She succeeded, however, though the captain and officers had to be lashed on to the deck. An American coolie ship, which

had sailed in company with us several days, not being able to make the port, anchored outside. She was towed in the following day with cleared decks, having lost everything. Each vessel as it came in, dismantled and disabled, told its own tale of the misery and struggle that its living freight had endured.

Yet, so strange is the nature of the sailor, and so inured is he to the strife with the elements, that some of our own men actually lay down and slept during the moments of inaction; and instances are quite common of their breaking open the spirit casks and regaling themselves before they met their destruction. Thus it seems to me that the nerves are hardened as the sinews, becoming like tar-clad ropes. They do not experience those thrills of mortal anguish which agonize the body and mind of those more delicately sensitive, else I had surely received one word of sympathetic comfort. But each back is formed to carry its own burden: and a woman's lot it is, generally, to suffer in silence and alone.

Alone! no, not alone. A big Newfoundland dog crept up in the darkness, and rubbed his cold, soft nose against me. "There is no duty for me on deck," he seemed to say; "but you

have my deepest sympathy. I will catch hold of your dress when we go overboard, and drag you on shore, if I die for it!" Even in that supreme crisis I smiled with the cynic, "*Plus je connais les hommes, plus j'admire les chiens.*"

The disasters on shore were chiefly confined to property. A fine sea-wall was carried away, and numerous buildings blown down; also the circus, several blocks of houses, and the telegraph poles. The city hall and the clock tower escaped with the loss of all their glass. The Great Northern telegraph line to Deepwater Bay was much damaged. One gentleman saved fourteen lives from a Chinese junk, which ought to ennoble him for the rest of his life. I am sorry for his immortal fame that his name was Smith. Huge blocks of granite, which formed the Praja wall, were hurled by the force of the elemental war ten and twenty yards out of their position. Lofty trees were twisted from their roots, shutters and verandahs dashed about like autumn leaves.

One German bark, hailing from the same port as ourselves, and whose captain had "taken," not his little daughter, but his wife, "to bear him company" (she had just arrived from "the Home" in Bremen), reached Hong Kong shortly

before us, but was unable to keep her anchorage, and was swept out again on to those fierce rocks which yet are so gorgeous in their Moslem colouring of crimson and green. There the whooping winds, glorying in their savage power, swept clean her decks of men and masts, and all things animate and inanimate. The captain, and his wife "who bore him company" on his late journey, are walking the starless road of death together into eternity.

A British ship struck and foundered with all hands save two—a man and a dog (a dog does as much duty on board as any seaman, and ought to be reckoned as one of the crew). The gallant beast swam ashore under the man's arm, bearing him up over the storm-lashed surf, accomplishing one of those most heroic acts which great catastrophes like this often bring forth. Yet these seething waves closed over many a deed which never will reach the tongue of fame, as well as concealed many an ignoble dastard. For cowards can do such deeds before high heaven as make the angels weep.

It would be impossible to chronicle, within the limits of this chapter, the tragedies which befell, or were ascertained. Many vessels sank, of which their disappearance is the only record,

and for which wives and mothers will look out to sea for many a day in vain.

But I appeal with confidence to a generous public for their decision whether this sad experience was my fate or my fault.

CHAPTER V.

CHINA.

ROLLING stones gather no moss, says the adage. I never gather moss; *ergo*, I have been a rolling stone all my life: not that I altogether object to the result. Accumulations, as a rule, are a nuisance, rubbish; for instance—acquaintances, papers, debts, cats, street-cars. Only in the matter of pelf should I have preferred a little more adhesiveness. House property and mining stock are a sort of prickly moss that give the gatherer no peace. Locks, window-frames, bell-handles always awanting, and tenants make moonlight flittings; bonds and shares, with their extreme fluctuations and eccentric gyrations, and sudden repudiations and downfalls, are enough to afflict a nervous person like myself with Saint Vitus's dance. I never could comprehend the delights

of fortune, or the use of money, unless I could have it in my hands to spend. The worry and turmoil of gathering moss is never compensated by possession.

To return to the reality whence the parable is derived. Having listened to the testimony of the rocks themselves for many a day, I am clearly of opinion, that the stones which roll down from the top with a crash and bound, evidently enjoy their trip, and are as happy as the steadfast rocks gazing for ever on the same earth and sky—sentinels of centuries. Thus I, rolling ever, rolling always, roll gradually round the world; having embarked at San Francisco on a vessel which, for a period of eleven weeks, persistently rolled towards the Celestial Empire; I do not mean those rotatory bodies, forming rolling universes unnumbered, but the kingdom of that unapproachable one supposed to be related to them—His Celestial Highness the Emperor of China.

Superbly magnificent to the view was the mountainous range of bulwarks, which hemmed in the empire from the emerald ocean. Truly, if any man could say, This is mine!—not entailed, not in fee, but simply, This is mine!—power absolute, unlimited, uncontrolled by deed

or codicil; mine, with might to upheave or to lay low, mine to bring into existence or annihilate;—then might such a ruler believe himself a god; and, under this mystic illusion, the Chinese Emperor lives and dies — and then, possibly, finds out his mistake. Whilst alive, he is too sacred for anything; he cannot be looked upon with open gaze, or by any but the elect; he cannot be approached save with prostrate body, bowed head, and uplifted hands, as in profound worship, which movements European ambassadors fail to see the drift of; he cannot be spoken with, save by the privileged few whose tongue has been chastened by deep humiliation. For every earthly purpose this person is too sacred except to die; yet with his meanest coolie he must partake of death in common.

The Chinese have a pleasant way of ignoring the power of the Old Man with the scythe; and concluding, with the Swedenborgians, that their defunct friends are gone on a journey, they are careful to provide them with an outfit of food and clothing for their peregrinations. On the whole, this belief is not so objectionable as that of some pious persons, viz. that individuals whose conduct they did not approve of are gone to a

remarkably warm place; like a lady whom I once tried to console for the death of her husband. "No, *ma chère amie*," she cried; "it is impossible to take comfort; *je sais qu'il ait aux enfers*." With such knowledge, further parley was useless.

To return to the coast guardians of the Chinese empire. They are the most satisfactorily picturesque mountains I ever beheld, the ridges and peaks so marvellously jagged and startling, as to resemble our infantile delineations on a slate, when the elevations could never be sufficiently pointed, or the outline too vandyked. They in no way resemble either the Sierras or the Alps, much less any of the more civilized mountains. The coast range, and the chain of mountainous islands which skirt it like a naval fleet — of which Hong Kong might be the flag-ship—form a line of zigzags and marvellous coned excrescences, which make the eyelids wink before they can fairly realize their curious forms.

In beauty and grandeur they are fully equal to any other mountains which have conformed themselves to conventional undulations; for, although not wooded like the glorious Sierras, or snowed like the Alps, still the massive gray

and bright red granite is tricked out in a velvety garment of feathery grass, and a light green moss which envelopes its favourite stones—which don't roll—and give it, far more than the sand-hills of San Francisco, the appearance of a land of gold, exuding out of the soil in all directions; and, when the sunset beams fall upon it, then it adumbrates rough nuggets, like the streams of the Sierras, which seem to flow on Pactolean sands. The Hong Kong hills glitter like masses of virgin gold, especially within the harbour, which resembles a great lake formed by a number of peaked islands skirting the mainland, and producing one of the finest harbours in the world, where a thousand vessels could ride at anchor; and, although its ramifications do not stretch so far as does the bay of San Francisco, yet the actual anchorage is more extensive.

Comparisons of beauty are always invidious; but I should say that Hong Kong bay is more beautiful, like a brunette belle who dazzles you with the flash of her dark eyes; while San Francisco has the placid beauty of a blonde, whose soft sweetness wins your love.

Once on shore, there is no comparison between the two cities—the dark belle carries away the prize *sans contrè dire;* one city has been marred

in the making, whilst the other is adorned with every architectural taste that can be lavished. The handsome terraced roads winding up to the very top of the mountain, one thousand and eighty feet, where there are a few summer villas, are at once picturesque and excellent. The granite wall which forms the terraces is covered everywhere with the greatest variety of ferns and creepers, and the gardens which they uphold are dense with palm, banana, date, pomegranate, and mango trees.

The private residences, which are all detached, are built generally in the Italian style, with wide colonnades of granite or brick stuccoed. The rooms are large and lofty, and conduce both to comfort and to health. Of course there are a few of "the cursed streets of stairs," anathematised in Malta by Byron, up which the chair-bearers and ponies trip lightly; but they are few; and the main streets or roads running horizontally along the side of the mountain are surely the perfection of vias.

On the one hand rise *bosquets* of odorous shrubs and flowering trees, overtopped by the stern, rugged peak, where floats the British flag; on the other, you look down upon groves, church spires, and the quaint Chinese town with

square, box-like houses, away to the glorious bay, with its hundreds of ships at anchor, and its thousands of sampans, resembling, with their matting sails, perambulating bee-hives. Indeed, their interior arrangements are somewhat upon the same plan of economising space, they being the home, apparently, of three generations—the grandmother, her children, and their progeny—and always a few babies, like boiled rabbits without the onion sauce. These tenements, which are both row and sail boats, have a covered shed towards the stern, on the plan of the Venetian gondolas, but not half so graceful. They are frequently manned by the ladies of the family—the grand-dame taking the helm, and two or three young ladies climbing the masts and trimming the sails.

Here arose my first perplexity in China—the distinction of sex—there being no criterion of dress, occupation, or personal appearance, by which a stranger can be guided. A laundress came on board our vessel immediately upon our arrival, and, as Chinamen do the washing in San Francisco, we naturally mistook the laundress for a man, all signs of femininity being absent; at which *it* was very much offended. The captain hailed a sailor on board the sam-

60584

pan as "Boy"—*it* also shook its head indignantly, and vociferated "No boy," and a great deal in Chinese condemnatory of our want of discrimination. My friends recommended, as a guide to the sex, that I was to look out for a tail or a "teapot in the hair-dressing," that being the only mark of difference, many young men having such womanly faces, that it is quite impossible to distinguish their sex by them.

Now, I still retain my prejudice in behalf of a maid waiting upon me, and, although I require no personal service, yet like to have her in attendance; so, having signified my wishes at the hotel, a delicate, sweet-looking faced individual, who was supposed to speak English, attended on me, and, although I could not understand the few soft, anxious words she uttered, I was so satisfied with her neat, clean appearance, that I waived all objections, especially as the officiating chamber-maid was a very Caliban-like creature, with a crooked back and one eye, likely enough to want to eat me. Such was the felicitous state of my domestic arrangements, when unfortunately a lady called, and suggested that she would explain something conducive to my comfort to my "boy," if I would call him.

I replied "the boy" (or rather my aged male chamber-maid) did not seem intelligent; but the girl appeared particularly so. Ah-you (which was her name) of course gave no intimation as to gender, and I called her. An amused expression crossed over my visitor's face; in baby-like broken English, called "Pigeon," she explained the matter to Ah-you, and then turned to me with, "Do you take that for a girl?"

"Why, certainly," said I.

"It is a boy," she answered, laughing. "You should have asked for a nurse, if you wanted a woman. You see he has no teapot."

"No," I cried, "but still it has no tail, the hair is dressed *à la grec*," and I thought it so classical.

"Oh! It is his tail rolled up round his head." She laughed, and my illusions vanished.

To return, however, to my first advent into the Britannic dominion of Hong Kong. After having been upset in the sampan by the invasion of a swarm of more than semi-nude coolies, anxious not only to have my person distributed in five different chairs, whose protruding poles threatened to gouge my eyes out, and perforate my brain, but also to distribute my ten packages amongst seventeen bearers (a sum in the

Rule of Three which my arithmetic failed to adjust until the whole was solved by the capsizing of the sampan, and the exodus of superfluous coolies into the water, where by a few judicious thrusts of our umbrellas they were kept until their ardour cooled, my baggage was rescued, and myself inducted into a chair backwards through the shafts, like a horse), we arrived at the hotel.

After a few preliminaries, exhausted with the intense heat and the battle of the sampan, I threw myself upon the bed, which was harder than any rational flint ever "concluded" to be, and had closed my eyes and senses to coolies, sampans, and chairs, when I was roused, nay shaken out of obliviousness, by a din that sounded to my startled auricular nerves like all pandemonium let loose.

There was a riotous clamour of tom toms, a clashing of cymbals, a shrieking of pipes, a rattling of crop-bones, and a resounding of gongs at once deafening and appalling. A thousand Highland bagpipers playing one thousand different tunes, or the combined row of the spirits in the Davenport Brothers' dark cabinet, multiplied by hundred, could alone vie with this supernatural din which accompanied the proces-

sion of the Great Dragon, the *Kin Loong* or Golden Dragon, which in heraldry is cousin to the English Lion and the American Eagle.

I rushed on to the verandah, and there witnessed the procession, which for rags and magnificence, tawdry rubbish and barbaric splendour, filthy poverty and luxurious wealth, grotesquely mixed up together, rivalled anything in my experience. There was no regularity in the procession. It oscillated about the street in a confusion of the sublime and ridiculous. Everything was borne on trays or small platforms, except the few ponies, which were led by grooms. Ladies in superbly embroidered dresses, their *coiffures, à la* teapot, stuck full of jewels, were seated on stools, which, from the peculiar swing of the bamboo poles, looked precarious.

They, however, were in no way alarmed, frequently occupying themselves with laying on a fresh coat of paint to their faces, from a small tin case like a sardine box, which they carried in one hand, the other holding the mirror. Their satins, velvets, jewels, and gold made them resemble a flash of light in the sun too dazzling to behold, like the princesses in the pantomime of Aladdin's Lamp. Some rode small ponies richly caparisoned, horse and rider

alike loaded with crimson and gold; but here modesty had to veil her eyes, for the leading groom had not a particle of covering save a bandage and his tail, which, so far from serving the use of Godiva's hair, was tied up like a bob-tailed horse's.

There were scores of altar-pieces elaborately carved in gold and blue; every trade and profession was impersonated upon trays—fishermen, with their nets and fish dangling thereon; confectioners engaged in their art, and girl sailors beside their sampans, all similarly elevated, and severally accompanied by their various noisy bands. But their music, as illustrated by hundreds, nay thousands, of these instruments all going at once, could only signify *vacarme.* Companies, male and female, babies and adults, were carried along by scores, in bright blue silk, in crimson, in yellow, and in white, seeming like waves or clouds of superb silk of the most brilliant hues, till interrupted by the wretched coolie bearers half-clad, in dirty, ragged shirts, or loose drawers.

Magnificent banners were borne aloft on bamboos, then tablets, with inscriptions, no doubt, from Confucius, surrounded by mirrors, thus combining piety with vanity; again, trays

laden with cakes and fruit; others with sacred candles and joss-sticks; and splendid urns for burning incense, all grotesquely confused, and the whole rendered comic by the undulations of the marvellous Chinese umbrellas—hats which wove themselves in and out like bewitched table-tops out on a frolic.

My organ of wonder was sick and exhausted with straining to take in all these incongruous and unnatural-looking objects. The procession occupied about an hour and a half in passing, and wound up with the enormous Dragon himself, of unmitigated hideousness. This scaly monster, measuring 150 feet, was borne on the heads of some sixty or eighty nude coolies, which seemed to liken him to a gigantic centipede, such as might be the nightmare of a lobster-supper dream. He wriggled his glittering form along the narrow streets like a vast antediluvian crocodile.

CHAPTER VI.

KIN LOONG AT HONG KONG.

THE Kin Loong, or, as it is termed, the Sing Song, corresponds with the Festival of All Souls, or All Hallows Eve, carrying out the same idea that souls, condemned to Hades for their transgressions upon earth, are allowed liberty this one night in the twelvemonth to seek help and intercession in the shape of prayers from their friends on earth; and the very word "all-souls" indicates that it is the feast of the spirits. Thus the Chinese celebration, if regarded from this standpoint, loses at once much that is calculated to strike the European spectator as the most revolting idolatry.

We set out by moonlight in a large party, as a mutual protection, for, although the city of Hong Kong boasts 700 policemen of most tre-

mendous proportions and ferocious aspect, it fails to protect its European inhabitants from the "waxed tapered fingers of the heathen Chinee," and, which is worse, from the weighted bamboo by which they are enabled to break the head of their victim at a distance, so rendering it safe to approach and take possession of his valuables. So many burglaries and highway robberies had been committed recently, that Hong Kong might be considered in a state of siege. Thus we had mustered as many athletic friends as possible to make our evening excursion to the Sing Song.

Our procession formed a strange and picturesque sight, it being a lovely night, the moon peeping over the tops of the mountains, and lighting up the waving palms and feathery bamboo, and just touching with silver the blue bay with its miniature islands, and the castle, resembling Loch Leven (*du reste*, it was built for a jail), which is principally used as a sea-side resort for bathers. Then the ships at anchor, each showing its one bright star, and the fine terraced roads make walking a perfect delight, after being for some time subject to plank walks, with holes in them, in the Southern States of America.

Yet sedan-chairs are indispensable. The

chair, with its bamboo poles, lifted on the shoulders of a couple of coolies, occupies five yards of space; the dusky bearers, private coolies, wearing their white costume, adorned with some gay trimming; and upon the long bearing-poles are slung the most gorgeous Chinese lanterns.

Our escort of English officers, in their white military undress and helmets, the recent arrivals preferring to walk, and flourishing stout blackthorns, or, what is still more effective, a short sort of bludgeon termed a "Penang Lawyer," the old *habitués* resorting to their chairs—presented a *coup d'œil* to be remembered. Never having been knocked down by the Asiatic cousins of Dick Turpin, I could not, of course, be expected to feel nervous about the process, and consequently enjoyed the novel and beautiful promenade *à la chaise* extremely.

We soon arrived in perfect safety at the scene of the exhibition, a structure consisting principally of bamboo and matting, without a single nail in its whole extent, which shook and trembled under the lightest step, yet supported several thousand persons. It presented the appearance of a glaring glitter of gold and brilliant colouring, a mass of marvellous lanterns,

ranging from a foot to twenty feet in height, of the most wonderful and mysterious structure, defying the most ingenious mind to decide what they were made of, or how put together. There was an immensity of wood-carving encrusted in gold and ivory figures delicately painted.

There were the matting walls, richly gilt, and coloured with a lavish gorgeousness that would astound a European decorative artist; and banners suspended from the roof, embroidered with a magnificence of shade and pattern perfectly dazzling. There were hundreds of thousands of figures from an inch to twenty feet high, and not *two* with the same expression of countenance. Madame Tussaud's wax exhibition of Court and Crime is a mere peep-show to this Chinese display.

Every shade of feeling that the human countenance is susceptible of expressing was portrayed with minute exactness, whether of comedy or of tragedy. Every phase of Chinese life was depicted by these sumptuously-dressed figures, many of which were in motion, being worked by machinery propelled by mice. In one interior is a party of ladies drinking tea or fanning themselves; in another is seen a jealous husband rushing in unexpectedly, and executing summary vengeance on his wife—the whole forming

a series of pictures of life and society, carved in wood, ivory, and a score other materials, which only a Chinaman could invent or imagine.

The most peculiar and beautiful of these materials consists of birds' feathers—the kingfisher's wing. Thousands of these figures were made of this bright blue material, which resembled enamel, except that it had the sheen of silk upon it, and, on close inspection, was obviously neither one nor the other. My curiosity became very much excited, and led to the discovery that it was the kingfisher's feathers, so delicately gummed on to wooden figures, as to resemble china or the jade stone, so much in use for bangles.

Similar figures were disposed in various chambers as altar-pieces, like those frequently seen in Italy commemorating the lives of saints, but with a barbaric splendour quite surpassing the latter. No doubt, like the Italians, they were to do honour to some Chinese saint defunct and in paradise.

But the most ingeniously contrived figures were the living and growing ones, formed by dwarfing trees or shrubs, the leaves investing, as with a complete garment, the framework of an old man, or a dolphin, or a goat, or a lady, and

a variety of other objects. The patience which must have been exercised in the training of separate leaves into their proper places, is one of the most striking exemplifications of this people's character. It is almost inconceivable how each tiny sprig could be coaxed into forming a complete costume.

The two sides of the building were lined with tableaux of dressed figures, so arranged as to resemble *bas relievo,* very similar to those which surround a Catholic church representing the different sufferings of our Lord, called "Stations of the Passion." These pictures represented the sufferings of souls in Tophet—the nature of their crimes and the punishments inflicted. The judges and officials of hell were clothed in the richest garments, and embroideries on silk and satin, enough to make a woman's heart turn to place-hunting even in *that* locality.

The expression of the countenances was wonderfully depicted, and the despair of the condemned terrific to behold.

The punishments were very ingenious: petty larceny having its fingers tied together like a bundle of cheroots; the usurper of a throne being crushed under the weight of the said throne, without the power to extricate himself;

punishment for horse-stealing — which might give a hint to the Lynch law Vigilanté of the Western States—was to put the culprit *inside* the horse (this was hard on the poor beast), who was, by the aid of machinery, plunging frightfully, the man's nose and eyes appearing through a hole in the chest.

Striking was the Tantalus-like torture of the sensualist—beholding beautiful women lavishing their charms (I presume on the desert air) without the condemned being able to catch the odorous breath of a sigh.

Dante's Inferno was not more imaginative in its conception than this Chinese infernal region. There was, however, one redeeming point in the latter *supplice*, viz., that, after passing through ten expiatory stages, the criminal could, after a lapse of time, return to earth and be born again, though carefully watched by the authorities from below like a ticket-of-leave man.

The worst fate was for those who had been decapitated on earth: they were in dreadful perplexity where to recover their indispensable heads, without which they could not be regenerated. Thus, a Chinese has no objection to be hanged according to British fashion, but is in despair at beheading, and would rather be

hanged twice, as the Irishman phrased it, than have his head cut off once. The friends of the mutilated individuals are always eager to possess themselves of the severed portions, and put them together again. This is but a literal and concrete idea of resurrection.

One tableau represents a number in a headless, shadowy condition, who, not having recovered their heads, are unable to profit by the ten-stage probation.

This festival lasts several days, after which the bamboo building is taken down; the gods and tableaux are dispersed to their respective homes and joss houses, or private families from which they have been loaned; just as in a great festival at Rome, every church and monastery contributes its quota to the general display.

The religious service, which terminated the feast for the benefit of the souls in limbo, was at once solemn and grotesque — a characteristic sometimes not wanting both in Italian and Spanish ceremonies. There was a small sanctuary or chamber, similar to a chancel, wondrously wrought in gold and kingfisher feathers, with a splendour which literally makes the eyes ache for a week afterwards. Few were allowed into the holy of holies; and I duly appreciated

the honour of being admitted with note-book in hand. They had no such fear as "there's a chield amang ye takin' notes, and faith she'll print it," but seemed considerably interested by my perseverance, paying much more attention to me than to their devotions.

I saw the high-priest, who was a model of piety, placing his hands together and bowing reverentially. He wore a white silk flowing robe, with a crimson satin square piece falling crossways over his person, much as a Highlander wears his plaid. His shoes, or long boots, were of white satin, and he spread a carpet, or square of white satin bordered with crimson, to stand on, and similar to the one laid for the Holy Father when he officiates at St. Peter's. Occasionally he knelt, and at other times prostrated. Six other priests stood round and assisted in the service, like deacons at High Mass; and, so far, all was solemn and imposing; but, as an accompaniment to the prayers, which were muttered low like the Catholic service, there was played a Swiss pipe, which shrieked shrill enough to put one's teeth on edge, and utterly destroy any feeling of praise or thanksgiving; and the creature who "gar it skearl" till the perspiration ran down, was not burthened

with any clothing above his middle, and resembled one of the labouring coolies of the street.

This was a sad come-down from the priest's embroidered and jewelled mitre, which lay on the table between two very dirty red candles and a row of tiny tea-cups. The smaller, which were to contain the *samshoo*—a spirituous liquor — were not larger than walnut-shells. This was the offering, or sacrifice, probably answering to our communion; the other element of bread being represented by some vegetable, generally green rice (the Buddhist priests are vegetarians). Above the altar, and reaching to the ceiling, was the picture of the gods, or "*three precious ones*," as they are called, constituting one supreme, omnipotent God.

A *Tau*-ist congregation were carrying on their service in another part of the same building. There seemed about the same difference between them and the Buddhists as between Protestants —I beg their pardon, Episcopalians—and Presbyterians.

On this occasion there was an effigy of a god, fifty feet high, made of paper and cardboard, and highly decorated, around which clustered a large congregation, though they took no part in the service conducted by the officiating priest.

This was to be burnt after the ceremony; not that they designed the destruction of the god, but merely that anything which had served in the sacred rites should not be polluted by application to secular purposes. These cast-off images, if only he could obtain them, would be a treasure to Mr. Barnum.

The most irresistibly fascinating proceeding was that of an *improvisatore*, who, in another part of the building, sang an apparently endless song, lasting for hours, and probably extending over days. Guttapercha lungs could alone have sufficed to keep up that perpetual ditty and the attendant gesticulation. He opened his mouth so wide that it was easy to see down his throat or to count his teeth; and the expression of his face was so utterly ludicrous that, even without understanding the words, it kept us European spectators in roars of laughter. Whether the effect was intended I do not know, but the Chinese looked on gravely. Yet I fancied the singer seemed encouraged by our applause and expressed relish of his performance, and waxed more furiously funny, clacking his chopsticks in one hand, whilst he fanned himself vigorously with the other.

He was accompanied by two musicians, one

with a sort of guitar with two strings, made, I verily believe, from a tortoise, with its vitals scooped out through the hole where the head had been wont to protrude. The range of the instrument was three notes, and the variety was chiefly effected by the number of times each string was pulled in succession. The other instrument was a kind of saw, by which a rasping sound was produced.

Out of this bewildering scene of dazzling colours, incongruous forms, and deafening sounds, we emerged into the pale moonlight, under the shadow of the sentinel peak looming dark above us, the smiling bay twinkling with its hundred lights, and, backing into our chairs as horses into shafts, we returned home.

CHAPTER VII.

'CANTON: CHINESE INTERIORS.

THE heading, as above, is necessary merely to convey an idea to the reader of the subject I wish to write upon; otherwise (and correctly speaking) such a thing does not exist, as I am compelled to employ the words in the sense of a residence.

The Chinese habitation is all *exterior*—all outside and nothing closed in. No windows to shut; no doors to open; no hearth round which to congregate and realize the blessed feeling of home; no bedrooms to which women can retire for private chats—(they are open to the four winds of heaven, and no secret could be safely whispered there); no beds whereon to dream again of hopes and joys faded from our life in garish day—those moonlight visions to which the heart clings, to dream the only happiness it knows.

For that alone, if for nought else, I am grateful not to have been born a Celestial. They sleep on an oblong kind of tray, made of the hardest wood—teak or ebony, no doubt—sometimes marble—covered with a mat, a lump of wood or matting for pillow, or a sort of case, into which women put their heads, in order to preserve their coiffures. It must be understood that, as they do not wear movable chignons, the dressing of the hair in that teapot style would be too long a business every morning. The luxury of bed is, therefore, unknown to them; their bodies are reposed on — I should say stretched on—a board, and the head put into a box. A tray full of condiments of various kinds is all that denotes the speciality of a dining-room. The drawing-room is any nook or corner where a person can lounge, without any definite locality.

It is quite possible to walk a mile in a Chinese mansion of a man of rank, without being able to find where the *house* definitely is. You may be escorted through granite court-yards, with solid massive columns of fifty feet high. You may ascend a flight of steps, and under a roof, turned wrong way up at the corners, of hand-

some fretwork tiles supported by columns and *one* wall.

There is a table on which incense is burning, flanked sometimes by small cups of tea. Tablets and hatchments are hung around, proclaiming the family glory; gorgeous silken banners are suspended, resplendent with gold embroidery and fringe, worth literally its weight in gold, being fabricated with pure gold thread. In this hall, or rather piece of one, are decided all the family business and disputes of the clan, consisting, probably, of some four or five hundred persons (like the McPhersons or McTavishes, of the chieftains of Scotland). In the presence of the altar where they daily pay their homage to their ancestors they lay their "deposition of facts," much the same as our Christian deposes before a judge. Nor is it so very long ago that Europeans swearing by the tombs of their fathers was held the most binding of oaths. Does not Sir Walter Scott make Ravenswood swear by the tomb of his fathers? Thus, in China, they avoid our long Chancery suits of family litigation, passing from generation to generation. They do not expose their home grievances and heart-sores for the careless, indifferent world to scorn or em-

bitter; but they adopt the French proverb, "*Il faut laver son linge sal chez soi.*"

Leaving this ancestral hall by the side steps (for there is no door to go through), you fancy you are approaching the family home. You squeeze through a narrow passage, and find yourself once more in the open air upon a bridge of zig-zag construction, exactly as seen upon our blue plates and dishes, over a mud flat growing the taro plant, and an exquisite creeper, "the morning glory," the white bell of which is as large as a goblet. The bridge is handsomely carved, either in wood or of the tile work which resembles marble, and which renders every building in China so singularly picturesque.

This is all very romantic; but surely people cannot live on a bridge, even though it spans "morning glories." Yet here, idling on the bridge, is a woman with a child two or three years old. He is seated on a projecting ornamental coping, and she, squatted in the most uncomfortable-looking position, is feeding him. The young rogue has evidently elected to take his *chow-chow* in that singular apartment.

At the end of the bridge you walk on to a verandah with another turn-up roof, and two larkish fish of green crockery, standing on their

heads and flourishing their tails, as if in utter defiance of Izaak Walton's "Art of Angling." At the corner of the coping-stone is a dragon with a red mouth, and equally frolicsome tail. This roof is supported on fragile, transparent, carved pillars, and has no wall whatever, unless a handsome screen of oyster shells, set as a beautiful mosaic in the centre of the place, may be so termed. From the roof are suspended glittering lamps and lustres, and painted horn with long silken tassels. I may say there are no ceilings anywhere; the roof with its painted or carved rafters is exposed to view.

The whole of this verandah is a mass of rich carving and gilding in wood and ivory, or mouldings in cement. Upon it there were five seats in ebony, and a lounge resembling a sideboard, with the legs cut short. There we met a gentleman of the establishment, dressed in a magnificent blue satin gown. He receives us in a courtly manner; evincing no surprise or awkwardness, he puts his hands together as if shaking hands with himself, and, bowing graciously, places us on the sideboard, which is still too high to be comfortable for me, as my feet have to swing. The host takes one of the ebony stools, and makes some polite inquiry as to

what country we come from, which way we have come, &c.

In a minute three or four more individuals assemble and stand about. Tea is instantly presented; a small copper saucer, a tea-cup of fine china, and the china saucer reversed on the top of the cup. You take the copper saucer in one hand, press the upper saucer with the other, and sip the tea from between the cup and saucer, the latter preventing the tea leaves from passing into the mouth. Though no amateur of tea, yet I ever found this tea very delicious and welcome after my usually long struggle through the hot and hard streets. Most of my readers are aware it is taken without sugar or cream.

We admire the carvings, and our host shows us any objects *de vertu* he has around—sometimes a little European trinket which, in his politeness, he thinks may give us pleasure to see. I particularly admire the flowers, in pots all around the verandah, in a state of perfection only arrived at in Europe for flower shows; Chinese marigolds, chrysanthemums, and roses. Our host presented me with a flower—a large rose. To my astonishment and partial disappointment, it turned out to be a French artificial rose, with the glass dew-drops upon it, and highly scented

with attar of roses. Nevertheless, the idea may not be without poetry, for wherever I put that rose it perfumes all around it, and that without the cruel alternative of "breaking the vase." It is an indication of Chinese sentiment, and it is very practical and useful.

Besides the host I have described in the blue gown, were three or four male members of the family—brothers, nephews, sons-in-law, or cousins—for in China all relatives live together to the extent of frequently a hundred, to say nothing of the poor relative dependents, who seem to roost about like chickens. There was also in the party a little boy, who told us he was seven years old and could read, but not the classics. He was a very little fellow, not taller than a Californian boy of four, and I should think would not weigh more than half as much; but he was evidently the pet of the family.

In common with all Chinese children, he had not the appearance or expression of a child about him, but rather of a little dwarfed man; his green satin drawers fitting to his tiny legs, and his wadded black satin coat being made exactly on the pattern of his elders. His shaven head and little skull-cap certainly conveyed the

impression of some little elf—one of the "good folks" supposed to dance in circles round the green knolls by moonlight—rather than of a *bonâ fide* little boy of seven.

Besides the family, or rather gentlefolks, a dozen retainers or servants stood round enjoying to the full the spectacle of the strangers—the Fan Kwei, or "red-haired devils," as Europeans are familiarly called by the Chinese. No doubt they thought us very ugly on account of the said red hair, but were too polite to show it. I was much surprised to notice this real republicanism in the heart of the most conservative and absolute kingdom in the world. The servants lounged about, passed their remarks, and evidently criticised us freely with their masters.

The gentleman of the blue gown now led us through the verandah, and introduced us to a private walk of his, which consisted of a narrow entry, with a high wall covered with creepers on one side, and a lower one on the other; on the latter were ranged a number of trees in pots, cut into the most extraordinary shapes — fish on their heads again, goats, dragons, pagodas, men, and women —the face alone of the two last being made in plaster; every other portion, even to the feet

and hands, was formed by the trained leaves and branches of the trees.

The trees were real curiosities, and the Chinese gentlemen thoroughly enjoyed our amazement. They seemed proud to show us some handiwork which we Europeans could not accomplish.

Some of the plants and trees have taken a century to grow to their present state of grotesque perfection; young ones of ten or fifteen years were not nearly so well formed. Thus a Chinaman may bequeath his plants for his son to foster and train up, just as a stock-farmer might devise a rare breed of cattle. A large block of what is called soap-stone marble was pointed out as a very agreeable couch, it being naturally the exact shape of their beds with the bolsters. I quite failed to see the delights of this lounge, in which several reposed in turn to show how tempting it was; and I again congratulated myself, [as Tom Hood says, on "not having, by the simple accident of birth, been born high-priest to Mumbo Jumbo."

Here our party met with an increase; one in particular was a youth of extremely graceful demeanour, and refined, intellectual face. He was attired in buff silk drawers and a blue satin coat, or rather shirt, for I may mention here

that the Chinese upper garment for both sexes is a shirt without wristbands or collar, worn outside the trousers instead of in, which makes it very probable that we have borrowed that garment from the Chinese; so likewise the present fashion of short hair brought over the forehead—in which I see many ladies dress their hair—is copied from the Canton sailor-girls.

Aa-sing, the young man in question, was the eldest scion of the house, born of the first wife of the head of the family, and was being carefully educated for a man of letters—the highest grade in China, ranking before military or Court officials. Out of the alley our host led us into a series of little rooms without fronts, and the roof considerably detached from the walls by open, ornamental, flying buttresses, cool and airy certainly, and causing thorough ventilation; but I am informed that it is also left open to admit the spirit of the wind, the "Fung Sui," greatly honoured by the Chinese, reminding one of the dedication by the Romans of Temples to the Winds.

In these rooms the youthful Aa-sing and a younger brother pursued their studies under the care of a regular Dominie Samson, with tremendous tortoise-shell spectacles, a man evidently

wrapt up in legendary lore. Here there was the nearest approach to domestic household life: studies without fronts, bedrooms, or rather alcoves, ditto, and an elaborately-carved altar-piece, where the ancestors were worshipped every evening; this worshipping of, or I should rather say reverential homage paid to, parents and ancestors being the only real religion which the Chinese practise.

Here, again, we were waved on to the side-board by a graceful motion of the hand of our young host, and more tea was presented forth-with. I noticed that the learned Dominie regarded us with a sort of serene pity from the fact of our being unacquainted with the maxims of the great Confucius, much the same as we might regard a good, honest fellow who had never heard of Socrates or Plato. He did not think it worth while to ask me any questions, under the conviction that the ignorance of my answers would preclude him gaining any know-ledge; and it occurred to me at once that one powerful reason why the Chinese consider Europeans so inferior to themselves is, because they are rarely brought in contact with any of our great scholars or classically-educated men. All they know of us is of practical business,

military, or naval men, and even those through very moderately-educated interpreters, while they have a veneration for abstruse learning, above all things, and hold it in high respect wherever they find it. But if any of our great philosophers and thinkers could speak Chinese, could converse in that language fluently, so as to convey their familiarity not only with Aristotle, but even Confucius himself, their influence over the Chinese literati would soon become predominant.

From this studio we passed into a singular, but very pretty, garden, or, more correctly speaking, a flagged yard, without a particle of soil visible. Around the flagstones, which were of various shapes, the flowers were trained, and grew in the crevices between them—the most magnificent cock's-comb, gold and crimson, sometimes the two colours on one tree, the top bright gold, whilst the rest was bright crimson. Beautiful varieties of immortelles grew out of the rocks around flag beds, and camellias, red and white, were laden with buds. Our horticulturists would be astonished if they could behold such magnificent flowers growing out of granite beds; and I feel that I am almost laying myself open to the incredulous rebuke administered by

the old Scotch lady to her sailor son, "You may tell me o' the wheels o' Pharaoh's chariot being picked up on the flukes of yer anchor, 'cause that's in Scripture; but that you have ever seen fishes fly, *I'll no believe.*" And that flowers will grow better out of flags than out of soil, I am afraid our gardeners will not credit.

From two sides of the garden we beheld a large fish-pond of more than half an acre in extent, covered with the beautiful lotus lily, which perfumed the whole surroundings. The pond was well stocked with carp, which grow to an enormous size in this country, superior to the carp of the Loire in France. Two persons in a boat, I cannot say whether male or female, were fishing. On the other side of the pond was a small fantastic tower or pagoda, of hexagonal form, open at the six sides. In this pavilion or summer-house some ladies, whom we subsequently joined, were taking tea; but still, though we had been walking for about three quarters of an hour, there were no signs of the house part—verandahs and bridges, and fish-ponds, and towers, but no rooms, no *house* where anybody could expect to find people living.

We had by this time been joined by a number of women-servants, some with babies on their

backs, some carrying babies in their arms, and all with a file of young ones clinging to their unmentionables. I had noticed them gathering and peering at us furtively round corners and out of narrow passages, but now, as we neared the ladies' apartments, they mustered courage and clustered round us, making the children *chin chin* us, and in some instances forcing them to go down on their knees and touch the ground with their foreheads, as I have seen Mahomedans salaam. They evidently were more impressed than the Dominie with my high colour and jewelry.

Soon, in order to make the acquaintance of the ladies, I had to separate from my gentlemen friends, for, although the Chinese harem is nothing like so closely kept as the Mahomedans, yet ladies of rank and position do not receive visits or hold any converse with gentlemen who are not immediate relatives. Two Chinese merchants or mandarins, however closely allied in business or pleasure, would never see each other's wives, or pass into that portion of the dwelling into which I was about to be admitted. The middle-class women of China mix freely with their own countrymen, as also foreigners, whereas Turkish women must be quite degraded

to appear before a man without the yashmack. Probably the difference is that the Chinese regard the practice of mixing in familiar intercourse with the other sex as unladylike and unbecoming, whilst the Turks regard it as immoral.

Thus, a little love-making or intrigue might possibly be carried on in a Chinese establishment without fatal consequences, when such a proceeding in Turkey could have no other termination than a sack and the Bosphorus for the lady, and a poniard for the lover. So strict is this code of justice that even the Allied Armies consented to yield up any such offender against the Mahomedan law. To be sure, in a Chinese house any love-making, except by pantomime, would be attended with insuperable difficulties. Certainly, no *tête-à-tête* could take place with the smallest degree of comfort or safety, there being no door to shut, and no boudoir where the prying eyes of half-a-dozen wives could not spy round a corner; but the Chinese rarely experience love as a sentiment. They know nothing of the "sad and mad, but ah! so sweet!" of the poet's love, and are married in the adolescent state. Affection and passion exist, but very little romance.

There are no lovers' walks, no path being wide

enough to admit of two walking comfortably together; no buggy rides, no sledge driving, no umbrageous bowers, or *chiaro oscuro* corners in churches, cars, or theatres. There seems too many people in China for any two to get a private nook to themselves. Nevertheless, in spite of paganism and polygamy, I am of opinion that the Chinese woman is both modest and moral. She is married young, and is rarely unfaithful to her husband, taking meekly a first or a fifth share of his affection. If he dies she remains a widow, and seldom marries again. If in the lower classes, she works for her own living until her children can support her; if in the upper grades, she remains an inmate of her husband's family. The virtuous conduct of a woman through a long life is more highly-estimated in China than in any other country. Temples are raised in honour of virtuous women, as in other countries monuments are erected to heroes.

I do not know of any monument being erected to woman merely for her virtue in our modern countries. The canonization of saints in the Roman Calendar is the only thing which corresponds with this deifying or beatifying of woman in China.

In the temples consecrated to pure women there is a female figure upon the altar, the Goddess of Chastity—I should prefer saying the patron saint, as I believe it ought to be—and around her in small frames are inscribed the names of such women as have been faithful to their widowhood until they have attained the age of sixty. Sometimes they are virgin widows, the husband having died immediately after the betrothment. In this event the girl goes through the marriage ceremony with a paper bridegroom, and is then escorted in the usual way to the residence of his people, where, if she lives all her life true to his memory, she becomes one of the elect in the temple of chastity, and is greatly honoured for her celibacy. On the other hand, the custom is not unknown, though comparatively rare, for a wife to destroy herself upon the death of her husband. She will invite all her friends to a banquet, array herself in scarlet, and in presence of her guests rush to a rope which is suspended, mount a chair or table, put her head into the noose, kick over the chair, and hang herself without anyone interfering to stop her. Such is the extreme of devotion to the husband in China.

As regards modesty, their dress is, with-

out exception, the most chaste in the world, because it entirely conceals the figure. There is no display of a symmetrical *tournure*, or graceful undulation of neck and shoulder, or soft rise and fall of the bust, no dainty ankles tightened up in laced boots, no rounded arms are at all discovered under the loose dress of the Chinese women. An ordinary sack tied at the neck would show finer outlines of the figure which it shrouded than the Chinese costume.

The only exceptions I have seen to this rule are the sailor-girls, with their exquisite little bare feet and ankles, perfect models of beauty, and the poor, wretched women-labourers who hunt for the water chestnut far above their knees in mud. But only women are employed, and even they are not more nude than our ballet-girls, who undrape themselves for public exhibition, whilst the poor nut-hunters do it from necessity, wading through that mud for five cents a day. No women ever appear in Chinese theatres as actresses.

Judging from the figures of the afore-mentioned classes, I assume that Chinese women are beautifully formed, though small. Their limbs are round and symmetrical. What with their own sunburnt skin and the coating of

slimy mud, they looked like bronze statues standing very straight, with graceful pose. On the contrary, the costume of the Turkish women is the acme of *volupté*. Their soft, full trousers display the figure more than any garment a woman can wear, and the short jacket barely reaching the waist covers only the shoulders, the front being quite open, where sometimes only a little transparent muslin is draped, which, like Francesca's hair, "'nough conceals their bosom shining."

The costume of some of the peasantry of Europe would be censured as indecent if seen upon any one else; others are utterly absurd, so scanty in longitude and latitude as to be absolutely indelicate. Our civilized fashions are a mixture and combination of all these; a complication of every monstrosity gathered the world over; sometimes too short; sometimes too long; sometimes emulating a spring bed with amplitude of heaped-up drapery; at others so strait that a lady cannot very well walk on a windy day.

It can never be said that our much-vaunted civilization has produced that first desideratum —refinement of modesty in dress. On the contrary, fashion runs reckless over the world,

gleaning from every source, barbaric, beautiful, or brazen, now flaunting in the embroidered robes of eastern princesses, now disrobing to vie with the harem's houris.

But we are now on the threshold of the ladies' apartments; our male retinue remain behind, and the women and children convoy us in, that is, if there be any *in*side; but, again, there is a vestibule open at either side, with an altar handsomely carved in ebony, and immense bouquets of artificial flowers. The place is altogether furnished in ebony, with tables and teapoys. From this apartment we pass through a narrow twilight passage, where there is a fluttering and a scudding, as of a flight of birds. Turning, I come face to face with a tiny lady, who was evidently making her escape. I smile, and she smiles, and looks timorously over my shoulder.

"No, there is no gentleman following me."

She then takes my hand, smiles a little apologetic smile, with all the sweetness of a child and the good breeding of a gentlewoman, and leads me into the alcove from which she was escaping, and seats me on her bed. It was her bed obviously, for there was the curious pillow, and the wadded counterpane, with which she wishes to cover me, as it is rather a chilly day

for Canton. I was afraid she wished to show me hospitality by putting me to bed, as Turkish women will invite you to take a sleep as well as a smoke. She had quite a pretty piquante face, with a soft plaintive expression, in spite of the thick coating of paint which, to use a mild term, was red-raddle and whitewash. She looked over me with a naïve interest, neither coarse nor ill-bred, and her expression said clearly, "What a curiosity you are! so outrageously dressed, and with such horrid coloured hair and eyes; but still I like you." Then she slid off the bed, drawing me along with her, and traversing sundry sheds and passages, we came upon another lady, a middle-aged, portly person, with a complexion of bright mauve, and vivacious, good-natured eyes which, I may mention, were round, and set straight in the head rather than obliquely, as we are accustomed to see Chinese eyes portrayed on teapots. They are always of that deep rich brown, but rarely oblique, resembling more Jewish eyes than the pig or cat's eye.

This lady, the head of the establishment, *chin-chin*-ed us with great affability of manner and a certain amount of grace, considering she must have weighed two hundred pounds. How she

ever stood and moved on those small hoofs was a mystery, unless perhaps a hoof is calculated to bear a heavier weight than a foot. I leave the point to mechanicians. She at once commenced to entertain us as though we had received a fortnight's invitation. She was surrounded by three or four young boys and girls, handsomely attired in miniature satin shirts, embroidered in gold and silver. They were not her children, I learned, but a second wife's, who was dead. The lady herself wore six silk shirts of different colours, one over the other, as it was considered cold weather.

This was the nearest approach to an apartment I had yet seen; it had actually three sides. It was large and lofty, with the roof or rafters resting, as I believe, on the walls. The fourth side was open to a yard filled with camellias, china asters, and cock's-combs, in enamelled pots. The tables, divan, and chairs were of richly-carved ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl or the landscape marble. Numerous other ladies glided or sailed in, for the movement upon the little feet is more like the motion of a vessel than the action of walking. The best dressed and those of most consequence were all enamelled in mauve, from which I deduce that mauve is the fashion-

able colour for a face in China. We were now all seated, surrounded by a circle of chattering female attendants, and a crowd of silent, astonished children, whose round eyes never left me for a moment. Tea was handed round, and mine being rather hot, I suppose I made a slight grimace, for the stout lady rose instantly and took my cup, giving it to a servant. She then went to the other end of the room, and unfastened a beautifully inlaid cabinet, and took from it a little dry tea, which she placed in a cup, giving the servants particular instructions about it. This fresh tea having had boiling water poured upon it, was handed to me. After allowing it to get cool this time, I was surprised by the delicious delicate flavour which it possessed. The lady seemed greatly to enjoy my appreciation of it. She had evidently assumed that I did not like the first, and hastened to treat me to the best she had.

One of the ladies would be considered handsome in any country; she had a delicate aquiline nose and brilliant eyes, from which she flashed a half-haughty, half-*insouciant* fire, which seemed to say, "You see I am a beauty; but whether you admire me or no, is not of the smallest importance. *You* are not in the least

handsome. Your hair is fearfully red, and your eyes are blue." She never thought of violets melting in dew, but of boiled gooseberries. If I am any physiognomist, this is what she thought.

Presently one of the half-score babies, being too young to have learned a genteel idea of colouring, made a raid upon my bracelet. The mother advanced to prevent any damage; but when I gave the bracelet to the baby, as a peace-offering, there was a general onslaught of all the children and all the wives to see and admire it, so that other bracelets, rings, brooches, ear-rings, and watch had to follow, after which perfect *entente cordiale* was established.

My gloves were objects of great curiosity but no admiration; but my hands were of vital interest: a dozen questions assailed me at once as to how I made them white; and one old armah, privileged over the rest, rubbed and pinched them, under the impression that she could extract a little of the colour. She rolled up my wide sleeve to the shoulder, to find where the white colouring commenced on my arms. The applause was great; they considered them the acme of artistic skill, for even the fairest Chinese has a darkish yellow skin as compared

with a Saxon skin. The old nurse then made a dive at my neck and shoulders, being met with the same phenomenon, to her a painting so unnatural and yet so perfect as to defy scrutiny.

The proud beauty evinced considerable interest to see how the whitewashing was done, and some vexation that it would not come off. If I could have accommodated her with the secret, she would no doubt the next day have appeared as a blonde. The nurse, who must have been the beauty's special armah, wanted to take off my boots; but this the lady decidedly negatived in a gracious dignified way, that said if spoken in English, "If she has a secret to keep we cannot force it from her; let her keep it." Some of the others thought it was natural, although the first impression had been that I was carefully whitewashed all over.

Nearly all the ladies were at least good-looking; their hair exquisitely dressed with flowers, silver, gold, jade, and coral ornaments. The style is stiff and unpoetical, but not nearly so grotesque and monstrous as some of our own fashions; and there is no sporting of elk locks cut from the fevered heads of the dying or of the dead; no stuffing out to idiotic proportions with the adjuncts of men's beards, horsehair,

and jute. So far, I believe, they are a little in advance of us in hair-dressing civilization. Their clothes were of the richest material, handsome and modest; but their feet—those of the few first wives at least—were shocking to the European eye, and ugly in the extreme. They reminded me of Greenwich pensioners walking on their wooden stumps.

One of the wives I noticed was not painted, and was dressed in darker and more dingy colours than the rest. She regarded me with a vacant semi-conscious gaze, which said: "There is a show to see, and I have come to see it; but I don't care for that or anything else," just as a woman looks drearily out of the same window where she used to note the arrival of a loved one now thousands of miles away, or lying among coral reefs at the bottom of some emerald ocean. She looks out mechanically, to satisfy the constant craving of an unbelieving heart that cannot realise its loss.

So this woman regarded all around her. There was something her heart could not and would not believe. I saw it in her hopeless eyes, that looked on still, yet knew it was in vain; in her mirthless mouth, that had repeated the sad truth till it twitched and trembled with the

miserable weight of words. She was the second wife, as I afterwards learned, and had borne a son prior to the first wife having any children. This son had been the great object of his parents' delight, being the eldest. Everything was done to educate him for his position, and he was to be the mainstay of the family honour. In a country where maternity is the only love a woman can expect to claim, the reflected glory of the son shone over the mother, making her position little inferior to that of the first wife, being, as she was, the mother of the eldest son.

Even when the first wife presented a son to her lord, the elder boy had already got his career established, and went on prosperously with his studies until some few months previous to my visit, when the time had arrived for him to attend the university, to pass his examination and take his degree. Much as we esteem our university men westward, their literary insignia are not as yet of so much importance as the Eastern diploma. The university of Canton confers diplomas every three years. As many as twenty thousand can compete, while less than three hundred degrees are bestowed.

This university covers ten or twelve acres of

ground, but it has no top or roof. It consists of several elaborate gateways and entrance halls, majestic in their granite columns. Through one of these you enter an enormous court-yard, on each side of which there are twenty thousand sheds or stalls, as if for horses, or rather donkeys, for a good-sized horse could hardly enter one. Like a stall they have no front, window, or door. But in these stalls the student has to live whilst he writes the essay which is to gain him the coveted degree. He is provided with two boards, which, putting across his stall, he makes a bed of. By raising one and leaving the other, he is at once possessed of chair and table, writing materials being supplied at one of the entrance halls, and so much cooked rice, &c., from another, at certain hours.

This is certainly diminishing human wants to the infinitesimal; and I should like to see Oxford and Cambridge graduates under the restraint of such low living and high thinking. I am afraid we should have fewer B.A.'s than ever amongst our British scions.

To return to the young graduate of the noble Chinese house. He had evidently reckoned either upon his learning or family influence for being one of the elected. When once the exami-

nation commences, and the commissioners are sitting in one of the great entrance halls, the whole place is strictly guarded, no ingress or egress being allowed, nor any communication between the students. Each man has to rely upon himself for his wisdom, his hopes, and his fears. This is an anxious time for the friends at home as well as for the student, for it makes or mars a man for life. Thus the weary eyes of the mother must have watched eagerly, and perhaps sleeplessly, for the return of the son, clothed with honour, and wreathed with the highest glory. How many heart-burnings and petty cruelties had she not endured for this moment! (for the first wife's control over the others is almost unlimited) when she could trample over all in the grandeur of her son; returning laden with the richest prize the Chinese aim at; to see his name blazoned before all the others in the ancestral hall; to have him assume the proud position of head of the family; to know that his grand-children and great-grand-children would burn Joss-sticks in his honour whenever the sun went down. If a woman has no ambition for herself she is sure to have it for her son; and in China it is her only channel or chance of celebrity. How, then, shall

she control her agony, when the child of her love, the sustaining hope of her life, the glory of her wife-hood, is brought home to her a stiffened corpse, with staring eye-balls and extended tongue, having strangled himself in his stall, after having been "plucked," as we should term it, a disgrace he was unable to bear; rather, according to Chinese morals, it was dishonourable to bear and advisable not.

Thus, in the case of criminals who must be punished, the choice is often given them to commit suicide; and, possibly in a country so immutable as China, disgrace once incurred might be permanent for life, which would certainly make self-destruction appear less fearful, for the Chinese hell is a retribution for crime committed, and they do not count self-annihilation of the body as one. Thus the eyes of the mother looked upon me with the half-meaningless distant gaze which sorrow so often lends to the soul.

Such is a specimen of a little Chinese domestic trouble. How true it is that we—society, I mean—invent our own troubles and sorrows, and then weep our hearts out over them! Children of a bigger growth, we will not profit by the lesson taught us that spilled milk is not

worth crying for. That poor woman never grieved that her husband took to his bosom ten or twelve other wives subsequently to herself, yet such a grievance breaks the hearts of half the western women who suffer from that mythical disease, while eastern women do not care a bit for special affection. Society westward makes it out a terrible disaster and crime, then practises it *sub rosâ;* and the woman wails over the loss of her husband's affections as bitterly as the eastern woman over the loss of her son's life and glory. What a strange world it is when one investigates outside the ring of our own tether!

We visited many other Chinese interiors, but the one I have described may serve as a tolerable specimen of the rest. We never found ourselves in a *bonâ fide* room with actual windows and doors and a ceiling. The smaller cottages of the poor are entirely open to the street, fenced in at night by a sort of barricade of bamboo. We attended several marriage feasts, which were interesting, as they seemed to resemble the old Jewish giving in marriage, reminding one of the marriage-feast of Cana, at which, say what ascetics may, the feasting was of so much consequence that our Lord's mother asked Him to perform a miracle. There is no part in His

teachings where He alters the marriage ceremony, yet our modern Christian marriage has fifty and one absurdities attached to it—hitches, snares, circumlocutions, and difficulties, the non-observance of which may render the honourable state of matrimony the debased one of concubinage.

Can any one who has studied the various marriage laws in the various civilised countries say that civilisation has done anything for us in this state, which sums up the vital interest of our whole lives? The Chinese marriage, like the Chinese interior, again obliges me to perpetrate an Irish bull, for there is none—no actual acceptance of the relative positions of husband and wife; no formula such as, "I, Mary Gold, take you, John Quill, to be my wedded husband." The marriage, such as it is, must be what the Scotch law calls "habit and repute." The families and the medium have settled the marriage, and the parties are supposed to agree. The feasting and dressing and practising of lucky omens goes on for three days when the families are rich, but amongst them all (and they are extraordinarily numerous) I could find nothing like a marriage ritual ceremony. The feasting and fussing commence at the lady's

house with the money which the bridegroom has sent; all sorts of furniture are then bought, and presents given, and the performance opens with a train of coolies (sometimes a hundred in number) bearing, slung on long poles, the bride's *trousseaux* and household goods. These bearers, if they cannot be dressed in scarlet, must at least have hats. The procession is accompanied by that agonising squeal of the Pandean pipe and the tom tom.

As marriage at the end of the year seems to rise to an epidemic in China, we used to be driven nearly crazy with the music of these processions going through the streets, either with the bride's *trousseaux* or the bride herself. Yet, strange to say, this custom of carrying the bride and her belongings in procession is still in full force in many of the southern villages of France, where railways and civilization have not penetrated. The bride's friends all feast at her house; dressed in their silks and embroidered shoes, they gossip and try different oracles, such innocent trifling games as are in vogue at Christmas or All Hallows-eve with us; tying up so many bundles of rice and placing them under the bed, so many bundles of fruit over the top, and so on, with an infinity of little tricks.

The great end to be attained is male progeny, for the Chinese woman's acme of bliss, like the Jewish woman's of old, is to have been the mother of a son. Thus it is held a disgrace not to be married; and an old maid is a thing unknown in China, unless the woman is brought up as a vestal in a convent. The second day the bridegroom sends a chair for the bride. These chairs are like small boxes with seats in them, closed all the way round, and nearly dark, except where a little light and air are admitted through the fretwork at the top. They are highly ornamented; some very beautiful ones I have seen inlaid in the richest designs with the kingfisher's feather, bright blue, pencilled out with gold.

There is a tremendous scene when the bride is torn away from her parents and family to go to the strange husband, whom she has not yet seen; their copious weeping, washing off the mauve paint and mixing it up with the white, thus forming quite a landscape of hills, rivers, and bridges; but the bride's face is now entirely concealed by a long thick fringe hanging from her head-dress of silk and jewels and flowers, utterly indescribable. No doubt, when she gets inside her sentry-box, she puts on a fresh coating

of mauvè or red raddle, in order to appear resplendent before her husband that is to be.

There may be a good deal of real weeping, as also much that is sympathetic; for it is an absolute fact that, if one woman sees another crying, she cannot resist shedding tears also, especially if she should touch her sorrowing friend, and attempt to console her. The bride, after many attempts, is at last secured in her chair, from which she has been constantly jumping out and rushing back into her mother's arms. She is accompanied by her brothers and male relatives, and the husband's male friends, her own armah, and several other female attendants (borrowed for the occasion), bringing up the rear, all accompanied by ferocious music.

Upon arriving at the husband's house she is met by his female relatives, who usually amount to as curious a combination as Artemus Ward's mothers, aunts, sisters, sisters-in-law, aunts, cousins, grandmothers, and step-nieces; in fact, it would require the Herald's College and the Garter King-at-Arms, to trace the pedigree and relationship of any Chinese family of nobility.

When the bride is ushered into the ancestral hall, she is requested to do homage to her husband's ancestry. The bridegroom then appears,

and they both make a *chin chin* before the altar, burn Joss-sticks, and sip a little of the samshoo, the wine placed on the altar. Still the groom cannot obtain a peep at his bride, so deeply is she laden with marriage garments, especially over the head. After a great many more minor ceremonies the bride is conducted by her lady friends into the bridal chamber, where finally her husband meets her.

The bridal chambers which I have seen resemble the sleeping arrangements already described. A twilight cabin, containing a board, with a very handsome matting, maitoyt, or quilt upon it, a matting pillow, and a box to put the lady's head into; the ante-rooms divided by screens, possibly Venetians, neither reaching to the top nor yet descending to the floor, the labyrinth ending in a fish-pond. The third day there is more feasting at the husband's house, and the bride is criticised by the assembled friends, both male and female, and her chance of a male heir openly discussed, the bride meanwhile evincing the most imperturbable indifference to the gossip around her. It would puzzle Blackstone to decide in which of these ceremonies "consent to marriage" has taken place, or the Council of Trent to say when the sacra-

ment of marriage was adminstered; which would go far to prove that, previous to Innocent the Third, marriage as a sacrament did not exist.

Here, as elsewhere, all marriages are not felicitous; and one of these turned out a very pathetic tragedy rather than a rejoicing festival. The bride had been brought to the bridegroom's house; the feminine escort had taken her in hand; but, alas! with the keen penetration of female eyes had discovered upon her tiny spider-like hands certain indications of the fearful disease of leprosy, when horror and wailing filled the house. The groom, unable to believe his misfortune, had torn the veil or head-gear from the face of the wretched girl, who was still in her early teens.

The poor girl had cried piteously for mercy and forgiveness, and the man's heart had half melted to the yearning tears of despair; but the aunt and cousins had rushed in, tearing their garments and wringing their hands and shrieking in their wildly excited way that he must put her away, thrust her from the bridal chamber, cite her before the ancestral tribune of the heads of the family, and divorce her at once.

The poor child clung to the handsome fret-

work screen which was to have been her bridal home, from which she was now to be expelled with ignominy. The husband strode about sternly silent, now and then casting half-curious, half-relenting looks upon her. I believe, if it had not been for the howling of the women, the man would have yielded to pity, or something akin to it, and taken her to his heart: but now a shrill weak voice was heard calling for the bride, who instantly made a rush for the next compartment, where the mother of her husband lay dying, and on whose account the marriage had been hurried on, as it is considered unlucky not to marry before the death of the parents.

[Of course the medium or go-between had practised a deception in concealing that the girl belonged to a family in which there was leprosy.]

The old mother, whose dim faculties could no longer take in the affairs of life, was still conscious that she must bless her son's wife before she died, and the latter was eager for the recognition. But it was too late. The quivering hands could not reach her, and death had already sealed the blue lips and palsied tongue. The bride was ruthlessly dragged away whilst the old mother sank back never to move again,

the girl shrieking wildly that she had been received by his mother.

The scene was heartrending and hopeless. There was but one possible end to the tragedy, and that did not loiter far behind. As I afterwards heard, the wretched creature, upon being taken back to her parents, had committed suicide, as the only balm to her misery. It could scarcely be regretted, as probably it was not; but her young, really interesting, face, with the unnaturally bright eyes which I have so often noticed in lepers, haunted my fancy for many a day; and the vain appeal for mercy rung in my ears. The want of mercy seems the most cruel thing in life, in this life especially (there surely will be no unheard petition in the next), for a man is most God-like when he shows it.

CHAPTER VIII.

MACAO: NEW YEAR'S DAY.

TO usher in the first day of the year, it is necessary to go back over-night and tell how we had arrived at Macao per "White Cloud" steamer from Hong Kong, after a short voyage of three or four hours, among the wonderfully picturesque islands of the Chinese coast, and after exhausting every adjective which could typify this unique Chinese land. We steam into the harbour of Macao, and have difficulty in believing that by some magic we had not been spirited to a European city, Naples or Genoa (on a smaller scale), so familiar did the place appear, and so congenial was the atmosphere.

Naples, in all its sunny glory, seemed before us with its bright-coloured houses; the Chiaya with the blue waves dashing up with a mourn-

ful splash to the sea-wall; the picturesque boats floating idly upon its dimpled surface. All this applies equally to Naples and to Macao; but here, instead of the lazy lazzaroni sunning themselves in the comfortable niches of the broad walk, we must recognise at Macao the energetic, laborious coolies, ready to leap out of their solitary garment to earn a few *cass*. Shaded by the evergreen trees stands the cathedral on a rise of ground, the flags of the various consulates floating bright in the still brighter air, the dim brown mountain rising as a close background. All have a look of peacefulness and beauty impossible to convey except by the artist's brush. There is a zephyr breathing so softly that it might be wafted by angels' wings, so pure and fresh it seems. Earth, sea, sky, and even the flags are lit up with brilliant intensity. But the orb which performs the glorious feat, is yet too tender to scorch, so that you may drink in the whole beauty without being blinded by the glare.

It is neither too warm to make walking disagreeable, nor too cold to make sitting unpleasant. There was a taste of paradise about the temperature, which led one to believe that heaven may yet be experienced on earth.

From the barracks, on another hill, the dinner-bugle was giving forth its welcome notes. Such was Macao upon that New Year's day when my good fortune had led me thither, away from the senseless "sitting in state" to receive visitors — an American stupidity which, like many others, has been adopted by the English residents at Hong Kong. For, although the New Year is a fit time for the social amenities of life, yet the absurd custom of rushing round and leaving pasteboards on one's lady acquaintance, —or, still worse, of calling and drinking at every house until human nature, unable to sustain this extravagance, declares herself horribly tipsy—is an abuse of friendliness, and a make-believe of fashion, which is a disgrace to the manners and customs of civilised nations; and that English people should resign the fine old hospitable institution of gathering their intimate friends round the social board on New Year's Day, for this unmeaning excitement, is a piece of insanity unparalleled.

Thus the relief was great to find myself in a strange, beautiful place, where nature welcomed me in her most smiling mood, but where I neither knew nor was known to the *grande*

monde. There is a certain general resemblance between the Portuguesé and Neapolitans, which still more endeared the place to me, for old souvenirs are the fairy cobwebs in which we weave our past happiness almost indestructible by time.

The great treat of this day was the visit to the Garden and Grotto of Camoëns, a mile or two out of the city. A modern villa is now erected there, but no objection is made to visitors rambling through the picturesque alleys and wooded knolls, where the poet gleaned his inspiration. It is easy to picture the exiled man, misunderstood, shaking hands with nature, and welcoming her as his only friend; taking her hardest rocks for his shelter, and her softest leaves for his bed. He needed protection only from the rain, and that but seldom, as the climate here much more resembles the South of Italy than Hong Kong, and is not so subject to those terrible changes from excessive heat to bitter cold.

Thus the lonely, disappointed man turned to nature as his best friend.

Lord Strangford says :—"The latter years of Camoëns were not merely a record of individual calamity but of national ingratitude. He whose

best years had been devoted to the service of his country; he who would have taught her literary fame to rival the proudest efforts of Italy herself, and who seemed born to revive the remembrance of ancient chivalry and Lusian heroism, was compelled to wander through the streets a wretched dependant on casual contribution."

One friend alone remained to soothe his downward path and guard his steps to the grave with gentleness and consolation. It was Antonio, his slave, a native of Java, who had accompanied Camoëns to Europe after having rescued him from the waves when shipwrecked at the mouth of the Mekhong, on which occasion, like Cæsar securing his Commentaries, the poet grasped the MS. of his great work, and bore it ashore.

This faithful attendant was wont to seek alms throughout Lisbon, and at night to share the produce with his heart-broken master. But his help was in vain. Camoëns sank beneath the pressure of penury and disease, and died in an almshouse in the year 1579.

Lord Byron made a study of the amatory poems of Camoëns, and thus refers to him in his "Hours of Idleness:"

"He was in sooth a genuine bard,
His was no faint, fictitious flame,
Like his may love be thy reward,
But not thy hapless fate the same."

It may be a theme for speculation to philosophers why men of genius should be subject to such "hapless fates." The very one who lamented over him and was himself a "genuine bard" met with little better fate. It is true he had had a patrimony which kept him above poverty; but, *en revanche*, the world picked out all his faults and failings for cruel censure and animadversion. It left him no peace about his sweethearts, or his wife, let alone his loves, whereas the simple question was, could a man of that temperament exist without love? If Lady Byron did not understand the sentiment in the way he did, that was the misfortune of both, especially his, for the finer a string is strung the more acute is the jar when disharmonised.

Poor Camoëns had better have stayed amid the sheltering rocks and the umbrageous banyan trees and the blue bay of Macao. Here, at least, he had nature for his friend, and the matin song of the feathery tribe hailed him welcome to the day, and sang his lullaby at eve.

Poverty cannot be so hard in the country as in the city. The soil will yield you something, and the streams and hedgerows lend their quota; but in the streets of hard stone-walls famine stalks unmoved; the doors are closed with bolt and bar to secure the lonely owners from thieves and beggars. The very churches are like tombs, only open at certain times for the benefit of salvation to the wealthy.

Yet in that grotto, which the master-mind once made a home, a handsome bronze bust on a marble pedestal now stands crowned with laurels; and strangers, arriving from the ends of the earth, go and worship at the shrine of this genius of the sixteenth century. Literary men translate his works into all modern tongues. Great poets like himself have wept the tears of sympathy over him, and in gentle numbers sung his sorrows to their beloved. Is the moral of this that we cannot enjoy everything here below? — that the fame that is crowned through life is forgotten in the grave; and that the poor, neglected, unappreciated genius lives through generations and generations? True that Byron had admirers during his life; but then, as a set-off, his life was rendered wretched by meddling friends, nor

did he reap the honour and glory which his poetry has since achieved.

On a tablet forming a portion of the grotto of Camoëns a French poet has sang his sorrows in some graceful couplets, in which occur the prophetic words—

"Malheureux exile,
Cet Enede d'Homere
Acheta son genie
Au prix de sa misère."

Upon the bust are six stanzas from the Lusiadas, with the inscription, "Luis de Camoën: Nasces, 1524: Morreo, 1580." The throat is encircled with a stiff Spanish ruff, and the head crowned with a laurel wreath.

Macao is situated upon a natural basin of the sea with a wide *praya* or promenade running all the way round, a most graceful curve. The houses are built in the picturesque Spanish or Portuguese fashion. In the front are private houses, without any stores or shops, which gives it a clean, finished, conservative look, with none of the dust and roughness common to ordinary seaports; for nothing but sampans and men-of-war lie in the harbour. The steamers and trading vessels all remain at a wharf or dock on

the other side of the island. At one end of the crescent bay rises a hill crowned by the lighthouse, the *Moula-gia;* on the other is a mount upon which is an ancient monastery, *Nossa Senora di Pena.* The summit of this rock might well be described as in "Childe Harold:"—

"The horrid crags by toppling convents crown'd,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies embrown'd,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

. . . .

"Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go,
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
And rest ye at 'Our Lady's house of woe';
Where frugal monks their little relics show,
And sundry legends to the stranger tell."

Every house in Macao has something of a garden, either potted, or terraced, or balustraded; for the gardens are as distinct from one another as the houses themselves, which are painted in brilliant colours and shut in, either behind high walls or jalousies; the walls covered

with flowering creepers of the trumpet honeysuckle, or the passion-flower, and the tops surmounted by large, handsome vases or flower-pots. Some walls were entirely covered by the creeping cactus, which hung down in ropes from twelve to fifteen feet long, and, when dotted with the pink wax-like blossom, made a screen both singular and beautiful.

The papoa-tree also adds a curious feature to the landscape, with its bare trunk and acanthus-like head of leaves, under which cluster the luscious fruit, like aspiring egg-plants. The balustrades and steps and buttresses are adorned with what we should call, at home, the most choice of exotics, besides which the banyan seems to grow without soil, springing out of some wall or nook and giving to the city, so smiled upon by heaven, the appearance of a constant gala day.

The streets are narrow and without sidewalks, but are rendered picturesque by the costume of the soldiers, a large Portuguese garrison being kept there, and the few women (for they rarely stir out except for church), wrapped in their long, black silken veils, which perfectly conceal them from head to foot; and the Parsees with their dignified turbaned heads and formless

dresses (for the Parsee fits the clothing to the body rather than the body to the clothes).

Thus Macao is one of the brightest and grandly picturesque places that can be imagined, and I was delighted to *hansel* my New Year by spending it there. A few minutes before midnight bright lights began to form a string all round the circle of the *praya*, and the different forts were terraced with blue lights; then a gun went off, when the ships and towers, or landmarks, and the houses along the bay, sent up their quota of rockets and Roman candles, and the bells of the cathedral rang a glad welcome to the New Year in that peculiar melodious chime in which the Spanish and Portuguese so excel. The band of the regiment, which was stationed opposite the government mansion, struck up a brilliant march, and a crowd of urchins, assembled to see the fun, cheered with all the might of their little lungs, blithe and gay as only young things can be; and thus the New Year came in to Macao.

The band now began to parade the city, and serenade in various parts, and the faint echo of some Portuguese melody was wafted far into the small hours of the New Year.

The principal export trade of Macao is

"coolies," who, no doubt, in nine hundred cases out of a thousand, go off voluntarily. That they should change their minds subsequently, when some trifle upon which they fix an immense importance is withdrawn or altered, or that they should revolt under some novel indignity, though they have endured with patience others infinitely worse, from their Chinese task-masters, is also natural.

No doubt, a great many free British emigrants wish they had endured starvation in a roofless cabin, rather than the stifling hold of an emigrant ship, and are tempted to rise and murder the captain, because he is heedless of their wishes as regards the regulation of the ship. It is from Macao that the principal coolie trade is carried on, from all parts of the adjacent country; the docile, innocent peasantry are coaxed and inveigled to leave their quiet rice-fields, or trim vegetable gardens, where they labour from sun-rise to sun-down for the poor compensation of daily food and scant raiment, to visit unknown lands, where they are promised their four dollars per week (and which they frequently get in California); but not one word is said, of course, of the hardships and miseries they will have to undergo in the holds of the coolie ships,

and of the fate awaiting them as almost bond slaves.

What with the ill-usage they are subject to, and the unnatural condition they are compelled to live in, by estrangement from wife and children and friends, the life of the transplanted coolie is, to say the least, a cruel one. It would be less grievous if the agents also laid hands on their wives and children. The crime, instead of being aggravated, would thus be considerably lessened, for the heinousness is not so much in taking the poor fellows away, as in depriving them of the natural relationships of life! But, with a view to ameliorate their condition—or, rather, to reconcile them to this fearful privation—they steal, trepan, and import girls who can never be wives, and doom them to the most degrading of lives. This is done in the Californian trade alone, so far as I know. The real sin is in separating a man from his wife and family, and keeping him from female companionship for five, seven, and ten years.

The coolie trade is said to be the most lucrative in China, though it is also held in considerable odium. I cannot say I could discover the cause. I visited the Barracoons in Macao, so widely notorious, and found them pleasant places,

quite open—the coolies about acting as servants to keep the place clean, or sleeping, or smoking. I am told they supply them with opium and *chow-chow*, to prevent their running away in case they get remorse of conscience, or home-sickness, whilst awaiting the vessels which are to bear them to foreign shores—to San Francisco or the Southern States, where the hankering for slavery is still strong.

This country, of Republican equality, still yearns for complete and irresponsible mastery over some one, and, in default of negroes, now seeks the mild and submissive Chinese, holding them in precisely the same light, with the exception of selling and owning their children, which, as they have none, cannot be carried into force. There is, however, a large party in California who strongly object to the introduction of coolie labour. The lowest American or European woman would not mate with a Chinese in America, though in Australia I believe it is not uncommon.

Negroes have a natural aversion to Chinese as superseding their utility in many ways. The Chinese, being a vastly superior race, with quicker intelligence, have much the same docility that characterised the negro when in a state of slavery. On the other hand, what is poison to one man

is food to another; and the Chinese, accustomed to live at home on the simplest fare, and knowing no softer couch than a plank, and only a coarse blue rag for his garment, feels himself rich when, in San Francisco, he finds himself inducted into a pair of leather shoes, three shirts, and a comfortable cap (instead of his old bamboo, literally a "tile"), with two dollars a week besides his food and house-room. That two dollars is a fortune to him; he has never had so much spare money in his life at one time, and is able shortly to send home to his wife and parents a nice little sum, which he invariably does, and saves the rest with the greatest penuriousness against his return to China. The Chinese, however degraded, never seems to lose one virtue—his veneration for his parents and ancestors, living and dead.

Macao, if not the oldest European Christian settlement in China, is one of great antiquity; the Portuguese appear to have been less objectionable to the Chinese than the English or French, and to have kept their little semi-island, semi-peninsula, from the fifteenth century onwards, without disturbance except from the Dutch whom they ejected.

The fortifications are considerable, and a large

gateway over the small neck of land which separates their small dominion from the mainland, marks their boundary. As in the English colonies, the Chinese are the menials, doing all the labour both indoors and out. During this period of occupation there must have been considerable intermarriage, as there is quite a creole race, of Chinese with the Portuguese type, and *vice versâ*. But, as elsewhere, this intercommunication of the races occurs only among the lowest classes, by marriage or in the shape of concubinage.

CHAPTER IX.

COCHIN-CHINA: SAIGON.

MANY good, God-fearing people lay it down as an axiom that everything happens for the best. I content myself with the expression of my belief that most things happen by accident. Thus the present chapter, which has required two months' hard labour and travel to get together, is the result of a simple accident. It fell out in this wise. I was spending some time in that charming romantic (stigmatised Satanique) spot, Macao. Seated on a low sea-wall, where the blue waves rippled up in soft mellow cadence, I was trying to take a sketch with one hand, and hold my sun umbrella with the other; a difficult undertaking under the most favourable conditions, when a gentle zephyr intervening lifted my umbrella, which caught up my sketch-book, and in an instant paper, pencil, sketch-

book, and umbrella were scattered round about and over the sea-wall. While I stood in some consternation regarding my disaster, a gentleman appeared, hat in hand, bowed politely (I ought to have known that bow), and commenced gathering up my *débris*, assisted by the crowd of urchins, who, all the world over, seem to take a vehement interest in sketches. The stranger installed one of them as canopy-holder, bowed, and retired. Supposing him to be Portuguese, I endeavoured to thank him in that language, but, as he did not respond, I tried Italian, then English, Chinese, anything which came into my mind. He merely bowed and left me. I finished my sketch so successfully as to obtain the full approval of my *gamin* throng, and returned home. At the door of the house where I was staying, I met the stranger again. He was going in, and mounted the stairs after me, and arriving in the presence of my friends, was introduced to me in French. How stupid of me not to have known from his refined politeness that he could be no other than a Frenchman.

He was a man of great travel and information, as also a wonderfully clever talker. He asked me if I had visited that great wonder of the world Angkor-Wat? I think I may safely

ask most of my readers if they ever *heard* of Angkor-Wat? I never had, and did not know where it was situated; but, from the information my knight of the umbrella gave me, I resolved to visit this marvel of antiquity.

For this I had to go to Saigon, that most utterly condemned place on the face of the earth. Every evil that can be said of any place has been said and reiterated, and sworn of Saigon. I was told that it was so hot, that there certainly could not be more than a sheet of brown paper between it and another hot place that shall be nameless here. I was assured that even a few days passed there were sufficient to give me a fever which would last in the system for months and even for years; that none but the reprobates of the earth, who could not find a *pied-à-terre* in any respectable colony, such as Hong Kong and Shanghai, congregated there; that it was a cesspool of moral vice and malarian disease.

The world and his wife united in anathematising Saigon, to prevent me going there; the result of which was that I took the first sailing vessel bound thereto, and with a north-east monsoon found myself in Saigon in five days. As to that city, it is unjustly abused; and here I shall merely remark that it is the capital of French

Cochin-China. I found it extremely interesting, with much landscape beauty of a certain type; and I never was sick for a day, although I remained several weeks. And now commenced the actual difficulties of my undertaking. It is nearly three hundred miles from Saigon to Angkor-Wat, the kingdoms of Annam, Cambodia, and part of Siam intervening. This in America would be considered merely a step to go and take tea with a neighbour, but to traverse without roads or regular communications three hundred miles, through a dense jungle, inhabited by wild elephants, tigers and alligators, was really a serious matter; and, if I had been warned and cautioned, and threatened, and frightened by my friends in China as regarded Saigon, those in Cochin-China were ten times more vigorous in their efforts to prevent me visiting these ruins. True, they admitted they were perfect marvels of architecture, the most extensive and picturesque in the world, far more impressive than the Pyramids, and more mystic, for no one as yet had been able to decipher the inscriptions, and the dates were unknown. There were miles of sculpture, equal, though of a different character, to the Athenian, or the arabesques of Nineveh; but it was quite impossible, they said,

that I could go. No woman ever had been there, and only a very few men, the governor, and a surveying expedition, when exploring the great river Mekhong.

This tantalizing argument was like holding a piece of rich cake above the reach of a child, and pointing out the plums, lemon-peel, and other dainties it contained. Besides, it was urged that it was very unsafe, as the Annamites were in revolt against the French, and already one of the inspectors had been barbarously murdered; and to travel through the country persons required to be well armed. Of the few who had visited the ruins, no one felt inclined to go again; and I was unable to inspire any one with sufficient courage to accompany me. Still I never for an instant abandoned the project of visiting Angkor-Wat.

I got possession of one of the surveyor's maps of the country, when I saw that the river Mekhong, which is yet unexplored to its source, (supposed to be in the mountains of Thibet), laves by its various branches the whole of that country, in a similar way to the Nile in Egypt, performing in its descent one of the most eccentric feats that a river ever attempted, viz. turning round at a sharp angle, and running back again

towards its source, and so forming two vast lakes, about fifteen miles from whose banks these mighty ruins are situated. It would appear on the first view of the case that the lakes are the source of the river, which meets the Mekhong at Nam Van, and becomes a tributary in the natural way; but the fact is not so.

In the season of the melting of the snows in the Thibet region, the waters of the Mekhong rise twenty or even fifty feet, and boiling over various cataracts, rush tumultuously down to Nam Van, where one half takes a sudden turn, forming an acute angle, and so violently rushes up to these lakes, which are merely low marsh ground, and covers them with water. The lakes are fed from no other source, and are about sixty miles in length, and forty in the widest part.

I have known the Mississippi perform some strange antics, such as carrying off a city on its right bank and placing it on its left, taking a fancy to make a peninsula into an island, or leaving a city's wharf high and dry a mile or two away from the water, and I remember upon one occasion to have sailed over what had been the "Broadway" of an American city.

These big rivers are curiously whimsical in

their movements; but to flow like the Mekhong for several hundred miles (the precise length is unknown), then suddenly change its mind, and half of it go back again, and turn itself into lakes for six months in the year, and drain out again into its better half, which finally empties itself into the Chinese sea, is a whim worthy of so very wild a river. However, having discovered that the river did run back to Angkor-Wat, no matter in ever so unheard-of a fashion, I resolved to go by river to the ruins; and I set about finding a junk or sampan to carry me, much to the disgust of my friends. How was I going to live? Take canned meats, coffee, tea, &c.; and for the sleeping, the boards of a junk are not any harder than the boards of which all the beds are formed in this part of the world.

But my troubles were at once summarily ended by the announcement that the King of Cambodia or Campuchia, as it is more correctly written, whose territories extend between Cochin-China and Siam, having been informed by the French governor of my desire to visit his country, and the ruins of Angkor-Wat, would send one of his own steam-yachts for me, which would convey me to Nam Van or Phnom Pengh, the capital (signifying Mountain of Gold, though

there is no mountain within sight), where his Majesty would expect me as his guest. This was a piece of good fortune I had never anticipated. It appears that his Majesty Norodon the First of Campuchia, is greatly given to the study of everything European, he having been re-established on his throne by French arms a few years ago, in opposition to an usurper, an illegitimate brother, the son of a slave.

Since that the French have kept a small vessel of war at Nam Van, the commander of which acts as a sort of half-civil, half-military consul, and general adviser to the king, with the title of Monsieur le Protecteur. Through this gentleman the whole matter had been arranged, and my indebtedness to him and the French authorities must remain beyond my power of grateful expression. The King of Campuchia, a student of European manners and customs, being told of a lady who had travelled so far to inform herself and the public of this part of the globe, became as curious to see me as I was to see the country; still the opposition did not abate. "Do not be astonished," said one, "should his Majesty give you an audience in the costume of Adam after he left the garden. You must know the Cambogian dress consists of a solitary garment, a

sort of towel,' tied round the waist. Moreover his Majesty has already about two hundred wives, and is generally on the look-out for fresh ones. This empressement is all a hoax and a snare to get you there; if you go, you had better take proper precautions about getting back again," &c.

Another, more practical and less inclined to deal in the horrible, informed me that I should be no nearer gaining my wish of seeing the ruins at Phnom Pengh than at Saigon. The waters were receding every day, the steamer could not take me any farther than the capital of Campuchia; and I should still be one hundred and twenty miles away. I was even tempted by another to swerve from my duty as a faithful recorder of travel, and to *buy* photographs, which the French governor had caused to be taken of some of the structures, and describe them from these as though I had actually been there. To this I had but one reply to make, that I had no talent for fiction, still less for falsehood; that even my romances and novels were clear daguerreotypes from nature, and beyond that, I said, my imagination does not go.

CHAPTER X.

JOURNEY TO CAMPUCHIA.

WE embarked at last on board the "Peray Chin Wat," the royal steam-yacht of the King of Campuchia which his Majesty had sent down for our accommodation. We shipped a quantity of fowls, two sheep and half-a-dozen turkeys, and provisions to last for a week; although the distance was not two hundred miles, I little knew how necessary was the precaution.

The King of Campuchia had kindly sent his interpreter for our convenience. He had been christened by the Cambogians, as is usual, according to his attributes and qualities. Having fiery red hair and complexion, with a beak-like nose, and being of irascible temperament, he was known as the "Turkey Cock;" and we called him Monsieur le Codin, one of those

singular hybrids which can only be met with in Asia, Africa, or the ends of the earth. It is always an enigma where these persons have first seen the light; but they invariably come of "decent people," are singularly talented, and peculiarly unprincipled. The Holy Ghost must have descended upon them with particular favour, for they have the gift of tongues, which they so well know how to use that they must inevitably also have kissed the Blarney Stone. They insinuate themselves into all sorts of positions, high and low, at one time grand viziers to some potent prince, at the next hob-nobbing with some cast-adrift sailors, whom they astound with the vast extent of their information and general knowledge.

Their religion is as varied as their political and legal status, sometimes Catholics, especially when requiring aid from French missionaries; sometimes Mahometans, Buddhists, or Protestants, as occasion requires. This variety of the genus homo is never found in Europe or in America; at least, I have never seen them; but all over the East they are to be met with, and the king's aide-de-camp was one of them. He spoke half-a-dozen languages all in a breath; yelled in one, barked in another, vociferated in

a third, spoke to me with the soft Dublin accent through which the English language sounds the sweetest, and gabbled in French with Monsieur l'ingénieur. But his principal characteristic was his extraordinary power of sleep. He would utter a few sentences on the political economy of England, turn on his heel and be asleep in two seconds. Again we would hear him yelling in Cambogian to the sailors, and turning to ask him a question, we would find him snoring. He slept all night and the greater portion of the day. In fact, I may say he slept the twenty-four hours with intervals of wakefulness, to eat and sometimes to talk.

We had a Cambogian crew; but the French admiral had placed on board an engineer and mate from the French naval yard to take charge of the steamer and the engine. The Frenchmen gave their commands in the most magnificent way; but although the orders might have been very good, they were not in the least understood by the crew; and but rarely translated by the interpreter. Nevertheless, they vociferated incessantly for about twenty-four hours, until one at least became hoarse, and the other had to subside into his coal-hole.

Our first start was not propitious; the engine

refused to move either for the *sacré* of the French engineer, or the *hi-yah* of the native stoker; like a jibbing horse, it swerved on one side and stopped, then puffed over to the other, and finally backed us into the commodore's ship and was hailed with tumultuous maledictions by the French Infanterie de la marine. The machinery had only just been repaired and seemed very unmanageable, so that, when we did get a fair start, instead of going up the river, we went down the wrong way, and steamed a mile or two before we could stop or turn about; and then, at last, we were really on our way to Phnom Pengh.

When le Codin presented himself to us in the first instance, he wore a full-dress suit of broad cloth, with elaborately embroidered shirt-front, white necktie, and diamond studs; when I next saw him, a single striped towel girded his loins in the Cambogian fashion. I fled into the oblong box I called my cabin, and presently heard the French engineer, who was himself a bit of a dandy, remonstrating.

"You forget," he said, "apparently, that there is a lady on board. I recommend you either to put your coat and trousers on or to paint yourself brown."

"It is the custom of the country," argued le Codin.

"Eh bien! donc, bronze yourself."

The white skin was obviously the shocking part of the matter, for all the crew were habited in the same style.

He had two Cambogian wives with him, one dressed in shoes and stockings and some very soiled European finery, feathers and flowers; the other wore a large square of silk tied tight round the waist and brought up from between the knees so as to resemble the old fashioned loose breeches such as I have seen farmers wear; a scarf of the same material rested sometimes on one part of her person, sometimes on another! I cannot say it ever acted as a covering. He had been conversing with me upon the enormous advantages of Christianity in this country and the purification of the morals of the natives. I considered him a very superior and intelligent man until I found out he had two wives in his cabin and descried him in striped towel-costume, when I changed my opinion.

Our first mishap was getting too far out to sea, at the mouth of the Donai river, instead of turning off to reach the Mekhong. There was a strong wind and a heavy swell, and our little

steamer pitched and rolled terribly, almost helplessly. She did not steer well in a rough sea; it began to look like running ashore. There was a terrible uproar in consequence of the crew misunderstanding the French order "Tribord." "Allez donc, mais comment," urged the French captain, "je vous dis tribord et vous faites bâbord."

Then the A. D. C. and interpreter would make his appearance followed by one or two wives, and after yelling a translation of the orders for about a minute, subside into his cabin. Finally, we got back again into the mouth of the right river, which was rather narrow, and densely wooded like all the rivers of this portion of the country. Soon we began to discern movements in the trees, and the monkeys peering at us with comical inquisitive faces; many of them bearing a singular resemblance to our Cambogian crew. Thus we progressed for some hours until, at sunset, we came into a very narrow river whose banks were fringed on either side by an unbroken line of alternate habitations and cocoa-nut trees, for about fifteen miles. Such is the usual style of Annamite villages and towns. This was one of the districts where the disturbance existed, attributed to the levying of taxes, but in reality

owing to the restless litigious character of the Annamite people.

The river was thick with junks, canoes, sampans, and floating habitations of all descriptions, The houses were mat sheds, supported on bamboo boles, rendered picturesque by the framework or setting of cocoa-nut, mango, and banana. There were hundreds of children, like ants, swarming as though they germinated in the mud; each mat-shed turning out five, ten, or a dozen, as we passed. Some ran to the water's edge to get a nearer view; others fled screaming away. Indeed within the last few weeks the French gun-boats had been traversing the rivers and spreading desolation in every village where there was the least disaffection.

A French inspector had gone down to the discontented district with a very small escort, when the rioters fell upon him and butchered him and his suite. The ringleaders were speedily taken and sent to Saigon for trial and execution; but many a score were shot down in the *mêlée* without much formality. Others fled into the forests and jungle, whence it was difficult to dislodge them.

However tyrannical this treatment may seem to Europeans, it is the only course to pursue

with Asiatics, and the most merciful in the end. To shrink from making an immediate and severe example, would only be to increase the evil. If Europeans are to live among Eastern nations at all, they must be masters, and not tolerated there on sufferance. All the river banks seem to be more or less populated; but this one, which was called the Vaccaya Poste, was the most singular *coup d'œil* I have ever seen. The sun was making kaleidoscopic views, and here and there a light in the interior of the shed made a Rembrandt picture unsurpassed in weird-like effect: —The dark, slender mother with her fat brown baby riding gloriously upon her hip; the creeping and crawling youngsters so near a size that they looked like sets of twins; the old grandfather, denoted by the few straggling gray hairs on his chin; together with the bright pieces of scarlet or blue worn as a head-dress, all nestled in the transparent green of the broad banana, made up a picture of life scarcely to be imagined.

We lost our way again that night, and got into a mesh of rivers, which intersect the country in threads like a piece of Spanish lace, and it took us the greater portion of the next day to find our way back to the Mekhong. Now, the mate began to

rejoice that we had plenty of water, if *ce diable de* steamer would only steer straight; but she would not, and we had to blow off steam and lie-to for the night, starting afresh with daylight. At this rate I began to perceive that we had not put too many turkeys on board.

About eleven the next morning I was aroused from my writing by a tremendous uproar of "*Sacrés!*" "*Yah, hi!*" "*Que le diable nous importe?*" "By St Patrick! we've struck!" "Hisha! hisha!" screamed by the wives, in a high falsetto. A general babel among the crew, and a dull grating sound, and the vessel lay over on her side against a sand-bank, at such an angle that we were obliged to go on all-fours. Her gig was finally lowered by the two Frenchmen, and into her we contrived to stow onrselves, amidst a clatter of tongues that would have driven a Quaker's meeting mad.

A few strokes of the oar, and the boat began to leak at such a rate, it was evident we should never get ashore in her, nor did we; but when at last she foundered, the water was sufficiently shallow for us to walk, and we reached the bank in safety, though very wet.

Some natives now came running to our help, and, amidst another wild clashing of tongues,

we ascertained that there were two Frenchmen living not far off, growing silkworms. To these gentlemen we were conducted, and we found large barns, or sheds, all filled with piles and piles of silkworm in every stage of the culture. Into one of these sheds we were escorted by the owners, in the kindest and most hospitable manner, they having no other shelter to offer; and there we stayed for nearly a week, extremely interested in the process of silk-making in Cochin China. These gentlemen owned several thousand acres of land planted with mulberry trees, upon which they fed the worms.

The cocoons are brought into the sheds, sorted and picked, and the greater portion fumed in a stove, in order to kill the insect, this making the best silk. The other portion is allowed to come out naturally into the moth. They are fuzzy, little, white moths, and very frisky. No sooner do they become conscious of their own birth, than they proceed to marry and produce eggs, which bring forth the grub, which is carefully fed on the mulberry-leaves until it spins its own cocoon. Those allowed to live make but coarse silk, such as is used all over China and Cochin China, and which is scarcely so bright as

linen, and is usually worn in its natural colour, without dye or calendering. The appearance of these cocoons, piled up in great heaps, was like nuggets of virgin gold, and the soft bloom of the very fine silk was extremely lovely. I never seemed to tire of looking at them; but the odour was anything but agreeable; perhaps it arose from roasting them alive. Four or five crops are thus produced in the year, the expenses being trifling and the harvest very great.

The country all around is cocoon-producing, and the inhabitants dispose of their supplies to the silk-farmers, who pay them with Manchester calico. These cocoons, after being stewed, or suffocated, are taken to the manufactory at Cholon, near Saigon, where the silk is wound off upon reels. It is then shipped to Lyons, where it is woven. The Frenchmen were so excessively kind, and they had so much of interest to inform me of, that I did not regret being wrecked upon such a hospitable coast.

It took a week to get the steamer off, and it was a curious sight to see a couple of hundred of these semi-fish men diving, swimming, and wading around her. It was very amusing to see them

fasten cords about her, plunge into the water with them, and tug, and swim, and float, as though the water made not a bit of difference to them. Finally they got her afloat, and we embarked.

CHAPTER XI.

CAMPUCHIA: NAM VAN.

AT last we came in sight of the great spiral tower and dagobas of Phnom Pengh, and there was a general excitement on board in which le Codin was conspicuous throughout, making confusion worse confounded, and after an immensity of yelling and shouting in the complement of languages, we cast anchor.

The Codin was nowhere to be seen, or his wives either, at this time. I thought he had collapsed from the effect of getting into a passion in so many languages consecutively. I always noticed that the climax of objurgations was arrived at in English, and I believe that swearing is more horrible in that language than in any other tongue I am acquainted with.

My surmises as to the Codin's disappearance

were, however, unfounded, for it turned out that when we had approached very near to a tumble-down old tower or light-house of five or six stories, in which he resided when he was not on duty in the palace, he had gone ashore, as he had a wife on each storey. He had therefore been anxious to visit the upper stories, no doubt. I had not long to wait. A gig with a civilized awning came alongside, and I, having collected my baggage and my Annamite boy, Nam, soon found myself standing in a garden, under the French tricolor.

Monsieur le Protecteur received me with the politeness and kindness which only the combination of Frenchman and naval officer can express, for in him are united both fine manners and fine heart. He informed me that his majesty of Campuchia wished me, invited me—nay, commanded me, said he, laughing, to be his guest, but that I could not be located under the palace roof as it would be contrary to etiquette for any lady, not the King's wife, to be lodged there, and it would cause the mutiny of the head wife, hundred secondary wives, concubines, dancing girls, and female body-guard—in fine, of the five hundred feminines of the palace. The bare possibility of such a contingency blanched

my cheek, and proclaimed me a coward at heart, for I would rather fight ten thousand men than five hundred women.

"But," continued monsieur, "a house has been placed at your disposal; a house built of bricks, with European accommodations as far as could be procured." After partaking of some refreshment, I was conducted to my new demesne, which consisted of two large rooms with smaller ones or alcoves around them. A guard of honour of six sentries paraded before my door, or rather entrance, for door there was none. They presented arms on my approach, and received me with the honours due to a royal princess.

My house was quite charming in its way, only that all the mirrors and lamps, of which there were two or three dozen, had been placed in one room, while chairs, tables, divans of every description, had been put in another, and the beds in a third. There was a multitudinous gathering of glasses, as though some crystal store had been indiscriminately turned out. There was a great array of servants, whose special duties I never discovered, unless they consisted in lounging in the door-ways, smoking in the court-yards, or chewing betel nut with the sentries.

The principal service I received was from my

own page Nam. The Commandant left me to take a little repose, promising to return for me in the evening to dine with him. I threw myself on one of the beds, weary and bewildered with these strange and novel scenes, and soon fell asleep and seemed to be dreaming, but finally became conscious that there was some one actually talking to me, and in the dulcet Dublin accent. I recognized Monsieur le Codin.

"His majesty, the King," said he, "presuming that you are fatigued with your journey, will defer your reception until to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock. His majesty is pleased to hear of your safe arrival, and that you are in good health."

I opened my eyes, which were immediately dazzled by the blaze of a scarlet uniform with elaborate gold facings. I replied that I should hold myself in readiness at that hour.

"You perceive," continued le Codin, half apologetically, half triumphantly, "that I had several duties to perform when I left you so suddenly—first, to array my person in garments suitable to my rank and position; next, to announce in the palace your arrival; and next to ascertain when it might please his majesty to receive you."

He said never a word about the upper stories of his tower. He proceeded to inform me that he was commanded by the king to be in constant attendance upon me, and act as chamberlain. The refulgence of that uniform made me wink so terribly I could not help hoping that he would subside into slumber, for the greater portion of the time, as had been his habit on board. I scrambled over and around my beds, and found myself in the great saloon of glass-ware, which abutted on the street. Such a street! Perhaps one of the oddest that European eyes ever gazed upon. The mat-shed houses, through which one could see from end to end; the swarms of children whose only garment was a silver anklet; the semi-nude women, each adorned with a baby on her hip; the strangely breeched men, and the bright colour of this single garment; the peculiar arrangement of the hair, shaved all round except on the top of the head, where it was cut short like a good-sized shoe-brush; their elastic carriage, and well-developed limbs; the mixture of different races; Cambogian, Annamite, Chinese, Malay, Siamese, Portuguese, Madras, and Pondi-cherry men—made a picture of novelty unsurpassed. Now and again the daylight was obscured by the passage of several

elephants, or the dust raised by a cavalcade of ponies, which are all pacers, but such pacers! they almost fly. They are smaller, yet I should say, swifter than those of America, where pacing is so much cultivated. The rider sits motionless, without stirrup or whip, on a sort of cushion or pillow, tied on with a piece of string, for a girth is unknown in Campuchia. The pony shoots over the ground at race-speed, and the rapidity of the motion of their little feet can only be compared to that of a person's fingers playing over a piano.

It seems to me that this rapid pacing is much more convenient and comfortable than either trotting, cantering, or galloping, and it would be worth while for any riding-school master or horse trainer to introduce this novelty into England. These ponies would be delightful for ladies in the country, who find horse exercise too fatiguing, inconvenient, or expensive. After this cloud is blown over, appears a string of yellow-gowned monks, muffled to their chins, and only their entirely shaven heads being visible. Their garment appears as much too ample as the layman's is too scanty. They are out on the prowl for their daily food, which is contributed by the people. Their order allows them neither to kill nor cook,

nor work, but to live on the sweat of their neighbour's brow — not an uncommon occurrence amongst Christian priests as well as Buddhists.

Again, a strange noise attracts my attention, and I behold a gang of miserable wretches clanking along in chains. They are the prisoners, who are allowed to go at large when they have completed their daily task work. Their legs are chained together, so as to impede their walking with ease; the iron often corroding into the flesh, and producing bad sores. Some prisoners, for great crimes, are chained in pairs, and thus live and work for years. It is to be hoped that they manage to agree, or their existence must be fearful.

Thus they roam about, and buy their little provisions, and finally flock into a sort of pen at night. The smallest number of *cass* upon which soul and body can be kept together is allowed them. At a rough calculation I think there are a hundred of these *cass* to a shilling. I know that changing a dollar necessitated piling the change up on the floor, and paying it out in small shovels full. They are small pieces of metal, with a hole in the middle, through which a string is run, and they are usually carried round the owners' neck or in baskets. Out of

this meagre pittance the prisoners, nevertheless, contrive to gamble, for this is the great eastern vice, and high and low alike indulge in it. My Annamite page, Nam, only eleven years old, was an incorrigible gamester, and thus spent all his *cass*, not only the money but his clothes, which I had to replace for decency's sake, his badjou, and even his trousers, which he exchanged for a cloth, and gambled the difference; and I had to command with invincible resolution that without those nether appendages he should never dare come into my presence, to prevent him selling them.

Even so I was under the fear that he would gamble his small person away to some croupier for the pleasure of being allowed to play always.

As there were no doors to shut I made Nam sleep upon a mat outside the curtain which divided my chamber from the large saloon, and his little body served me as bolt and bar.

Day had scarcely dawned before he thrust his scarlet-craped head (for he *would* sleep in his turban), from behind my curtain, and announced with delighted awe that all the King's carriages and all the King's horses, and all the King's men had arrived before the house. I sprang up in a fright, dreading to hear that the King himself was there also."

"See," I said, "if M. le Commandant or the Codin are there?"

No, they were not; and I ascertained, after a great deal of parley, that the escort had been merely sent to wait my pleasure. I therefore lay down again until Nam had made my coffee, but was ready at the hour appointed; when, accompanied by the Commandant, and several carriages of European structure, and a score of out-riders of the King's cavalry, we drove to the palace. To say we drove conveys but a faint idea of how we progressed. Those horses, or rather ponies, executed almost every feat of horse exercise, except trotting. They reared and plunged, they lay down, they tore away at full gallop, till they landed us in a big hole which should have been avoided. Each horse had a groom at its head, but the former was obviously the master spirit, and, if he fancied going into a hole, went there in spite of the opposition at his curb-chain.

"*N'ayez pas peur, n'ayez pas peur,*" Monsieur le Commandant comforted me. "No accident ever happens more than a wheel coming off, or the breaking of the harness and the ponies getting loose."

"Would it be any use trying the other carriage?" I hazarded the inquiry.

"Not the least," he replied; "they are all alike, and subject to the same eccentricities. There now, we are off again; and that is the worst hole we have passed."

It was well to know this, for the depth of mud and water in the others might have made it doubtful; but we scrambled well through for the future, only locking our wheels against a post of a shanty, and hauling down the roof; and I do not believe I ever drove in that carriage without destroying some building, house, shop, or stall; for there was no regularity about the streets;—bamboo awnings projecting here; stands of fruit there; a cart-load of cocoa-nuts or melons straying into the middle, so that the best of drivers and most quiet of horses would have had difficulty in avoiding collisions. But the King's horses knew perfectly that they had the right divine to smash and kick over any amount of the King's subjects or property, for it is an absolute monarchy, and everything under the sun, within the limits of the kingdom, belongs to the King of Campuchia alone.

CHAPTER XII.

RECEPTION BY THE KING OF CAMPUCHIA.

THE king received us in a building like a Swiss chalet outside, and a sort of Paris *petit appartement* inside. Upon the steps and nooks about, a number of lacqueys and retainers were squatted upon their feet and haunches in very brilliant-coloured *putta potta*, or bathing-drawers; and after all I cannot help believing that this is the natural and proper way for men to sit. Chairs, whoever invented them, are a mistake, extremely useless and fatiguing, and often destroying the graceful form of the body. I have remarked that one essential difference between European and Oriental life is that the former live mid-way up a room, while the latter stop on the floor. The European elevates himself on a high chair, to a high table, to a high bed. He suspends his light

from the top; his ornaments, everything, are mid-way up. The Oriental lives on the floor, so to speak. His bed, his mats, cushions, trays, ornaments, and lamps, are on the base. The Chinese occupy a middle grade; they use both chair and table, but do not get so high up in the room as Europeans.

They all bowed their heads to the floor, and raised their hands as we passed into the audience-chamber; here a deep silence reigned, and not a creature was visible for some fifteen minutes, when suddenly all the doorways, of which there were at least a dozen, became tenanted by curious-eyed females, squatting, standing, lounging, in every possible attitude. They were dressed and *coiffé* like the men; they wore the shoe-brush and silk unmentionables; but on their bodies they had scarfs floating lightly about them. Necklaces, armlets, and anklets adorned their persons. They peered at the novel visitor in delighted excitement, giggled and pinched and pushed each other, and were evidently dying to overhaul me; but were restrained by the presence of gentlemen from showing themselves openly. They were the King's female body-guard wives—present, past, or future.

Presently his majesty appeared, and took his

seat in a very large throne-like gilt chair, and insisted that I should sit in the other, when the Commandant presented me. It was one of the most exalted yet comical positions I have ever occupied in my life, and I felt that we looked just like the king and queen in a picture-book or burlesque. The interpreter crawled in on all fours, and the interview was opened. Subsequently I found that his majesty understood a little French, and Malay perfectly, so that we frequently had no need of an interpreter.

The King of Campuchia is very intelligent, and, as I have remarked, deeply interested in anything European. He is a very small man, and less well-favoured than the Cambogians generally. His badjou or jacket was a blaze of diamonds, and his belt, which fastened the curious silk breeches, was plated with gold and precious stones. But he was arrayed over and above any of his subjects, inasmuch as he actually had stockings on—a mighty fact to which he subsequently called my attention. He wore them for the first time, in my honour, but subsequently discarded them, and went bare-footed, after the first reception was over. He was quite delighted with my visit, and repeatedly assured me that I should see every portion of his king-

dom, and that he would forward me to Siam under a special escort, and with introductions to the governors of that country. In the meantime he begged me to remain in Campuchia, and assist at the festivities which were about to take place upon his daughter's "coming of age," that is, marriageable age—thirteen. He appeared to delight in talking about the Queen of England. He made me describe her minutely, her age, height, and complexion; and when I mentioned that her Majesty was stout, he rubbed his knees, laughed, and expressed a great wish to see her. He could not overcome his surprise that I had got so far from home, alone, but said I should have plenty of retinue while I stayed in Campuchia, and be treated as a royal princess, with a guard of honour, carriages, horses, elephants, sampans, and any number of attendants. The interview terminated with an invitation to occupy the royal box at the theatrical performance, which was to take place that evening. I ought to mention that one of the peculiar features of the interview was the interpreter, a handsome Campuchian youth, who lay prone on the floor; who, when he was required to speak, first raised his hands above his head, then lifting his chin told off the sentences like saying his prayers.

Our ponies, it must be admitted, went more quietly back than they had come, and gave me time to inspect this curious city. Yet it was tame in the day as compared with the evening. Along the irregular wild-looking street a few Chinese lanterns were suspended, and oil lamps flaring coarsely, showed a whole string of gambling booths, all, it must be said, kept by Chinese, who have introduced this dangerous pastime to this otherwise gentle and primitive people. To such a dreadful pitch is it carried that a man not unfrequently stakes his last *sapeck*, the clothes on his back, his wife and his children, whom he sells into bondage to his antagonist. Still more horrible is its pernicious influence over women, who, when once they commence to play, barter their offspring to strangers, who are always willing to adopt and bring up children, for the sake of their labour when they grow older.

In the village over which the missionary Père Silvestre exercises his firm but benign rule, there are from two to three hundred children, whom he has bought from their unnatural parents, and placed with persons in whom he has some confidence. This selling is not precisely slavery, or at least as we have regarded it in later years, but more of the ancient patriarchal

type. The child is treated exactly as a member of the family, is educated, if a boy, like the other boys, and married, if a girl, with the same attention to formalities. At the same time the parent has the right to demand the child upon paying the sum of money advanced upon it, so that in many cases it is actually pawning the children, which is a novelty not dreamed of by the three-balled "uncles" in Europe, though no doubt their inventories of what is offered them to pawn would be curious.

Cambogians regard children as stock-in-trade, of value the same as an increase of breed in cattle. To feed a child on rice costs the merest trifle, for it is computed an adult can live upon one hundred francs a year, less than five pounds.

The clothing costs still less, for that does not commence until the youngster is old enough to earn his little pittance. Not that he ever labours hard; he, like his elders, squatting on his haunches the greater part of the day; but he fetches and carries, rambles off in search of wood to light the fire, brings water, &c.

In this Christian village the children were in good demand, as they assisted in the making of silk, which the Père had wrought into something like systematic labour. The silk is quite pure,

the plainest quality being such as handkerchiefs are made of, but stronger. There is no manufactory, but each family weaves their own piece of silk in their own house, and sells it when it is complete. Thus I bought from a woman—who had woven and bleached it herself, and would have undertaken the dyeing also, had I wished it—a piece of silk, containing twenty-four yards, for one shilling a yard. It is narrow and has no gloss upon it, and is rather unequal, doubtless from the mode of calendering. But, to look at the primitive machine or loom, it is only surprising how they succeed in making it at all.

The following day the King returned my visit, in state. Not only the King, but, I may say, all Phnom Pengh arrived, for the whole of the royal stable turned out, with the exception of the elephants, and all the town followed to witness the ceremony, and most of the palace, with the exception of the wives; so that the street, and every available post or position, was occupied, and the sentries lunged and thrust their bayonets so remorselessly that it was quite a miracle there was not a long list of killed and wounded as the result of his Majesty's visit.

As I had of course been advised of the honour, I had put myself into the best toilette I could

manage, as the King was a great admirer of European dress. First appeared the King, in his carriage drawn by four white Arabs, attended to by a dozen grooms. I hope they behaved better than the ponies did, but I greatly suspect that the King's carriage was literally drawn and carried and pushed by the innumerable lackeys, while the horses, like the Irishman's sedan chair, without the bottom, meant only the honour and glory of the thing. I should have said, first came a charge of cavalry, that wheeled right before my house, and sent up such a cloud of dust that my prim new toilette must have been ruined by the first puff. It also eclipsed his Majesty for a time, but he soon re-appeared with the rest of his suite—chamberlain, interpreter, and ministers, with all their retainers; the betel-nut bearers, the pipe-bearers, the umbrella-bearers, the scarf or jacket-bearers, a train of horses, in case his Majesty should fancy to ride, when his suite would have to do the same thing; and the rest of the cavalry riding or scrambling alongside and following. Whatever pace they drive or ride, the attendants on foot keep up for any length of time. The King advanced, and the highest of his suite prostrated themselves in the door-ways, and on the windows

and steps. He came inside alone, refusing to allow his betel-bearer to crawl within the door. He was dressed with the usual splendour of diamonds and gold, and trimming of the deep orange-coloured gold found in Campuchia, and worked in the palace. But on his head he wore a French scarlet capi, which completed the incongruity of his figure, which appeared to me to be divided into four distinct periods, or countries and centuries. His coarse shoes and unstockinged legs looked very like those of Paddy going to mass on a Sunday; his rich silk baggy breeches like a Louis XIV. noble; his body represented an oriental prince, and his head a French private. I received him with as much empressement as I could put on. He inquired if I had chairs enough, lamps enough, everything in fact which I could desire; and was assured that I had everything heart could wish.

Heaven forgive the fib! I never had anything my heart desired in my life, until I had ceased to wish for it. But the King was so generous and gracious that I felt bound to make him feel happy on that score. After paying each other as many compliments as we could think of, the visit came to an end; the King departing in another cloud of dust.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CEREMONY OF CUTTING THE PRINCESS'S HAIR, AND MY FIRST ELEPHANT RIDE.

WE went to the Palace to witness the ceremony of cutting the princess's hair, when she had attained the age of thirteen. Until then the hair is never cut; it is worn tied up in various curious knots about the head; but when the child approaches womanhood, as indicated by the mature age of thirteen years, then it is close shaven, except a small patch on the top of the head, which is cut to resemble a shoe-brush. The hair being kept regularly cut this length becomes stiff, thick and bristly. A large concourse of people were assembled outside the Palace, which covers in various buildings some twenty or thirty acres, a sea of dust, out of which arise pagodas, Swiss châlets, London villas, modern châteaus, forts, mat sheds, barns;

every sort of house and architecture—European and Asiatic, ancient and modern; Roman gateways, with Moorish palisades, Chinese summer-houses, and Turkish kiosks. Whatever design of a building has been shown to his Majesty, he has at once added to his palace, so that a more extraordinary omnium-gatherum was never before the abode of a King, either of Oriental splendour or of European luxury. Some of the steps were too high and broad to be mounted with ease; others too low and narrow. Crowds of retainers and soldiers were assembled everywhere and, whenever the King approached, all went down, not merely on their knees, but with their chests on the ground, and crawled or hopped about with the agility of monkeys or frogs. Wading through a lagoon of dust, we were introduced to the public throne-room, an apartment like a vast ball-room, with a light blue dome, and the floor covered with scarlet cloth. The windows were adorned in the second-rate café style, which vulgarized the whole thing; and I had no difficulty in recognizing the taste of the aide-de-camp and chamberlain of the King, le Codin. In the throne-room were two thrones, a circular one of crimson and gold, and covered by a pagoda or white silk cupola, tapering towards the top, bordered and

fringed with gold, angular, but not devoid of taste and beauty.

The throne at the end of the room was in the form of a ship, or series of ships, all fitted into each other. This was a mosaic of gold and ivory, the canopy forming another series of ships. Along one side, the full length of the room, was squatted about one hundred priests, habited in bright yellow flowing garments. How this dress, which is nothing more than a square piece, is put on, remains a mystery to Europeans. There are no buttons, hooks, strings or joins; all is attached by the particular fold of the drapery, somewhat as the Highlander folds his plaid. These monks are closely wrapt and covered, displaying no part of their persons, except the close shaven head and face. At the moment of our entrance they were all enjoying a feast provided by the King, of rice, fish, pork, fruit, and the various condiments; after which they betook themselves to chewing betel-nut. They were served on vessels, plates, bowls, vases made of a mixture of copper and gold, very much resembling the old Roman vessels pictured on arabesques, &c. The massing of the deep yellow of the vestments was very rich and impressive. After the repast they each took hold of a

cord, the one end being held by the abbot, and the other carried, after various ramifications, into the Palace, to the women, in order that when the abbot gave his blessing, the benefit might also be shared by those who are not permitted to appear in public. It is curious, this crude, incipient idea of the telegraph.

"Who knows," said Monsieur le Commandant, "that after all we are the actual originators of this wonderful communication? This piece of cord held by the abbot, and touched by each of the ladies of the harem, is of course abortive, but who shall say that behind this contrivance there has not lurked some practical fact, perhaps long before the Christian era? This is surely a very ancient relic of a magnetic telegraph? It is not merely that they should be apprised that the blessing was taking place, because that could have been done by sending a slave, but that some actual, tangible good was to accrue to them from the imposition of hands, the grasp of the abbot and his fraternity of monks; something, I should imagine, like sprinkling holy water upon the congregation."

At the end of the room opposite the throne knelt or squatted, like monkeys, all the grandees of the kingdom, their hair all cut *à la* shoe-brush.

They are not permitted to wear shoes or stockings. They all had on the rich silk breeches, as before described, and the little school-boy jacket so short that it frequently left the waist bare. Around were grouped in every extraordinary posture, impossible to any but a practised acrobat, the household of the King; and strutting proudly above all arose the singular figure of the Codin, in his scarlet military uniform of a field-marshal, or heaven knows what, so singular was the combination of stripes and embroideries.

"I should like to knock that fellow's red head off," said one of our party, in furious indignation.

"Pray, madam," said the French Commandant, with a twinkle of mischief in his eyes, "what rank does that uniform denote in England?"

"Oh! none whatever; it must be a mountebank's. He has bought the coat at some theatrical auction."

At this moment the King appeared. We all rose and paid our respects. He was as gracious and affable as on the day before, and gallantly presented me with a lovely yellow magnolia. In accepting the flower, I chanced to remark that I regretted its beauty would fade so soon, and that I could not preserve it in memory of his Majesty. He at once took me *au pied de la lettre*, and replied:

"Since you wish it, it shall be done. Shall it be this flower or another?"

"This identical one, which has been touched by your Majesty," said I, and I returned it to him at the close of the ceremony.

On the following day it was sent to me in a hermetically sealed glass vase, preserved by some secret art known to the Cambogians. I prize it highly, and it retains its freshness to the present time, a period of six months.

His Majesty then offered me a chair, and took another beside me, instead of ascending his throne. His interpreter approached on all fours, and through him the King explained to me the whole ceremony which was to take place.

Already the little princess was seated on the rug, with her handmaidens about her. She was a pretty little girl, in spite of her dark colour, with soft intellectual eyes. She wore the bright silk trousers, but no jacket. Her neck and body were bare, and entirely laden with gold chains of all sorts and sizes, medallions of jewels, bracelets reaching up to her elbows, and anklets. The weight of those chains alone must have been something formidable. She knelt upon a richly embroidered cushion placed for her, then sank back upon her heels, and awaited the operation.

The moment the signal was given by the King, a gong was struck, when all the monks burst forth with a monotonous chant, passing the telegraph cord backwards and forwards through their fingers. Then the music struck up; the soft dulcimer, and the harmonicon, as also some kind of pipe or flute, not nearly so shrill as that of the Chinese and Annamites; altogether the effect was harmonious and touching. The monks prayed with great zeal for the welfare of the princess; no doubt their hearty breakfast contributed much to their devotion, for they, like the begging friars of Italy, are dependent on the public charity for every meal they get.

In the morning you may see them by the score, wandering about in search of a breakfast. Wherever they see good food stirring, they open their sacks, and a portion is placed within it. No one ever refuses this charity, and they are never expected to do anything towards earning their own livelihood.

The King next approached the child, and took off his shoes, and placed on his thumb an enormous ring, which had never been worn before, with nine different stones of great size. He then lifted a lock of her hair.

It was curious to see the handmaids advance

with a gigantic pair of shears, big enough to have cropped the child's head off or trimmed a privet hedge. The girls crept along without raising their faces from the ground, just like lizards, propelling themselves with the tips of their toes and the palms of the hands.

The world has no conception of what wonderful things may be done with the human form.

These girls advanced and receded with ease and rapidity of snakes, never standing upright—"Wonderfully and mysteriously made!" —exclaimed a French exquisite.

The King now began to cut off the locks, one by one, as they had been tied up for him; and the music softened into a very plaintive harmony, possibly figurative of a lament that the childhood of the girl was over, and the troubles of her womanhood beginning; for shortly after this ceremony, the girl is married. After the hair was all cut off, and placed in gold vases richly enamelled, which the maids held to receive it, two barbers crawled up and shaved the head with great instruments like kitchen choppers. Then the whole retinue moved away in procession to the grounds of the palace, where was erected a lofty mound, apparently of gold and silver, so deep was the gilding.

A staircase wound its way in and out, so as to disclose the procession, at intervals, ascending its side. At the top was erected a pavilion of white silk and gold, in which the princess again took her place, the procession, like the children of Hamlin town, seemingly having been swallowed up by the mountain. The King alone appeared at the top with two assistants, holding golden ewers of water, which he took and poured over the child's head. When two jugs of water had been emptied over her, the ceremony was complete. The child arose, and, followed by her attendants, descended the mountain.

The procession returned again into the throne-room, which is a building apart, recently erected. Shortly afterwards, the King joined us in the small pagoda, or summer-house, whence we had witnessed the ceremony. Cigarettes, champagnes, liqueurs, were placed on a table, of which we were invited to partake. The feasting and festivities were kept up in the palace for three weeks.

The Commandant and other gentlemen dined, or, I should rather say, ate with the King; but, as none of his wives could be present, I could not partake of this hospitality. *En revanche,* I was crammed by the wives, in their apart-

ments, with all sorts of indigestible and indescribable things. They never appeared to have any set meal or time for eating, but would congregate, a dozen or two, round a large bowl of rice with a variety of condiments—dried vegetables, fish, and fruit; fowl, chopped up in small pieces, bones and all; pork, fried in little round lumps, which looked like *bon-bons*, but which were very nasty when bitten into. I never got wine in the ladies' compartments, but, one day, feeling worn out and indisposed, I wished to make my adieux, which they always resisted, wanting me to stay and go to sleep. I said, "No; I must go home. I want to drink wine." The head wife clapped her hands; and, presently, a large basin of brandy was presented to me, and I was eagerly invited to drink it, as they knew the King kept it especially for Europeans. In the royal box or pavilion, however, every sort of wine and liqueurs were at hand, as well as French sweets and English cakes and biscuits.

One day, there were bullock races, equivalent to our Derby in dust, diversion, and general uproar. Here again the King showed his forethought, by having a pavilion erected for us outside the palace, and chairs placed.

The whole of the cavalry were in their saddles—I mean mounted without saddles—and rushed wildly about, like arrows, gorgeously breeched, but shoeless and hatless, the shoe-brush serving all purposes of head gear.

All the grandees of the Campuchian kingdom were present, accompanied by their retainers, which signified the best portion of the country, and, of course, all Nam Van was there.

The oxen were attached in pairs to a waggon, something like a break, and the driver sat on the shaft, equipped with a long prod tipped with steel. They were beautiful looking animals, with slender legs, small heads, and really sweet faces. The rate at which they tore along was something incredible.

Sometimes the drivers were overthrown, when the populace roared with delight. Sometimes in passing, they fouled, crunching the waggon into splinters, and the oxen galloping off on their own account.

The cavalry actively kept the course, as far as possible; but frequently they were distanced, when these unwieldy-looking animals got to the top of their speed in a full swing gallop.

The excitement, enjoyment, and uproar was extreme; and the King's champagne was as

grateful as on a Derby day, to wash the dust down.

We saw more than twenty chariots start, and then gave up exhausted.

Then came the ride home with the restive ponies; and dressing for dinner at the commandant's, for I had taken fright at the number and appearance of my own special cooks, and fancied they might *fricassée* a felon instead of a fowl, as the prison was close at hand. Moreover, my major-domo, or chamberlain, would persist in lighting the whole of the lamps hung up, so that I was nearly cooked myself beneath them.

The King's best hour for reception was eleven o'clock at night, and at that time we were expected at the palace, where the theatre went on perpetually during the fête, with only a few hours' cessation.

Some evenings I passed with the ladies in the harem-box, sometimes with the King, when the feasting continued until two or three o'clock in the morning, and then, if possible, I would sneak into the commandant's carriage instead of the King's, feeling I had no strength left to meet the antics of the ponies.

My visit to the Père Sylvestre was not the least interesting episode of my journey. I

had resolved to make it upon an elephant, and so to take an extensive view of the country. Therefore, early in the morning, my house was overshadowed by these noble monsters. When I looked up at the great creature I was to ride, and he looked down upon me with his bland, complaisant eyes, his back seemed such a long way off that my heart almost failed me; but the ladders were brought and placed against him, and, as there can be no slope, it is very much like ascending a ship's side by the rope ladder, with this difference, that the ship's side is steady, whereas, directly I had mounted two steps, the brute gave a shiver, which shook off both ladder and me; but, as there were a score or more attendants, I could not fall far without being caught by one or the other. The ladder was again placed; and he shifted his great paw now on one side and then on the other, as though he would say, "Come, why don't you get up?" but with each movement throwing me and my ladder a yard out of the perpendicular. Finally, I had just put my foot on his neck, when he took a fancy to some of the grass thatch on a neighbouring house, and swung round his great trunk to reach it, which terrified me fearfully; but I held on now like grim

death, for I had no longer any hold on the ladder, and rescued myself by clutching at the shoe-brush head of the mahout, or elephant-driver, who was already mounted on the beast's neck, and thus got safely into my seat, which was exactly like the top front seat of a calèche, though made of bamboo instead of leather. Under this cover I sat with my feet resting on the elephant's shoulders, but always in reach of my conductor's shoe-brush in case I fell. He, sitting astride the elephant's neck, placed his feet behind his ears, which I noticed he kept tickling with his toes. This is a wonderfully pleasant sensation to the elephant, and no doubt acted as an encouragement to do his best on account of the lady whom he had on his back. But, besides these gentle solicitations, the driver had in one hand a stick with a weighted knob, and in the other a short bright pick, which he rested on the forehead of the animal, so placed that he could in an instant have picked out his organ of veneration, that is if elephants carry their veneration in the same place as men.

Once *en route*, the movement was very like a small boat on a chopping sea. I had to hold hard, but soon became accustomed to the move-

ment, nor was I sea sick as had been prophesied by certain amiable individuals who are always pleased to discover the wrong side of everything. However, without any more disagreeable sensation than a little trepidation, we moved on up among the tree-tops, and above the houses; the inhabitants staring in deep wonderment, no doubt saying in their own language, "Little woman, little woman! what are you doing up there so high?" I was a perfect fund of speculation to those inhabitants of Phnom Pengh.

Why a lady who rode habitually in the King's carriage, and went at such a furious pace that the people had to clear the streets to save their lives, should come and rummage in their little dirty shops and picking out small articles, pay for them at once, instead of ordering the whole shop to be reproduced in her own house, and there select what she wanted without any definite remark about payment, after the fashion of the mandarins' wives of the country! Why, I should choose to ride, like the King's cavalry, on a fast-racing pony, when it was obvious I could ride, if I pleased, like the King himself!

And now the mounting of the elephant was a

mystery not to be solved, unless I intended journeying through the wilderness into *Siam* or elsewhere. Soon I began to experience a sort of pleasure in being so high up, and dashing in among the banana leaves, the mango bobbing into one's very mouth, out of the dust and heat, and seemingly above the cares of life.

On an elephant one might safely count oneself "o'er all the ills of life victorious."

A splendid view of the country, too, is enjoyed, for as the creature never changes that solemn and dignified pace of bounff, bounff, bounff, you have ample time to examine both far and near minutely. Sometimes the good-natured brute regaled himself with a pull at some of the trees on the road, sometimes with a bunch of grass or herbs; but I noticed he was careful after he had plucked it to shake it well, in order to free it from the dust, before he put it into his mouth.. Sometimes he knocked it against his knee, which occasioned me a peculiarly upsetting movement; but he did everything in that soft, kindly, almost affectionate manner, that I felt I must soon fall in love with the noble thing, as one is apt to do with horses and dogs.

The elephant is a sympathetic animal, and might become attached to an individual like a

dog, and, although I had noted that terrible pick as an instrument of safety at first, long before the day was out, I should have been as much shocked to have seen the cruel instrument driven into him, as to have seen it used upon a human being.

Arrived at the village of Père Silvestre, we met numbers of Annamites, with chaplets round their necks, instead of the amber beads usually worn. They were all tidy and respectable, being fully clothed, wearing the chemise, which is so tight that it merely covers the figure without in any way concealing it. They wear under this a narrow petticoat, which is not fitted to any waistband, but simply tied round, so that all the fulness comes in one place.

Many of these Annamites were the descendants of the old Christians, converted by the Evéque d'Adron, when he was the favourite of the King of Cochin-China, one hundred years ago, and whose tomb is still to be seen at Saigon; and some few were new converts of the present Father, who had been in the country for twenty-one years. He was a man something over forty, tall and gaunt, his face handsome, but as though cast in iron; every line denoted power and strength and indomitable will. The curves

around the mouth indicated more the talent for commanding than the persuasive eloquence of a teacher. He looked as though he could handle a sword as easily as a crozier. His pale blue eyes had a gleam of steel which seemed to pierce through the character of the individual, as well as the question at issue.

He had perfect command over his flock, and great influence abroad in the country; in fact, he was the magistrate or governor, as well as the spiritual director, and enforced industry as well as encouraged morality and piety. Indeed, he informed me there was no lack of the latter, but not much of the former. The *forms* of religion were what they loved to indulge in, and on Sundays would keep up the praying and singing all day. Four services were not at all too many, and they would gladly subscribe for any number of religious festivals. He had, by great exertion and unwearied perseverance, succeeded in training them to regular labour. This task was no light one, for of all the difficult characters to deal with in the Asiatic world the Annamite seems the most intractable and irascible. They are quarrelsome and implacable. An Annamite woman's quarrels would form a drama equal to the "Taming of the Shrew." Once started, she

cannot be made to hold her peace; and her vocabulary of epithets is interminable. Her gesticulations are remarkable and unique, the hands, the fingers, in fact the whole person entering vehemently into the vituperation, and presenting a wonderful spectacle for the study of human nature.

Legally speaking, they are French subjects, and they make this a pretext to over-reach the Cambogians, the Protecteur having to settle all disputes. One evening we were seated at dinner when we heard one of these quarrels approaching. "*Ah mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the Commandant, "*voilà mes tourments qui arrivent,*" and he gave orders that the belligerents were to be sent away to return to-morrow; but the clatter never ceased; the women would persist in standing there outside and talking.

The Commandant, a man who had been accustomed on board his ship to be obeyed implicitly, sprang to his feet. "Tell that woman if she does not depart instantly, I will have her put in prison." This, having been repeated, produced a perfect hailstorm of words, "enough to break your window, if you had any," said one of his friends, laughing.

We could scarcely hear ourselves speak, and

sate smiling at the absurdity of the situation. The woman refused to go to prison, and talked harder and faster than ever. Two or three jacktars *de la Marine*, whom she bit and scratched, seized her, and carried her forcibly away; but as it happened the *cachet* was not sufficiently distant, and from the house being only of bamboo, we could still hear the rating going on. We were told she had been clattering at that pace for six hours, had beaten her husband, nearly killed her children, and driven her neighbours half mad. Now we were to be the sufferers. A bright, mischievous gleam shot through the Protecteur's eyes.

"Madam," he said, "I will have her gagged and flogged."

"Surely, not flog a woman," I said.

"Oh! madam, she is not a woman, merely a scolding machine."

In an instant there was a dead silence. She was gagged to a certainty; but I noticed the counter-order given to stop the beating. He had too much the heart of a sailor to hurt a woman. Nevertheless it is frequently done in this country.

Shortly before the King had had one of his slaves publicly lashed for unfaithfulness to the

royal person. We now continued our dinner in peace.

Another characteristic of the Annamites is the implacability of their revenge! Parents and children, brothers and sisters, and neighbours, will entertain a rancour and hatred against each other for years, over the most trivial circumstance, and will refuse utterly to be reconciled. Christian or Pagan makes no difference. To forgive their enemy is quite outside of their nature or religion.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROYAL THEATRICALS: THE KING OF CAMPUCHIA'S DANCERS, AND HIS HAREM.

THE King's dancers, so called in default of a better expression, do not dance as we understand the word. They posturize, pantomime, and pace in procession to music; executing singular evolutions of the body, swaying the arms to and fro, twisting the hands backwards with as much ease as forwards, and turning their elbows inside out. But there is scarcely any dance movement of the feet.

At ten o'clock we arrived at his Majesty's theatre, and were placed in the royal box, where, presently, the King joined us.

The play was going on, and had been, from three o'clock in the day, and it was not the least part of the marvel that these girls keep up this

performance for nearly twelve hours without any absolute period of rest.

The little princess who had been close shaven that morning, also came into a box of her own, projecting from the larger one. She was a merry, graceful little creature, nearly as yellow as the gold with which she was laden—she had just come out of a saffron bath. She welcomed us timidly at first, but soon yielded to my enticement, and came and nestled down by my side, and told me she loved me very much, and wanted me to promise I would stay always. Although thirteen, she scarcely seemed, in person or ideas more than eight or nine years old.

The theatre was superior to the Chinese places of amusement; for, although like the latter, there is no scenery, yet the stage is in the centre, and the seats disposed all round, with the exception of one corner. The stage is decorated with large trees, and bridges upon it; and the play is carried on among these trees, which lend a reality to the acting. For instance, in every Asiatic play I have seen, there has always been a great deal of travelling through the forest of knights-errant, sent out by the King to discover lost damsels.

The performance of this is very absurd and quite unintelligible.

The Cambogian stage was the finest spectacle of the kind I had seen in the East, owing to the number of girls—about one hundred—and the splendour of their dress, resembling perfectly the figures seen on old Egyptian pottery. The principal dresses would have made a pageant for Covent Garden. They wore a gold helmet, fitting like an extinguisher to the head, and terminating in a spike, three-quarters of a yard long, a close-fitting bodice of cloth of gold, rich crimson and yellow silk drawers, and gold anklets, but no shoes or stockings, which form no attribute to Cambogian full dress at any time.

On one side of the stage, a number of singers chanted the play, describing what was being done in a plaintive minor key, but keeping both exact time and tune. The dulcimer accompaniment came in at intervals. The girls kept measure to this music, swaying the body into various attitudes—sometimes raising the feet in a slow way, standing with great ease upon one leg, and wafting the hands, the countenance alone remaining perfectly stolid and immovable. Sometimes when they moved in concert, like soldiers,

the effect was very good. It was a continual attitudinizing, which, although neither Greek nor Roman, had its own *cachet* of beauty and originality.

Their limbs are exceedingly supple, and I have seen a girl standing, reverse her body backward and pick up a coin with her mouth. They can put themselves into any position; but one and all reminded me of pictures on pottery. They did not convey the idea of human beings, at least to my fancy, but of some weird huntresses of the air, especially when they, by means of cords, passed about the stage in mid-air, waving their brown hands and feet. All the movements were slow, and studied, and angular. I could not trace any classic beauty lines of either face or figure. The former was whitened but not coloured; the eyebrows forming a straight, dark line across the face, and the upper eyelids were so marked as to form another, which gave the appearance of a closed eye with deep, drooping lashes. The only expression was that of repose and placidity, the open speaking beauty of the eye being entirely concealed. The mouth is always disfigured by the lurid red stains of the betel-nut, and would mar the appearance of the most beautiful face. They

have fine foreheads, but stumpy, bad-shaped noses. In figure, they were not nearly so beautifully formed as the Chinese; their bodies were long and square, lacking roundness and bust, and their ankles and feet were not nearly so small. Indeed, the Cambogians appear to me a much heavier and coarser race than the Chinese and Annamites.

The Cambogian woman walks more than perpendicular, instead of throwing the hips behind, which places the figure into the exact perpendicular as taught by drill masters. They incline their heads back, and their waists forward, making the back into almost a semi-circle—anything but graceful.

All the *danseuses* were the King's slaves, some of them actual wives. The singers, or chanters, marked the time—which was four common time—by the beating of two sticks together. It was particularly decided, and the clacking of the sticks gave a zest to the whole affair.

The piece was an interminable story about the death of a queen's husband, and the marriage of a princess.

All the great personages were denoted by long nails, extending above the finger, longer

than the rest of the hand, which gave them a marked affinity to toasting forks; and in swaying about these lengthy claws, it must require great skill to avoid picking out their own eyes or those of their neighbours.

The silvery music of the harmonicon and dulcimer was like the melodious flow of a waterfall, and reminded me of the liquid melody of the *Pohono* fall of the Yo-Semite. There was also a curious instrument of the drum genus, made of earthenware, like a modern chimney pot, the end tightly covered with the thinnest skin. This was struck with the palm of the hand, and produced a small kettle-drum or tambourine sound.

I am inclined to think that the Cambogians are decidedly ahead of the Chinese in the musical art, though infinitely behind in all else. The girls also chanted in a natural voice; though partaking of the nasal tone of the ragged school repetition classes, still it is far less objectionable than the high screaming whine of the Chinese singing. The melody had the cadence more of the Gregorian chant than of the unequal semi-fifths and sevenths of the Chinese. The latter is an evolution of the voice exactly contrary to the rules of harmony,

and which we should term decidedly out of tune; whereas, the Cambogian song is perfectly in tune, and rather resembles the delightful chant of the Hawaiian Islanders, who excel in melodious voices.

This evening I was introduced to the ladies of the harem, and, as the greatest honour which could be shown me, to the queen-mother, a charming old lady with white hair and bright black eyes, full of intelligence and kindliness. She was seated on a crimson and gold square of silk. Her body was entirely covered by a white silk camisole, with yellow silk drawers, her long, shrivelled hands laden with diamonds. I stooped down to her and sat in the same way. My efforts at accommodation gained her good-will immediately, although she had ordered a chair to be brought for me. She took my hand, and patted my cheek, and admired the white skin. She said I had a great deal of courage to travel so far from my home, but that her son and herself were very glad to see me. Of course I praised the honourable reception the King, her son, had given me. There were about twenty ladies in this opera box, principally of the queen-mother's suite, and I was formally introduced to them all. Next to the King's

mother was the King's aunt, a stiff old lady with very gray hair, standing out fretfully in bristling defiance. I should judge her a very "proper" old lady, just such as many maiden aunts one sees at home, except that the King's aunt was not a maiden but a widow. Old maids are unknown in Campuchia. She asked me some very pertinent questions, which were difficult to answer satisfactorily, viz., why I did not marry somebody? This would be perfectly obvious to an European, but to the Asiatic—whose only theory is, that women are born to be married—it was not at all clear; and the ancient aunt would have certainly entertained a higher regard for me had I done so. There were King's cousins and other examples of vague relationship which did not come out clearly in the interpretation into French.

The interpreter lay prostrate with his chin on the floor, speaking in a monotonous tone scarcely above his breath.

The King's mother and aunt sustained the conversation, the rest never joining in except when addressed, and always lifting their joined hands before they spoke.

Outside, and below the opera box, was a crowd of waiting women, or slaves.

The old lady opened a small casket, like a glove box, of fine gold, beautifully wrought; inside were smaller boxes, also of gold, containing spices, jewels, betel-nut, and small pieces of white silk, with which they wipe their mouths when the juice of the leaf and the lime, in which they wrap the betel-nut, exudes over their lips. The old lady had perception to see that I should not sully my mouth with this dirty mixture; she, therefore, offered me a small casket with cloves, cardamums (which are the richest production of the country), and other spices, which I chewed until I was nearly sick.

Most of the ladies smoked as well as chewed, and reminded me of my Yankee railway acquaintance who informed me "When I puts in the chew I takes out the smoke, and when I takes out the smoke I puts in the chew." I had requested him not to smoke; he complied, and at once commenced chewing and expectorating across me out of the window. Thus it was with the Cambogian court. They alternately smoked and chewed.

I inquired for the King's wife with a good deal of circumspection, for I was not sure which

might be the favourite; and I felt a delicacy in asking to be introduced to two or three score. However, the interpreter got me out of the difficulty by saying I should ask for the first wife. The mother at once gave the order, and presently the head wife of the King made her appearance. She was an Annamite, dressed in the Cambogian style, with a maize-coloured crape-scarf wrapped round her body. She had the keen, sharply-intelligent face of the Annamite woman, and I should think knew how to assert her rights and privileges full well over the milder Cambogian wives.

The Annamite woman is naturally a "shrew," a clever, bitter, vindictive woman. She usually henpecks her husband, and scolds around generally.

I have seen two Annamite women, who lived in different boats—unfortunately ours was lying nearly between—keep up a wordy warfare for thirteen hours, without intermission, in solo or duet, with sometimes chorus by the children; only pausing to insert a fresh roll of betel, which did not take a minute, for they pushed it into the side of the cheek, and chewed and talked all the same. Subsequently the King gave me *carte blanche* to enter the palace and

visit his wives whenever I chose. I availed myself of this, to see a half-score at a time. I am not quite clear that I got through the whole even by that means. They evidently considered me great fun, and were always ready to come, as many as I could stand. My dress was a fund of amusement; and, like children, they always wanted some portion of it; the flowers, ribbons, lace, from my hat had to be distributed. They would stick them in their shoe-brush hair, hang them round their ears, or pin them with my pins (they had none) on to their scarfs; my gloves they fitted on; my parasol created roars of merriment for its smallness; they presented it to a baby who immediately appropriated it as its perquisite. But great was the triumph of the woman who got a stocking; she instantly put it on and marched about in the condition of the historical "*My son John* who had one stocking off and one stocking on." And I could only recover my property upon the assurance that I would bring her a pair on my next visit. This was a wonderfully rash promise, as all the wives put in a petition; and, if I had been over-supplied, I should have gone down to Campuchian posterity as the introducer of stockings into the Campuchian harem.

They had soft, pretty eyes, and seemed good-natured and good-tempered, and rather happier, I should say, than an equal number of Europeans would be.

Such was the strange life we led at the Court of the King of Campuchia.

CHAPTER XV.

SAILING IN A' SAMPAN.

AFTER a thousand and one difficulties and obstacles, we were at last ready to start upon this journey, which many would have fain made me believe was to cost me my life. Dominie, my secretary, as was his wont, had wavered backwards and forwards with each different informant—between his admiration for antique art and marvels of architectural grandeur and his hatred of all discomforts and bad dinners; between his antiquarian proclivities and his gastronomic demands.

The ruined city of Angkor had that attraction for him which the mysteries of past ages invariably inspire in the reflective mind, and Dominie's forte was historical research. He had formed his theory about these ruins, and longed to test them practically. He would come in after a conversation with one of the few indivi-

duals who had been there, snapping his fingers triumphantly.

"We must make the effort, madam. It appears from some information I have just received that this pagoda is, as regards artistic beauty and grandeur, equal to anything described by Prescott, and must date back to several centuries before the Christian era. To be so near and not to examine these remarkable historical relics, would be unworthy of your energy and my antiquarian lore. We certainly must make the effort."

"You know, Mr. Tinglethumb, that I should have gladdened Mrs. Chick's own heart by making any 'effort' she required, and if you will see to the preparations, I am ready to start at any moment."

"What do you think, as a housekeeper," inquired he, "we shall require for three weeks, thrown as we shall be entirely on our own resources?"

I replied that, as we were fully supplied with canned meats, milk, soup, coffee, tea, and tonics, we required very little except rice for Nam, vegetables, and fruit. Then, in half-an-hour, he would re-appear, walk about in an undecided way, snap his fingers apathetically, and after

looking at me three or four times without speaking, would at length broach the topic.

"I have been speaking with the monsieur, who, you remember, visited Angkor in his steam yacht, with the governor, and he tells me that with oars only, and at this season of the year, we must calculate to be absent two months, and take provisions for at least ten or twelve weeks."

He declared he would rather be "*mise en quatre morceaux*," as he expressed it, than start without ten weeks' provisions; and in fact he did not think we should ever reach there at all.

"I do not believe one single word the count says," I exclaimed. "He is the most persuasively unreliable man I ever knew. He doesn't want me to go, but wishes to carry me off in his yacht to Saigon or elsewhere. He is a man without remorse or fear of consequences; a man that would stick at nothing, and yet with so much address that he is sure to come well out of his worst actions."

"I am surprised," returned he, "to hear you express such a violent opinion; remember he is a gentleman *de la haute noblesse* in France."

"Yes," added I, "he is one of those delightful men whom the devil certainly favours in this

world. If he had been Phidias, he would have talked his marble statues into loving him."

Dominie laughed, snapped his fingers, and said I seemed to have a holy horror of the count's seductive powers; and he went out, presently returning to say that we must absolutely abandon the idea as it was quite impracticable to go at this season of the year.

I told him I should like to have the impossibilities pointed out to me, and, until I had, I should insist upon going, totally disregarding all *on dits;* and thus, for days, this "to be or not to be" continued in the most provoking manner.

"Would the King give me a suitable boat?" I would ask of one of the *attachés.*

"Oh! certainly, his Majesty was only too anxious to make my visit agreeable to me in every way;" but day after day we were *in statu quo.*

I was provoked and wearied out by Dominie, and the great efforts to be made, and his extreme dislike to making any, even the smallest, so long as he could dine with the Commandant every day, or drive in the King's carriage to the King's palace, and amuse himself generally in Phnom Pengh.

I resolved to see the King myself upon the

subject. I therefore went alone to the palace, and fell in with a score or more mandarins, all waiting for an audience. They made me understand that his Majesty—*Loung*, as he is called in Cambogian—still slept. I had therefore to wait, for to wake the King is the crime of death, and his sleep is watched by a guard of his wives, who approach him upon the slightest movement to ascertain his wishes. The King's sleeping-chamber is a large apartment, with a divan running along one side, on which the royal person reposes. On the floor sit the female body-guard, who sing a sort of lullaby, whilst others waft the fan, in default of punka.

After waiting for more than an hour, running the gauntlet of investigation by all the mandarins (who were just as curious as the women as to my trinkets), there was a stir and a bustle; and it was announced that the King was awake, and would give audience. One gray old mandarin, with crimson silk breeches and a blue jacket, buttoned with British buttons (Heaven knows through what vicissitudes they came there), offered to convoy me to the throne-room; and, as we reached it, we met the King descending the steps, he having heard that I was among his guests.

He received me in his most gracious manner, taking me by the hand, whilst all the mandarins went down on their faces, raising their joined hands above their heads. His Majesty, who understands and can speak a few words of French, made me comprehend that he wished to show me the many buildings of his palace, which he did, followed by the whole cortége of foreign ambassadors and home mandarins through every chamber—which must have been considerable gymnastic exercise for them—for wherever the King stopped there they all prostrated their faces to the ground.

We traversed the gardens, quaint, beautiful, and grotesque, with fountains, and fishponds, and roses, and exquisite flowers of tropical growth. His Majesty selected the finest, and loaded me with them. The little princess, the subject of hair-cropping, ran out and joined us, and presently two little princes.

Dogs and children always regard me with favour, I am happy to say, so the three children of the King—the favourite girl, the heir apparent, and another little one—were clinging to my skirts, the tiny one appealing prettily to me with his little brown sympathetic face, to be helped up the steps. The King laughed delighted, and

called an attendant to take the little one from my arms. He was probably about four years old, but the Cambogian and Annamite children are very small and infantile for their years. The King said it was his intention to have him educated in England.

I soon made his Majesty understand my mission, viz., that I wanted a boat to go to Angkor.

"At what time?" he asked.

I said, "To-morrow, at five."

He signified his royal pleasure that I should rest content, and that he should command Luzcra-hom, who was his Minister of Marine, to furnish me with all I wanted. Thus, after viewing the new palace, the old palace, his Majesty's elephants, carriages, horses, four splendid white Arabs, and a hundred small ponies of the country, I returned to my house delighted with the evening's achievements.

At dinner at the Commandant's was the count, with some of the élite from Saigon. They one and all, except the Commandant, who had the generous heart of a sailor (be it of what nation you may please), fell foul of me, ridiculed his Majesty's promise, and said he did not understand French in general, or my wants in particular; that at least it would be impossible to

make him realize such an idea as that of a lady starting on such an expedition; in short, that had I asked for the moon, he would have promised me a slice to-morrow at five o'clock, just the same.

The kind Commandant whispered me that his Majesty had a bad memory, sometimes going to sleep for two or three days right away.

"You go and see Luz-cra-horn yourself to-morrow morning, early. That is your wiser plan."

"*Ma chère dame*," said the count, in his most mellifluous tones, at the sound of which every shade of my ill-humour vanished, as by the waft of a magic wand — "you have no idea of what you are undertaking. You are going to destroy your health and your future in this wild adventure. You are going to waste your energies and your talents on this mad expedition, besides rendering completely miserable this amiable man, your secretary, who would certainly, nevertheless, prefer encountering a thousand *diables* than abandon you for an instant. If you sought the gates of Tophet, like Orpheus in search of Eurydice, he would follow you to the end" (nevertheless he did *not*, and I went alone); "and indeed this present expedition is not less difficult or dangerous than

the one I have alluded to. Be persuaded, dear madam, and abandon it."

"*Du reste*," broke in the Colonial Treasurer, "I do not believe madam will ever reach there, so that I would prefer to condole with her on her disappointment than attempt to persuade her not to go."

"You are a whole rookery of *oiseaux de mauvais augures*," I exclaimed. "At five o'clock I shall have the boat and will start, *D. V.*"

"But what is the secret inducement that draws you there with such strong magnetic attraction?" said the count, softly. "There is a monastery of monks; surely these must be modern Saint Kevins;" and he hummed softly:

> "'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,
> Eyes of most unholy blue.'

"I would not have fled, but have put on all steam possible to reach her, or carry her wherever she wished. Now tell me what is the great inducement?"

"The *Californian Overland Monthly*," I said, maliciously, "for which I promised to write stray stories of strange countries yet unexplored and unwritten of."

"Ah, bah!" he replied; "a woman devoted

to book-making!" and he went on cracking his nuts until he found a philippine, whereupon we again became gracious.

"You will be devoured by mosquitoes," said another of my tormentors; "you will not be recognisable; you will be one mass of sores."

"You will have to carry water to last six weeks," cried another, "the river and lakes are a mass of green slime at this season. You will be reduced to live on rice and salt-fish."

"That is not half so bad as being reduced to the last split-pea," I retorted, quoting Thackeray's "Little Billie."

"One of the mandarins is sure to have his head cut off," added another, "if anything goes amiss with you."

"A governor will lose his heart to the first fair woman he has ever set eyes on," said the count, "and will not scruple to run away with you."

"And," rejoined I, "as Shakespeare says, 'man is to one thing constant never,' will certainly bring me back again, with this advantage, that I shall have seen a great deal of the interior life of the country."

And thus the badinage went on. But I was not to be frightened by a buga-boo, and

seeing no formidable obstacle, resolved not to abandon my purpose. To travel with the sole object of sight-seeing, and then to be deterred by a little inconvenience, seems to me to live abortively. Either give up the project altogether, or carry it out fully, is my maxim.

The following day found us full of preparations, my part being to shovel out *cass*, in payment of the various items brought in from the streets, the poor vendors being very much astonished, as they never expected, when ordered by the king's lackeys to supply their goods, to receive payment. In the evening, just as the crescent moon appeared, we were in the sampan or junk, arranging our beds and boxes of provisions. The junk was forty feet long by seven feet wide, divided into three compartments, the middle covered with a round awning of bamboo. Both ends were pointed, like a Venetian gondola, and from the stern waved the King's flag —blue ground and pink centre, with a three-towered pagoda; on either side a bunch of peacock's feathers, surmounted by the figure of a fabulous-looking animal for weather-vane. At either end of the galley four oarsmen rowed, standing. When they slept they literally rested

on their oars, for that was all the space they had.

My cabin, which was at once my bed-chamber, drawing-room, and general apartment, was seven feet by twelve. In the stern was a small compartment, with an earthenware cooking-pot; and aft was another, where Paolo, his wife, and Nam could lie down or not, as they pleased. The rowers were as brown as bronzed statues, and, so to speak, had as little clothing as is usual with the latter.

We stopped at the principal villages *en route*, and this just suited them; for, having a large supply of betel-nut, they did not desire better than to remain for weeks on the journey. They pulled continuously, only stopping to eat twice a day, and sleep somehow, although I believe they often slept pulling. I thus found myself afloat once more, stealing lazily down the moonlit river, with the heavy-headed cocoa-nuts bowing over the stream, and the tumble-down city looking weird in the distance. I was fairly off now, alone, on this singular journey, and with the strange *cortége* of natives without a single European. It did seem very like an adventure, fraught with a mysterious future. I regarded my brown rowers with the moon-

beams glistening on their backs and shoe-brush heads. I furtively glanced at Paolo, already smoking his opium, and his tiny wife regarding him listlessly, and I felt from that moment that my whole stay was in my little familiar sprite, Nam; and so it eventually turned out.

Paolo was my major-domo, and his wife, Ouy, was to be an ayah; but she never was, except to her own husband. She arranged his opium-pipe and lamp regularly, and watched him go to sleep, then dosed off herself, always waking by some curious contrivance before he wanted another; but Nam continued valet as usual, to which was added the office of cook, for I had persistently refused to allow the Chinaman who had been installed at Phnom Pengh, to accompany us.

There is a sweet satisfaction in self-reliance, when a purpose, towards which we have had to fight our way inch by inch, is nearly accomplished. There came over me an indescribable feeling of awe and curiosity as we penetrated into that unknown wilderness which the face of a white woman had never looked upon before. Unaccustomed sounds of unknown night-birds met my ears; the very splash of the oars, from the fact of being worked standing, was unfa-

miliar. Once and again came, borne from a distance on the breath of night, a high-toned minor wail, so pitiful that it went to my heart, and made me tremble. I learned afterwards to my cost that it was the cry of those who travel in the forest, and have lost the trail. All was strangely, terribly novel; only the little crescent moon appeared to look down upon me as a friend.

Sunrise found us floating on the Mekhong, through a sweet, cool atmosphere, now perfumed with jasmine, now with orange-blossoms and a variety of spice-wood, resonant with the warbling of birds in the deep green shade of mango-trees, laden with fruit, and the lichi, which is even prettier than our European cherry; now crashing through a perfect avenue of broad banana leaves, for the bronzes loved to "hug the coast," to avoid the strength of the current, and the better to help themselves to whatever might be growing there. And I loved it for the wondrous beauties of Nature every moment displayed to my delighted eyes; and its glories will spring up green in my heart for many a day. This river has all the stupendous majesty of the Mississippi, with the graceful beauty of the St. John's River, Florida.

Com-pong-loana, the first place we landed at,

was a pretty village, with a long, shady road, and probably about one thousand inhabitants. We made a stop there the following morning, in spite of our anxiety to get on, in order to see the pagoda, or temple, built by a rich mandarin named Pejit, partly Cambogian, partly Chinese. He had spent a fortune upon it; and it was a very complete affair of the kind, although the architectural details are not easily to be set down on paper. Let my reader imagine that all the buttresses are filled with glass of various colours, and richly gilded; the ornamentations of the most grotesque description, partly fish, partly elephant, and partly no creature existent between heaven and earth. From the fantastic gables of the roof of the temple of Com-pong were suspended little bells, with scarlet heart-shaped pieces of tin attached to the clappers, so that with the slightest breath of air they pealed out a delicate melody—a strangely poetical idea, as contrasted with the obscene grossness of the inside. The temple was surrounded by several massive and ornamental walls and terraces, and by four smaller pagodas, and a larger one, where the bones of certain high personages were burnt. Farther distant were the houses, a monastery of the monks.

Inside the temple was a colossal figure of Buddha, which certainly had a very ominous squint. Upon the altar, before the statue, was the strangest mixture of objects I ever saw congregated together, even at a bazaar. On a pedestal was a glass box, containing a statuette wrought in gold of a goddess, beneath a canopy of the same metal, which was a perfect bijou of art and workmanship; but the golden eyes of the goddess gazed steadily upon two pomatum pots, which had formed part of some European lady's toilette set. On one side were the commonest vases of French flowers, looking pitiful, from their age and dirt; and flanking these the most exquisite caskets of Mosaic, gold and ebony, *chef-d'œuvres* of skill; and so on throughout the piece. The whole temple, ceiling, and columns were frescoed with curious stories of battles, seductions, and punishments of devils.

Two men were fighting a duel by knocking their heads together, trying which was hardest: but the next panel was a large American mirror. I knew my old friends again from the strange manner they distort the figure; but, worse than all, came two very indelicate French prints of very fair ladies taking a bath.

A Cambogian woman, forming part of the

crowd, to my great horror seized me by the hand, led me directly in front of them, and, pointing to the pictures and then to me, expressed her belief that we were similar; and commenced pulling at my dress to realise the resemblance.

The same thing had chanced to me in the palace of the King of Campuchia, where one of the rooms of the harem was hung with these immodest productions; and I had great trouble in making them comprehend that Europeans always wore dresses, and did not walk and sit about in semi-bathing wraps, they opining that, as I resembled the figure in complexion, I ought also to do so in dress.

How can we be surprised that savage nations become more and more debased from civilization, when drunkenness and immorality are the first lessons we teach them?

The fact of these disgusting French prints taking a place of honour in a temple at once tests the state of morals of the country. In the front of the temple were some handsomely carved statues of mandarins, in solid granite, and two splendid vases of porcelain, in which the ashes of the dead are deposited, measuring two yards

in diameter, various histories and pageants delineated upon the sides.

In one of the quaint square gardens attached, was a monument of much more ancient date than the pagoda. It stood about fifty feet high, elaborately carved in a sort of Moorish architecture. It was probably a mausoleum to some great king or mandarin, and the new temple had been built there on that account.

At this village we provided ourselves with water-melons and bananas, the only fruit we could obtain, the mangoes being still green. All the houses were on stilts, on account of the rising of the river, sometimes to twenty or thirty feet, so that, like the Hollanders, the Cambogians have often to live on their second stories; and to avoid the trouble of moving, they begin by building their abodes on poles.

We returned to our boat and resumed our journey through the never-ending piles of verdure, an occasional white crane throwing out the contrast; passing now and then a sampan or a dugout sailing softly along, the owner catching fish by the score, which were rising on every side of the river as if inviting to be caught; sampans crowded with whole families, off to a fête in some neighbouring village; or

the solitary boatman plying his one oar, and catching fish with his hand for his own lonely meal; and admiring the little fellow in his tiny canoe, a couple of yards long, swimming and rowing ere he can scarcely toddle—for every village (man, woman, and child) follows the trade of fishing, the very birds being of the same profession.

In all the villages (and they were frequent) the occupation was drying and salting fish. The brown-skinned Cambogians in their dugouts reminded me of the Red Indian of the St. John's River.

We met droves of pelicans looking like a fleet of Roman galleys going forth to conquer. The pelican on the water is, perhaps, next to the swan, the most majestic-looking bird; but when it attempts to fly, it, to use a paradox, at once ascends from the sublime to the ridiculous. Its head is too heavy and droops a little forward; the wings flap heavily; and the long legs dangle awkwardly behind, destroying all grace and elegance.

There was another large dark bird which floated entirely under the water, with the exception of its long neck and small head, which looked just like a serpent's.

The fish in the river were of all sizes, from the tiniest little whitebait, which Nam caught with my hair-net and (after the rescue of my trophy) with his hands from the side of the boat, and which was good fried, to an enormous creature six or eight feet long, of the same form as the dog-fish. They cut large steaks from his flanks and dry them in the sun. Passing the villages are seen these monsters by the score, in all stages of dissection. In other places they were making fish-oil, which smelt horribly. This is the great trade of the district, and produces a handsome revenue to the King of Cambogia.

A river more swarming with life it is impossible to conceive. As evening approached, we entered a narrower branch of it, which was only a fork, forming an island.

There the wild fowl floated and skimmed above in hundreds, and, had we not been without a gun, we might have supped sumptuously; the trees decking the water in exquisite festoons of creepers and flowers. Wherever there was a bough more picturesquely disposed than another, there sat the lonely heron in melancholy contemplation, for there is a peculiar stillness denoted in the pose of this bird, which at once conveys the idea of sadness or death. In many

other positions it would scarcely be remarked; but he has the tact to select a spot which is peculiarly adapted to show off his symmetrical form and to make a *tout ensemble* of striking beauty.

I am not prepared to say whether he is a conscious artist; but he never derogates from the perfect picture. In this "arroyo" (or branch of the river) we anchored for the night, by running our boat into the bushes; and our weary bronzes cooked their rice after kindling a few sticks in an earthenware bowl, which served us as a stove, smoked a little tobacco tied up in a banana leaf, chewed their betel-nut, and went to sleep.

In sight were the twinkling lights of another fish-drying village; but we had left it well to windward, not to be troubled by the smell. All was still but for the plaintive tee-whit of the owls or the trill of the cicala. I put out my light, and told Nam he might lie down.

I slipped outside and, treading carefully among the sleepers, took my seat in the prow. The crescent moon had just arisen, and dropped a brilliant star from between her horns, which English farmers say denotes rain; but that has nothing to do with these lovelier climes where

it would not rain out of the season for all the moon's horns in the world.

A clump of bamboo on the bank, about twelve feet above us, hung like a feather-fan over our little bark, and underneath this, on the gnarled, silvered bough of a decayed tree, perched my friend, the heron. "Oh solitary bird," I said (for he was so near I could have touched him with my hand), "what crime hast thou committed in this or in a prior life that thou art condemned to be alone, brooding ever over what might have been? Poor bird, have we not much in common—thou on thy unchanging bough for ever sitting, I floating on the stream of the world, though moving ever not less lonely than thou? Beautiful thou art, yet it avails thee not, all unconscious of thy crime perhaps as am I of mine; pining from an unknown source of woe; struggling feebly with an indefinable agony; and thrilling keenly with a perception of unmeasured bliss which may yet come, which should have been.

"Ah! the past, the past is as Tennyson sings,

> "'The sorrow's crown of sorrow
> Is remembering happier things.'

Is it thy hap, poor bird, to have lost thy mate

and to dwell alone? On the banks of another river pulses the heart that should be thine?"

I reached my hand to the silent mourner, as sympathy ever bids us do, and he extended his soft neck to my caress.

Lonely hearts have an affinity, and understand each other, be they of bird or beast. Who shall tell me that in the mysteries of nature, anchoring under that moon-silvered tree, I was not a consolation to the milk-white bird, as he was to me?

Are we hemmed in to our kind? Does not the Lord care for the sparrow? *De plus forte raison* should I not sympathize with the heron?

"You will certainly take cold," cries Paolo, in not the most musical of voices, roused from his opium-pipe.

The heron stretched its long neck forwards, and its long legs backwards, gave one flap of his wings, and was sailing through the moonlight like a pure soul winging its way to some happier spirit-land, where the weary find repose.

"The dews are very heavy," continued Paolo, more anxious to resume his smoke. So I came under my bamboo tent, and, tucking my mos-

quito curtain tightly under my mattress, fell asleep, and dreamed of the Count B., that seductive and reckless French cavalry officer. As I have no control over my dreams, and it may be assumed that Providence has, I should really be most grateful if it would direct them in a more proper channel.

Next morning, at sunrise, we were passing out of the narrow tributary, and entering again the great river.

Invaluable Nam made my coffee, and lifting the corner of my curtain, thrust it in to me; then came the water, and it was not a difficult operation to take a shower-bath here, as I had only to roll up my silk mattress, and pour the bucket of water over my head, the flooring being conveniently adapted for the purpose—being simply laths tied together with strings of bamboo. Thus the water ran through it like a sieve, whence it found its way into my wine cellar in the hold of the vessel.

The first excitement of the day was an alligator airing his ugly back above water, but with Asiatic *sang froid* he never moved, though we passed close by him.

We now lost sight of the cocoa-nut and betel trees; and the foliage, which was dense, almost

without a break for miles and miles, had more of the richly wooded European character. Indeed, we came upon a bend of green sward like an English park, where there were hundreds of wild cattle, and gigantic pelicans. Several of the latter were taking their supper on fish larger than cod; whilst others were walking about together in a stately manner, waiting for coffee to be brought in, no doubt. They looked like fine old gentlemen in long-tail coats.

The river was generally about two to three miles wide, except where it forked, forming islands sometimes a mile long.

The shallowness of water, about which I had been so troubled at Saigon and Phnom Pengh, was all nonsense, for until we reached the lake, a vessel drawing ten or twelve feet might easily have gone all the way.

The love of exaggerating difficulties, dangers, and calamities is a passion common to one half of the world, I believe.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAKES OF TONLI-SAP.

AFTER several days' journey we approached the great lakes of Tonli-Sap, whose phenomenal formation I have already described.

In the months of February, March, April, and May, the water from the great river decreases to such an extent as nearly to drain these great lakes; and this was the catastrophe with which we had been threatened.

In those months, when the water in the river falls several feet a day, the big lakes empty themselves into it until they are dry; and this is the harvest time of the fishermen, who build their mud huts in the lakes as the water recedes, and catch the fish by millions.

The whole population, Cambogian and Anna-

mite, live upon fish and rice; and these great lakes supply them all.

Coming to the widest portion of these inland seas of sweet, or rather soft water, the land receded to a dim line behind us, with a water-belt horizon in front; and here my seamanship was put to its most severe test, for, waking in the morning without any landmark, I had not the remotest idea which way we were going, not having taken bearings the evening before. I remained quietly writing for some hours more, and then made an ineffectual attempt to rouse Paolo, when I discovered land, and, to my disgust, the very spot we had passed the night before.

There could be no doubt we had gone back; those stupid shoe-brushes having allowed the boat to drift during the night, and the current or tide, now running out of the lakes, was carrying us down to Phnom Pengh.

I jumped up, upset Paolo and his opium-pipe slipped over the man who always lay sprawling on his back guiding the rudder, and, with my own hands, put the ship about, to the great bewilderment of the crew and Paolo, who, not having discovered the mistake, joined them in protesting that there had been none, and that

we were now proceeding the gods knew whither, for they did not. I, however, chose to trust to my own bump of locality, and now steered by the sun for the rest of the day.

Evening showed us the dark outline of a dense primeval forest, which bordered the lakes, and, ere long, we came to one of the water villages where we made inquiries, and found we were right.

These thick jungle forests are filled with tigers of an enormous size; some captured ones we had seen in Saigon were considered the largest of the species, and the grandest creatures I have ever seen.

Looking out on this vast expanse of water, we beheld a glittering white line extending across; it looked like linen fluttering in the sun, just as the Chinese hang their clothes across the river to dry; but this was a string of white cranes, not much larger than pigeons, and, to have composed this line, there must have been some thousands. For five minutes or more we could see it rising and falling like a beam of light, growing dim in the distance.

At other times, when we neared some little promontory, there was a whole village of pelicans, the king, or mayor—as the case may be—stand-

ing erect on a pine-tree, with his court or council around im. Below bin the village, tall fellows four or five feet high, walked about in couples, their heads together as if discussing the politics of the place. On the beach were the labourers thrusting their long beaks into the water and hauling out enormous fish, which they beat to death. They were evidently not republicans, or only so in name, like most others. When men are compelled to eat by the sweat of their own brows, they hold strong republican principles of equality and fraternity. All human beings, being alike, they argue, should labour alike: but no sooner by fraud or force, persuasion or skill, do they induce others to perform that labour for them, than they become very aristocratic, lounge on their divans, talk of the superiority of mind over matter, and come to see that, as no two human beings are constituted exactly similar, the superior must necessarily rule over the inferior; and manual labour is obviously the portion of the latter and the *dolce far niente* of the former.

So, no doubt, thought the grand pelican on his throne on the pine-tree. I noticed his yellow vest and brown coat were brighter and more *soignée* than the others', more especially than those

who were down on the beach catching fish—all the world over a plebeian occupation. It is difficult to judge of numbers; neither pelicans nor Cambogians take a census; but I should estimate this pelican village at from two to three hundred souls, or bodies, in case they are not immortal. Other villages were inhabited by eagles, brown and black; these noble birds, I regret to say, like the Chinese, affected putrid fish far above fresh.

In the night there sprung up quite a gale, with a cold wind that had lately arrived from off the snow. I have known in the Sierra Nevada its icy kiss too well ever to mistake it, even though it reach me here in the tropics. Every piece of wrap we had brought, more as cushions and seats than for warmth, was at once in requisition. Our poor bronzes shivered in their single rag. One or two began to cough badly, which showed that this violent transition from stifling heat to bitter cold had already affected their lungs. And the wind caused the boat to rock as on the ocean in a heavy squall, and made Paolo very sick. We were constantly running in shallow, and, although the waves washed furiously against us, we had not two feet of water under our bottom.

It was extraordinary how we could have so much sea with so little water. It was really on the principle of "a storm in a tea-pot," and yet the splashing, and dashing, and roaring, and rolling were quite as bad as out in mid-ocean. Of course there was no danger; for at the worst we had only to get out and walk, —a wet walk, to be sure, but nevertheless such as I have seen boys fancy in a river or canal, in preference to the towing-path.

The rolling continued all night and next morning, upsetting the water-bottles with the clean water, which we had been so carefully preserving. Nam, too, was very sick, and could not eat his rice *pilaff*. We were out of sight of land again, with the exception of here and there a patch of green bushes growing at the bottom of the lake, or a regiment of bare poles indicating where a village would arise directly the water subsided. Every now and then the surface was covered with wild fowl of one description or another. Sometimes the dense forest for half a mile, as we saw it in the distance, looked as if it was powdered with snow; but it turned out to be the white cranes who had a city there. They never moved, however near we approached, unless we ran in and anchored there. Then the effect was

almost like a charge of cavalry, so overpowering was the rush. We could neither see nor hear; and the air felt so dense we were almost suffocated. The sound was like a great storm arising. I presume there must have been several thousands flying over our sampan.

When the wind subsided; towards the middle of the day, we went on smoothly with sail and oars — these bronze creatures rowing sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. True, they did not row like our Jack Tars in an eight-oared gig, sending her spinning several yards with a stroke. Our oarsmen stood to row with oars tied to high rowlocks, dipping very slightly and moving about two miles an hour. Such is the difference between Asiatics and Europeans. The latter will work hard whilst they are at it, but could not be induced to labour for sixteen hours at a stretch, with only an hour or so for meal-times; whereas the former will not labour vigorously, give him what inducement you may, but he will plod on *ad infinitum*.

Several times during the day the boat received a shock as if she had struck; but as there was nothing but mud, into which she went softly, it was evidently a large fish; and one evening, whilst sitting on the prow, with my feet over-

board, I was terrified by a great weight coming against them. It was one of these creatures: however, to my comfort, I discovered that there were very few sword-fish found up so high, although in the river, towards the sea at Saigon, they are not uncommon. I have known a sword-fish, in the Dardanelles, pierce through a caïque and stab the rower in the back—the beast, to extricate himself, breaking off his sword and escaping, though carrying off many wounds from the enraged boat's-crew.

At the rate of two miles an hour, every now and then getting on a bank (which, again, would require twenty minutes to get off), the *traversé* of the two lakes seemed interminable. Paolo was so far an improvement upon Codin, that he never made any noise. He was content to be left alone, to smoke one-third of the twenty-four hours, and sleep the other two-thirds. I never heard him speak to his wife, or her to him, the whole time. There must have been some sort of magnetic influence between them, which made talking quite unnecessary. I have known lovers who, when apart, had a world of things to say to each other; yet, when together, sate silent, hand-in-hand, unable to find a word.

I do not think this pair were romantic; still

there must have been something between them, for they never quarrelled; and he took very good care to provide for her, while she never omitted the pipe-lighting. He was so deeply pitted with the small-pox that his face was a grayish-purple honeycomb—so much so that it always became a matter of speculation to me, whenever I looked at him, how the veins and tissues could arrange themselves.

He had been bought when young by some French missionaries, no doubt baptized, taught a few words of French, Latin, and a good deal of Malay, which made him really useful when he was awake. But, owing to his somnolence, Nam and I had to pick up Cambogian; I learnt the commanding, and Nam the swearing; and thus we managed to hold our own. His Latin consisted of "Dominus vobiscum!" and his French of "Parlez-vous français, monsieur?" and "Lend me the loan of your gridiron," or something to that effect, in Cambogian.

The remarkable feature of the lakes of Tonli-Sap, or Soft-water Sea, was the water-villages, which were built in about two or three feet of water—the houses raised about eight. From one end of the village to the other one could see right under their slender scaffolding, which in no

way impeded the view. Men, women, and children walked about in the water-streets just as though they were on *terra firma*. They were of this amphibious nature that they seemed to recognize no difference.

Upon every occupied pole sat a bird, jackdaw or crane, sometimes a pelican; but usually these gentry resided in a village of their own. One and all followed the apostolic occupation of fishermen: the unfeathered biped with nets and spears—the plumed biped patiently watching from the top of his pole until some frolicsome fish leapt in the exuberance of his youth beyond the muddy depths of his home, when the bird's bright watchful eyes caught the gleam of his little silver person, and without an instant's warning, his present moral joys, body, bones, and all, were speedily transmuted into something else. *What* else, indeed, would be a grand secret to trace, worthy of Professor Tyndall;—how Nature goes on reproducing herself in substance as also in life's vitality; how man is not excepted from this law any more than the little silver fish; and how much of the spiritual ever leaves this planet, are problems which would be interesting to fathom. We should then know somewhat more of the end *à quoi nous en tenir*.

The small fish are thus the food for the birds, while the larger ones supply the men, unless sometimes the pelicans appropriate a portion. The water, owing to the shallowness, is almost liquid mud; yet, rather than be at the trouble of putting a quantity in a jar to settle, the inhabitants of the lake drink it in its thick state redolent with putrid fish.

Upon the hypothesis that people's characters are influenced by the kind of food they eat, does the fact of eating nothing but fish approximate the nature of man to the former—to create a bond of union between the piscivorous and the piscene? These people scarcely know the taste of meat, unless occasionally a little pork.

Yet, in spite of this great export of fish annually, the lake appeared teeming with them: They were leaping up in all directions, of all sizes, shapes, and colours. It was as densely populated with fish as its banks with fowl. In many places on its rich soil, where the trees had been removed, bright patches of fine grass were growing, so that there is no reason why sheep could not be pastured.

But while there is fish in the water and rice in the field, you could not tempt a Cambogian or Annamite with the greatest delicacy. His

love of sleeping is more prominent than any other passion that I could observe; and those who can afford it, sleep for days and nights consecutively. I am sure there were days together on the sampan, when Paolo was not awake twenty minutes in the twenty-four hours; and, with the exception of speaking to the governor, my interpreter was of no use whatever. A very few words of Cambogian would carry one about. The boatmen and villagers were infinitely easier managed without Paolo, who, becoming a mass of inertness and stupidity towards the last, infected the rest with his laziness, so that the bronzes went to sleep on their oars, standing, or, under pretence that there was not sufficient water to row, they walked alongside for the ostensible purpose of pushing the craft.

Chancing to look up from my writing, my eye caught sight of a small junk, which we had been quite close to about an hour ago, now far ahead of us in the distance; when I had last noticed her, she was furling sail and mooring. Thus we were quietly floating backwards with the currents. I looked outside my tent, and beheld the stalwart rowers leaning on the sampan, walking slowly in their sleep. After this we had to keep them in view, if we did not wish to go

backwards, nor have they the slightest sense of the absurdity or impropriety of such conduct. It was all the same to them, while their rice and fish lasted, whether they went backwards or forwards; and, when that failed, they would have prowled out to the next village, begged some more, and repeated the same improvidence again.

In speaking of the dense forests which encircled the lake, I may remark that they are not at all of the character of those of America, and leave no impress, like the latter, of primeval forests, the trees generally being comparatively young, of fifty or more years' growth; nor did we meet with those fallen monarchs of the woods, such as we saw in America.

Of course there is no sequoia, or cypress, the longest-lived tree; but, even making this allowance, the woods seemed young and fresh, and were mostly fruit-bearing. The inference is that it is a comparatively new forest, springing up on the decay of an old empire, or new ground recovered from the receding of the water and the inroads of the mangrove, which is said to steadily advance, driving the water before it, and retaining in its network of roots the residuum brought up by the high tides, when the water flows in great floods from the Tibet Mountains over the cata-

racts of the Mekhong, and is forced back at Phnom Pengh, so as to fill the lakes and form these vast sheets of water which have no other outlet.

At the time we passed over, it had little more than three feet of water, and often not so much; so that in our long journey in the sampan, we used to relieve ourselves of an evening by getting out and walking ankle deep in the soft mud. It was not quite equal to greensward and thin slippers; but we became accustomed to the slimy feel, and it was refreshing after the crouching or sitting position we were obliged to maintain all day, in order to be under shelter from the sun.

I do not think I could have existed but for this promenade *à l'eau.* If it had not been for fear of sun-stroke, I would much have preferred walking the whole distance in the river, to sitting watching those lazy bronzes; as when travelling in Italy *con vetturino,* we have walked the greater part of the way over the Apennines, while our horses—not thorough breds—often assisted by bullocks, dragged up the lumbering carriage, which would have held comfortably six inside, and which we easily converted into our hotel in case of need.

The thick muddiness of the water was, of course, a great drawback to its beauty; and the banks were often too far off to be distinguished from anything but a dark solid mass; but when we did approach them, there was a perfect fund of beauty, novelty, and romance. Life was delightful in there.

There were splendid red, or tawny-coloured hawks, black and white birds, bright blue birds, and small green birds. I saw in this part neither kingfishers nor woodpeckers; larks I both saw and heard, and a variety of strange birds whose names I could not glean; all the answer I could get to my inquiries being "*Kop! kop!*"

In one portion of the river, the great fish or fresh-water porpoises were floating about quite heedless of our boat. They basked in the sun, and sent up little jets of water into the air.

The instant the red hawks saw this, they pounced down upon them, but rarely got a bite, so far as I could see, and were not so well off as the cranes and daws who waited patiently at the brink, in some pleasant garden-like spot.

But I noticed that the feathery fishermen, the hawks, were quite dainty in their appetites,

and, like epicures with oysters, preferred to eat their fish alive. They despised the pieces floating along the river or lake, from the fish shambles, as coarse food, but pounced with avidity on the little silver morsels, as they rose to the surface.

A company of monkeys assembled, frisking about like rabbits. I think they were only amateurs, spending the afternoon in a little piscatory amusement.

The river in this part and many others was covered with a thick green slime like a stagnant pool.

Twice or thrice we saw an alligator with his ugly mouth wide open, and this made us a little cautious about going ashore when we had the chance to run close in for the evening.

One evening we were clambering to what appeared to me a fairy bower, overhung with lichis, of which Nam was exceedingly greedy. Paolo was in advance helping me, and Nam in the rear also lending his assistance, when he made a wide stride for his short legs on to a log, as he fancied; down went the log; over went Nam into the water; and with a splash and a splurge the great horrid head of the alligator rose within a foot of me. There was a general

yell and rush both to and from the beast. I scrambled up the bank, how I don't quite know, and what became of the brute I did not see, only that none of the crew were devoured, as they all responded to muster roll, and seemed highly to enjoy Nam's and my adventure.

For my own part, I do not think the creatures do attack men, and that the thing was quite as much alarmed as we were, and was only seeking to get out of the way.

We abandoned our retreat into the fairy bower for that evening, and sought refuge on the junk. There, too, in the cool of the evening, came the sweet little yellow water-wag-tail, tripping about in his quaint, old-fashioned manner; and a lovely bird like a swallow, with green wings lined with burnished gold—a glittering bird worthy of this brilliant clime, although the sky of Cochin-China, and especially of Siam, has not that deep blue which Italy and America can boast, but rather a pale blue.

I had proposed immeasurable work to be done on board the junk, where we expected to sit with our hands before us all day in *dolce far niente,* but the case turned out quite different from our anticipations. Besides urging

the bronzes, and rousing Paolo, I had to be always tutoring Nam so as to prevent him from running quite out of control, as for instance—cutting salt-fish with my pen-knife, making small boats of my shoes, and breaking open the canned meats to be ready, as he thought, days before—in short, to prevent him from destroying all our valuables, and our own peace and comfort, I was obliged, as Mrs. Caudle says, "to keep my eye upon him."

Then there was the water to clear, for, in spite of having made a large provision quite sufficient to last us, that prodigal trio contrived to dispose of it by the second day; and we were reduced to mud, which had to be cleared by boiling and putting in alum, the movement of the boat making it difficult to settle. Also there was the house-keeping to attend to—to arrange what we were to have for breakfast and dinner; to see that the eggs were not broken; nor the canned milk filled with roaches. If all this was not strictly attended to, we should, in spite of ample provision, have found ourselves reduced to rice and salt-fish.

Thus, notwithstanding the twelve hours of daylight, we did not find the great leisure for writing we had expected.

In this way seven days of unmeasured beauty, of incessant novelty and pleasure, of continued splashing of the oars, of unnumbered opium pipes, smoked by Paolo and the mandarin, brought us to the top of Tonli-Sap, and up a small stream where we soon stuck fast in the mud; when the bronzes went ashore and returned with two buffaloes, which they harnessed to the boat; and so we continued our sort of amphibious journey—one foot of water and one foot of mud—for a few miles, until we reached a landing, where horses, elephants, buffaloes, and ox-waggons were waiting for us, having been sent by the governor of Siem Phep, in consequence of an *avant courier* forwarded by the King of Campuchia.

The waggon is a small carriage on two wheels, narrow and long, with a bamboo bottom, on which the traveller reclines as in a hammock, and a banana-leaf covering. Upon a smooth road, this vehicle would not be uncomfortable, and the oxen walked at a fair pace; but the descent into the deep holes and quagmires was terrible.

After a day's journey, I resolved to patronize the elephant, or the pony. A great part of the route was over paddy-fields; and a river

intervening made no difference to us. We went straight through; the water, so long as it did not drown me, seemed unheeded by our drivers, who experienced nothing of our European dread of getting wet.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CAMPUCHIANS.

IT is difficult to fix the origin of the Cambogians with any positiveness, but many authors agree in supposing them to have come from the banks of the Ganges, founding this origin upon the similarity which exists between their language and the Sanscrit, and the resemblance of the monuments which the Cambogians still possess to those which are found on the plains of Hindostan; but at what period they emigrated from the banks of the Ganges, and traversed the vast forests of Hindoo China, is not absolutely ascertained. It is still more difficult to give any definite history of Campuchia, under the circumstances that there remain no annals or indexes to direct the study, the country having been so completely torn by wars on every side, as well as by civil contentions, that the records have been probably

destroyed. The very little I have been able to ascertain has been principally from Père S—— and Père B——, who, from their long residence in the country and their perfect knowledge of the language, have been able to collect what is known by the present generation or traditions.

The name Cambogia (or Campuchia) is evidently the European or Portuguese version of the Siamese word Kamphuxia, changing K to C, and the P to B, and C to G, from which gamboge (one of its greatest productions) takes its name. The real name was Khmer. It is stated by the Cambogians that about the eleventh or twelfth century there existed a great city named Inthapat or Angkor, governed by a king whose dynasty had reigned a length of time. At this epoch an usurper, a mere peasant, took possession of the throne. This illustrious man is the leper king who is supposed to have built the temple of Angkor; and we were shown his statue and the ruins of his palace. This I believe to be a legend, but the Cambogians attribute all the grandeur of their kingdom to him.

About the fourteenth century the Cambogians united with the Birmese to crush the Siamese.

The Birmans were a warlike people, but the Siamese were sunk in luxury, and were at that time governed by a prince named Pra Narai. Recovering themselves, and indignant with the King of Cambodia, they prepared to attack him, Pra Narai swearing to wash his feet in the blood of the King of Cambodia. A terrible war ensued, which has left its traces in the beautiful monuments and the degradation of this country, which since that time has never been able to raise itself from the ashes in which it was overwhelmed.

The destruction of the great city of Angkor Thnom has obviously been the work of vengeance rather than of time and decay; the most beautiful statuary and bas-reliefs have been mutilated and wantonly broken. Vast masses of stone have been detached and hurled from their positions; some of the mighty cone-shaped towers, however, seem to have defied their fury, and remain standing in their exquisite symmetry of the reversed leaf, while the more solid domes and buttresses are lying prone in confusion of ruin. There can be no doubt, I think, that the temples and palaces of the city of Angkor Thnom have been pulled down, and that the invaders did not reach so far as Angkor Wat, some ten or

twelve miles distant, which is of the same date as the former, and almost perfect.

The capital of Campuchia, Phnom Pengh (or Nam Van), is supposed to occupy the site mentioned by the ancient historian Ptolemy as Thinœ or Sinœ, situated at the borders of a river that divides into two branches, called Cotiaris and Lanus. More to the north is another large city, called Sinarium Metropolis, which is, probably, the ruined city of Angkor Thnom; "and near," says the chronicler, "are islands, upon which are to be seen satyrs, remarkable for their splendid tails." These may have been islands upon the Lake of Tonli-Sap; and the satyrs might have been the monkeys which took such an uncomfortable interest in my proceedings.

Two centuries ago the whole of that vast space, from the Gulf of Tongking to the Gulf of Siam, belonged to Campuchia. The kingdom is supposed now to be about twenty thousand square miles in extent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SIEM REPH.

ARRIVED at Siem Reph, the scene was picturesquely wild. The whole village turned out to witness this unheard-of exhibition and event of a white woman coming to visit the governor (or Pher non Phapolï), whose name was Traï Poplï; for I had thought it better to put my visit in that form.

The village was a gathering of matting-houses interspersed with beautiful foliage—cocoa-nut, mango, acacia, banyan, and a great variety of other trees, of which I knew not the names. The river which runs through it was at the present time at low water. It was studded with buffaloes taking a bath, their noses and horns alone being visible, and very curious water-wheels about twenty feet high. Attached to each paddle is a piece of hollow bamboo, which fills with water as the wheel descends, and

empties itself into a small trough when it reaches the highest point, and thus is conveyed into the gardens and irrigates the land.

Scores of these are along the river-bank; the wheels, the paddles, and the whole thing of bamboo, all tied together.

In a country where they do not know how to employ iron (for I am informed that there is iron of the purest kind to be found) it is astonishing to see how they replace its uses with bamboo-tying. Withes fasten everything together, and no nails are used.

The most curious thing that struck us in this primitive spot, where all seemed in a complete state of nature, was a rampart-wall, enclosing a space of about twenty acres, the abode of Traï Poplï, his high mandarins and retainers. It was a solid fortification built of large blocks of stone, with a massive gateway. The wall was castellated and about eighteen or twenty feet high, very similar to fortified towns in France and Italy.

Several mandarins had been deputed to receive us, and install us in the abode prepared for us, of bamboo, of course. It was elevated on poles about six feet from the ground, and we entered by a ladder! It was divided into four

large stalls by screens of fresh white bamboo, the flooring of laths of ditto, an inch or two apart, terrible snares for forks, hairpins, scissors, and other small articles liable to slip through one's fingers and through the trellis-work flooring into the unexplored cellars below. The roof was of bamboo poles thatched with ataps ; the beautiful matting of the country covering portions of the floor.

In the stall where I was to sleep, large urns of earthenware denoted the climate, for cool water becomes in this country the greatest luxury one can enjoy. Two wonderful-looking chairs, painted scarlet and gold, with serpents for legs and dragons for the backs, and intensely uncomfortable, adorned my saloon, which was open to the three breezes and accessible by two ladders or double flight of steps by which we entered.

Green cocoa-nuts were lying about, ready to be opened and to yield their cool, refreshing milk; water-melons were in piles, so that my chamber looked rather like an arsenal with great shot ranged around.

After taking a shower-bath (a very easy matter, by upsetting the tub over my head, the water of course dripping off into the cellar) I felt my

courage revive, and the zeal to behold this great wonder of the world, Angkor Wat, was increased. Pher non Phapoli sent in a large silver tray, which would have adorned the palace of Louis XIV., filled with sweet-meats, fruits, delicious croquets, and sugar-almonds, worthy of any French *patissier*, made by his wives for my delectation.

As soon as I had completed my toilette by adorning myself in a pompadour of all the colours of the rainbow, which I got at the French *exposition*, and which I was sure would give pleasure to the harem at least, I was ready to pay my visit.

Paolo came out in green silk breeches, blue jacket broché in gold, and a salmon-coloured scarf about his waist; Nam in loose white pants and jacket, crimson scarf round his middle, and crimson turban—the Annamite costume.

Under an enormous scarlet umbrella, borne over me by a mandarin, I walked about twenty yards to pay my state visit to the governor. He received me in the great room of the house, which is entirely open, front and sides. It is elevated from the ground about ten or twelve feet; and in the various grades of steps squatted the retainers of different rank; the high manda-

rins sitting on the same level as the governor, but crouching low at a distance. Traï Poplï was a short fat man, with a round face and twinkling black eyes, which opened on me with an expression of wonder and pleasure. After the usual welcome—that he was glad to have me as his guest, that I must ask for anything I wanted, that all under his government was at my command—he told me he had never seen any "thing" like me before; that I was the very first white woman that had ever come to his province. Frenchmen had passed; but they were not so fair as I. He said he was glad I had ventured so far from my own country, as it gave him pleasure to look at me.

Of course I returned suitable compliments, telling him that it would have been quite impossible for me to have reached here, had it not been for his and the King of Campuchia's kindness in furnishing me with means of transit. All this time a crowd of astonished faces had been peering through the open door behind his chair, and, when I produced my little presents of bracelets—one a handsome gold and amethyst—(for they appreciate good things, these barbarians)—scent-bottles, fancy portemonnaies, and embroidered handkerchiefs, their eyes di-

lated with delight, as they could hear through the interpreter that they were intended for them. I suggested that probably the wives would wish to see me, and that I should like to pay them a visit. When this was translated two or three beckoned me with their hands, and Pher-non-Phapolï rose to conduct me, when there occurred a general stampede. Wives, slaves, children, flew in all directions, and stowed themselves into all sorts of sheds, holes, and corners; but, when we reached the great harem room, Traï Poplï, after seating me in one of the remarkable chairs, had his first wife brought forth. She was a poor, sickly-looking creature, who had been ill for fifteen years, and considerably older than her husband; indeed I have remarked that, in this polygamist custom, the first wife is generally older than her husband. After her came her sister-wives one by one.

I do not think they all admired me, for I could tell by the sound of their laugh that they were quizzing me; but they were immediately frowned down by the governor, whose merry eyes said distinctly: "I would like to touch your white hands and face, and don't care a straw for your nails being short;" but his were so fearfully long that it required great skill to shake hands with him.

When I gave my hand to the women, some roared with laughter at the shortness of my nails, while others thought the whiteness of my skin very beautiful, and pawed me tenderly. One old lady detected the mosquito bites, and said in a plaintive tone, *Moucaame! moucaame!* I repeated the word and the cadence *moucaame*, which seemed to arouse their affectionate regard. They rolled up my sleeves, and sympathised over every bite of these horrible insects, Pher-non-Phapolï looking on and laughing delightedly.

Of course the intense heat had rendered my arms as white as snow, and the mosquito bites showed red and sore. The governor said I should not be marked in this way—even by mosquitoes, whilst in his province; and he would send me a mosquito curtain through which not *one* mosquito could enter. All the wives chimed in in chorus.

I was fast winning the Siamese heart; so true is it (and who knows it better than I?) that misfortune rather than excellence touches the human breast. Pher-non-Phapolï told me that fowls and eggs, fish, buffaloes, horses, elephants, and men, would all be placed at my disposal; that I was to make use of everything as in my own house, where he doubted not I had every

comfort and luxury, which he was unable to offer.

All this time he and his wives were chewing betel-nut, and spitting cupsful of blood-like liquor, so that when I offered my casket of French bon-bons and French conservés, there had to take place a general washing-out of their mouths, which made me feel sick; for, although I can bandage a wound, the sight of blood without danger or pain always makes me shudder. But, of course, I had to conceal my disgust at this filthy custom, as I had to do in America, when an otherwise agreeable man suddenly astonished me by squirting out of his mouth half-an-ounce of dirty-brown liquid.

After the harem had been duly examined, we returned into the reception-room. At one end of this room was a number of instruments; some of the form of boats, others of the chimney-pot drum description, and others again circular; in the centre of one of which last the performer sat beating with drum-sticks on metal bells, or basins, all the way round him.

Traï Poplï apologised for the meagreness of his band: he had sent them to his mother, who lived some days' march distance, and where there was a fête. However, the boat and the

circle played a duet, which was really beautiful in point of melody, time, and execution, even scientific in parts, commencing with a prelude with minor fifths and sevenths.

Then came a sort of fugue, extremely difficult and complicated, but delightful to listen to; and I wish that enterprising and artistic lover of music, Mr. Arthur Chappell, could have heard these Cambogian musicians. I am sure he would at once have had them transported to St. James's Hall, to delight the *élite* of London.

We returned, under the red umbrella, to our own château on pegs, where the crowd of villagers squatted round, every woman with a baby on her hip. I noticed they came in relays of thirty or forty at a time, and all night long they mounted guard, anxious to catch a glimpse of the white woman. After partaking of condiments from another large silver tray, sent by the governor, containing rice, fowl, fish, sweetmeats, and fruit, cigarettes, and betel-nut (the latter monopolised by Paolo's wife), I lay down on my pallet under the green silk mosquito curtain, worn out with the day's jolting and excitement. I never moved until dawn, when I was awakened by a tremendous uproar, like the cheering and hurrahing of a vast multitude, such a

sustained cheer as I have heard given by an Irish assembly of some fifty thousand around the Four Courts in Dublin. Was I dreaming? Had I gone back to those wild days of frantic excitement of life-and-death struggle, uplifted from despair and anguish by that sustained cheer? No! the green silk mosquito curtain, and the mat on the lath floor, were the antipodes of dear Dublin; and now, being thoroughly awake, and the sound approaching nearer, I distinguished clearly that it was the crowing of cocks, hundreds, nay thousands of them, by which the forests around are peopled. They were of the most beautiful game-cock species; their plumage the finest I have ever seen; and they strutted about with their well-known bombast, and took very good care that no one should sleep whilst they were awake. So, making a merit of necessity, and wishing to start on our journey early, to avoid the heat of the day, I arose, and with two buckets of water, accomplished my toilette.

Pher-non-Phapoli, wishing to show a proper understanding of English habits, had sent me a small pony, and a very handsome English racing-saddle: but the difficulty was how to fasten it on to that small pony. It required Paolo, Nam, three mandarins, and a score of helpers, grooms,

&c., &c., to induce that pony and saddle to become united. Yet this was my only chance, the Cambogian saddle being an impossibility for a woman to mount. None of my suite had ever put on a saddle, and I was never a good groom. There was no girth; this they attempted to remedy by tying on the saddle with a withe of bamboo; but, as I could only use one stirrup, it twisted round directly I got my foot in. To avoid this, it was proposed to place me in the saddle first, then to tie me on, the grooms holding both saddle and rider; but, luckily, my eye fell upon Nam's scarf, which I appropriated for a girth; and finally the pony was saddled, and we set forth, Paolo on a Cambogian saddle tied on with a piece of rope and no stirrups. Fortunately, he had not far to fall, but it was very amusing to see him come down, first on one foot and then on the other. I suspect Paolo was not a good horseman, under the most advantageous circumstances. Nam and Rot managed their steeds, or their saddles, better. Quy had to keep to the bandy, or waggon, as it is not considered proper for Cambogian women to ride, though they do wear breeches. The road wound through the dense forest, a thick undergrowth of jungle, over-

topped by magnificent trees, many over one hundred feet high—not merely bare trunks, like the cocoa-nut and sugar-palm (from which a very sweet sugar is made), but full-leaved trees, such as the wild mango, whose leaf is of delicious green and immense breadth, and the wild lichi, with its sweet berry. Under these the road was one continuous avenue, occasionally breaking into open spaces, where we saw wild peacocks disporting their gorgeous tails in the morning sunlight: but no pen can describe the exquisite warbling of the birds. Linnets, thrushes, blackbirds, larks, canaries, all combined, could not have made the air more melodious. Wave after wave, it seemed to burst upon us; the most glorious feathered chorus that ever welcomed the rising sun, and in the midst an exquisite trill broke through the whole, so liquid and bright, so pure and mellow, so rich and full, that it quite startled the listener. Ever amidst the charming vocalists, one little black-and-white bird performed the part of castanetts, such was his only note; but it served to beat time, and mingled pleasantly with the rest: still, the *prima donna* must surely have been the nightingale, and even so, she excelled her usual self. Many a delightful

ride have I taken at morn, and sunset, and moonlight, and in many and various portions of the globe; but that morning ride on the racing saddle from Siem Reph to Angkor Wat will live the longest in my memory.

CHAPTER XIX.

ANGKOR WAT.

WE had ridden about four hours without perceiving how the time had flown. Entranced by the novelties and beauties all around me, which filled my senses to overflowing with sweet sounds, delicious odours, and lovely colouring, I submitted with indifference to Paolo's announcement that I could go no farther on my pony, and must now descend and walk. I made a few steps after him, mechanically, inspecting a flower I had just culled, when, raising my eyes, I was almost paralysed at beholding the full glory of the temple of Angkor Wat displayed before me. It seemed more stupendous than any building I had ever seen in my life, though this may have been the effect of its rising suddenly out of the very heart of the great forest. I had not at all realised its magnificence in my continuous fight to get there,

and on the road had been too much engrossed with other beauties. For awhile I could not speak; my faculties seemed absorbed, and overcome. But presently, as my eyes took in each separate beauty, the terrible need of sympathy in my pleasure came over me. Oh, for an individual who could understand my civilised tongue, that I might have uttered some exclamation of pleasure and delight! One of my suite was busy with the horses and buffaloes; Ouy was seated on the ground, rocking her knees, with her back to the temple; and Nam was inspecting some ripe lichi hanging on a tree above him. It was exasperating. I seized him by the shoulders, turned him round, and pointed to the temple.

"Is that it?" was all he said.

How I longed to call a spirit "from the vasty deep"—or anywhere else—to gloat with me over this wonderful spectacle! Thus all my enthusiasm had to flow down to my fingers, to be written out, and so assuage the desire of reciprocity.

The temple or pagoda, or *Wat of Angkor*, is built in the form of a quadrangle, covering a square mile of ground, and is composed of four squares, one within the other. A mas-

sive wall, with various outbuildings and four splendid entrance halls, form the first square, within which is a lake. The second quadrangle is a raised terrace, formed of solid blocks of stone, fitted together on the model of the Via-Appia of Rome. A massive and richly carved balustrade protects this terraced walk, which bridges the lake on four sides. The terrace, which is now considerably dilapidated, measures eighteen hundred feet each side, and upon it rises a magnificent building, in the form of a vestibule or gallery, with three domes or cupolas, and a grand entrance hall. There are in this outer gallery four thousand six hundred feet of bas-relievo or mezzo-relievo, on which calculation there must be millions of figures. The whole is sculptured minutely, and the delicate precision of the lines and angles of the pilasters and gateways gives a perfect symmetry to the whole. The steps up to this gateway are flanked on either side with colossal lions, their manes so carved as to put me in mind of Lord Chancellors' wigs.

Inside this square have been magnificent gardens and fish-ponds. Four detached houses, in the same style, had probably been the residences of priests of the temple, all of solid stonework,

without a particle of wood, iron, or mortar. The third square is six hundred feet each side. It rises superbly from the elevation of the terrace, with eight towers, about a hundred and fifty feet above its basement level.

To give any idea of the architecture is difficult, as it follows no recognised order, neither Assyrian nor Moorish, not Greek nor Roman; but the windows or apertures were formed of twisted Doric columns. The towers are all executed in the manner of projecting leaves, as of the pine-apple, having the shape of a bishop's mitre. All the roofs are domed, and made of solid stone; all the door-ways are square, and surrounded with elaborate beadings and pilasters, exceedingly chaste. The windows are richly mullioned, of course without glass.

This structure is surrounded by a double row of square columns or pillars, with ornamental capitals and pedestals; the surface of each column is a bas-relievo with the figure of a woman finely attired in a skirt, which must have represented silk, as it is *broché*, with a pattern such as ladies wear at the present day. The skirt is trimmed with a fringe or braiding, is gored, and has no bodice, the person above the waist being uncovered save by a deep necklace, which

descends upon the shoulders: and armlets, bracelets, and anklets of jewels and gold completing the toilette. But the scantiness of the dress is compensated by the head-dress, which towers in strange fantastic shape as high again as the head; it is square on the forehead, like the coif of Marie Stuart.* The face is round, the features short, the eyes large and soft, quite different from the Chinese. The figures are round and graceful, but lack development of muscle in the arms and legs. There must have been thousands of these figures, for this building alone was surrounded by four hundred and eighty detached pillars, each holding two figures.

The interior of this colonnade was a picture gallery, wrought in stone or black marble (in mezzo-relievo), of historical events, great battles with half a million of men engaged, each regiment consisting of one thousand—the numerical strength of the present day—and bearing different insignia. The figures all wore tight-fitting singlets and short bathing drawers, the arm and legs remaining bare; elephants with gorgeous trappings and chiefs on their backs, with great umbrellas held over them. The

* A similar head-gear or casque is worn by the King of Campuchia's dancers of the present day.

arms are javelins, arrows, and a sort of truncheon or battle-axe; the men fighting on foot, the chiefs on horseback. The horses are remarkably well drawn, and the riders have capital seats, but no stirrups. The warriors are in chariots and on elephants, the latter dashing among the troops and whirling them up in the air. The day after the victory women and children are led captive with the prisoners. The tortures inflicted on the conquered are terrible; and, although I tried several times to examine them, it made me quite sick at every effort, and I therefore spare my readers the description.

In another gallery was a representation of a fight between men and monkeys, humorous and grotesque, and very significant of the Darwinian theory. The legend is, that the monkeys so closely approached men that they contended with them in open fight, but being utterly subdued and crushed, they sank into degradation, probably not a greater fall than that of the present Cambogians from their grand ancestors. This battle between the men and the monkeys, wherein thousands and thousands of figures are engaged, conveys a sort of puzzling reality very astonishing. As regards the infantry the men

seemed to get the worst of it, the monkeys, having so much longer arms, and being so much stronger, spring on the men, and tear them limb from limb, biting the faces with their large teeth, and twisting the heads from their bodies, as I have seen them twist cocoa-nuts from the trees. The men are fighting with some kind of javelins, but the monkeys use clubs. The attitudes of both monkeys and men were powerfully drawn and characteristic, denoting artists perfectly conversant with their subject.

It would appear that the men, finding their individual efforts no match for their foes, have recourse to the aid of other animals, the elephants and lions harnessed to chariots, and horses with dragon's heads, very likely fitted on, as is still a custom in China. The lions and elephants are evidently more than equal to the monkeys when they could catch them, and are represented as crunching them up at a mouthful, the elephants with their trunks throwing up a score of them, while the monkeys bound from a distance on to the backs of the elephants, and brain their riders, gorgeous warriors in suits of gold, the gilding so thick that it has lasted to the present day. So also the monkeys spring up on the backs of the chariots, and club the

charioteers out of the reach of the lion. There are buffaloes also drawing chariots.

Some of the warriors had wings, and used bows and arrows and long spears. The fight seems to have been horrible; whether a reality or the imagination of the sculptor, I refrain from giving an opinion. When the inscriptions are deciphered, they will no doubt clear up the matter. The *tableaux* are very striking and wonderfully wrought. In another place there were exquisite bas-reliefs of a great procession marching through the forest, the trees marvellously chiseled. The sculptures were entablatures of grotesque figures and floral delineations, even to the very crochet patterns ladies are working at the present day, that is to say, before the Greek pattern came into fashion.

There is an allegorical picture of a dragon or serpent, four hundred feet long, which a multitude of people are unable to subdue or tame, until *one* is sent from heaven, who possesses about thirty faces, representing omniscience, and as many hands, being all-powerful.*

The dragon reaches the full length of the gallery. The one from heaven subdues the

* In Spain I met with a very old picture representing Christ, with three heads or faces.

dragon, and the men are able to curb him afterwards. This seems a strange parody, cut in stone, upon the redemption of the world. In this Arabesque picture the fish and aquatic animals are prodigious; it would take weeks to examine them.

There was another beautiful procession of a wedding, where the bride was being carried in a sort of palanquin, the King seated upon his throne awaiting her. Here the leaves, and flowers, and trees, were as exquisitely carved as anything I have ever seen, and the numbers of figures were impossible to count, except by massing a square yard of them. Then there were bands of musicians accompanying her, with drums, trumpets, and a number of instruments incomprehensible to me. The fourth square was another beautifully sculptured building, elevated about fifty feet above the outer one. It contained a vestibule of five hundred pillars, and I should be afraid to say how many gods, or images of Buddha.

They were in rows, or tumbling about pell-mell; and I plead guilty to having helped myself, for the benefit of science, which, viewing the objects, may possibly aid in defining the date of these ruins, as yet unsettled. There were also four large swimming-baths, finely

carved and ornamented, the moulding of the steps covered with lace-like tracery—probably reserved for the priest's ablutions, before entering the *sanctum sanctorum*, which is the final square, surmounted by a grand tower, considerably higher than the rest. Forty steps conduct you up to it, and in a splendid array of sculptured columns, is the quadruple sleeping Buddha, intended to represent one figure with four sides. The pillars and steps are so arranged that, in walking up and down, you seem always to come upon the same figure, which is, in fact, four figures precisely alike.

It is a *couchant* figure, about nine or ten feet long, so deeply gilt that even at the present day—a period supposed to be *two* thousand years from its origin—it still resembles solid gold. The wonderful repose conveyed in this figure is remarkable. It typifies perfect quietude, which never had been and never could be disturbed. Neither in painting nor in sculpture have I ever seen peace, tranquillity, absorption, so effectively portrayed.

One is overawed by this idea of stillness, and feels disinclined to raise the voice or move boisterously. Several other figures surround the Buddha—one standing with the hand raised, as

if enjoining silence; others in attitudes of waiting, all of stone, richly gilt. Under each tower is a colossal figure, twelve to fourteen feet high. Some are mutilated, but most of them are in a good state of preservation. I gathered some purple *immortelles* to carry away and look at in years to come, when I shall scarcely believe that I have ever been there, or that there is such a place in the world; for so it is with me and most people who have wandered alone in strange wild places, and then returned to quiet home life.

Those glowing tropical scenes of lurid light and transparent green appear like the heated fancies of a dream, and scarcely of this world. But just a little flower, or leaf, or even the hollow skin of a centipede, which I found in the temple, polished like ivory, brings back the whole scene vividly to the mind. Those curious shaped towers arise into the blue azure; the lonely heron sits pensively on one leg on the very topmost stone of the tower; and the thought of the twittering and rush of the horrid bats gives me the same shudder, lest they should take a fancy to settle in my hair.

One morning I took courage to look up to the roof, and saw them, some with bright eyes scrutinizing me, hanging by their tails, I believe, or

the last hook of their wings—as large as cats. Their wings, when extended, would measure wider than a duck's. I was terribly afraid that they were vampires or blood-suckers; they are said to be the same species as in Java, which suck the blood of infants left asleep. Here they would never get such a chance, for the mother never leaves the infant for a minute. She places it on her hip wherever she moves, and between her legs when she sits down, and the child until it is three or four years old, never goes a yard from its mother's apron string—if she wore that garment. One affinity I noticed, that in the frescoes the women carried their children in the same way, although there were very few depicted. All the ladies were represented in state dresses, viz., ornaments upon the neck and arms, and ankles, and an embroidered petticoat, and magnificent head-dress—not at all the same costume as worn by the Cambogians of the present day, which, as described, is a square of cloth tightened round the waist, the ends tucked up between the legs, and so forming a sort of drawers, and a scarf round the body, generally under the shoulders; whereas the ladies' arabesques had only a very tightly gored petticoat, wrapping over in the front, like some morning wrapper.

There also, in this building, fifty feet above the terrace, were four large court-yards, surrounded by galleries with double pillars; the outside having windows of twisted Doric bars. The tower formed the centre of the four courts, and was surrounded by scores of pillars, every one bearing the woman's figure on the base, and richly decorated capitals. Those encircling the *sanctum sanctorum*, the sleeping Buddha, had been gilt so deeply that one could pick off the gold. Thus the inner temple, the holy of holies, is a square within four other squares, about a hundred feet high, flanked by four sugar-loaf or pine-apple towers, about one hundred and fifty feet in height; each square rising from thirty to fifty feet higher than the anterior one.

The amount of stone requisite to build these gigantic structures is incalculable, and it remains an enigma whence it could have been procured.

The country far around is a sandy soil, not producing a pebble: and the stones are so enormous that it is a mystery how they could have been conveyed and hoisted on to their places. The arabesques are, I believe, equal to those of Nineveh; the *coup d'œil*, to St. Peter's, at Rome; and the general effect quite as impressive as the Pyramids.

On the terrace *enceinte*, or second enclosure, is established the monastery of Buddhist monks, who, strange to say, do not inhabit the temple, or even worship there, but in little mat sheds, which rather detract in their disorderly appearance from the grandeur of the tout ensemble.

They have a sort of bible, or history of Buddha, or Som-mon-nom-dom, which, fortunately for caligraphists, has been curtailed to Buddha; who had for mother a woman named Maha, or Meia, who was born pure in the calyx of the lily Nenuphar, and brought forth a son unto the world by miraculous conception.

This woman is held in high veneration by the priests, who devote hours to the repetition of her name in the same way as the recital of the rosary.

The Cambogians have much more sentiment of religion than the Annamites, and believe firmly in God and the devil.

All the time I remained, there was an ever-changing crowd of people from the villages, far and near, coming to see me, as the first white woman they had ever beheld. They generally brought me small presents of fruit, flowers, vegetables, fish, eggs, and chickens. They would squat around the house, canvassing my

appearance as a phenomenon. They sometimes wanted to touch and rub me, to satisfy themselves that I was real, and not got up for the occasion.

One old woman came frequently, and, after gratifying her eye-sight, always asked to eat. I gave her rice, which she tied up in her *langouti*, the sole rag she wore round her loins. She differed from the other women in the fashion of her hair, which had been allowed to grow, and now stood out in a comical tower half a yard from her head. How long it had taken for the hair to mat itself solidly into that shape, I do not know; but it had obviously not been combed nor disturbed for a length of time. It was nearly gray, with a reddish tinge; and I think she must have had it in the saffron vat, where the priests dye their vestments. I was cautioned not to meddle with her, as she was possessed by the devil; that she could effect great evil, and foretell things to come; that her brother, who was the abbot of the priests, had often tried to exorcise the evil spirit in her, but he refused to quit. I could not help telling them to "try swine."

She had a wild look in her eyes, and glared vindictively when she noticed she was the sub-

ject of comment. I gave her a little more rice to conciliate the evil one.

Poor body! she was another victim to circumstances, for I was told she had been possessed from her youth, and no one would marry her.

We find among the Malays the same superstition of women possessed by a spirit speaking in unknown tongues. They have also the old practice—for which women used formerly to be burnt as witches in England—of making a little figure which is by degrees torn to pieces, and as the figure decays, so does the person it is supposed to represent.

They also make charms for the love-sick, the *elisire d'amore*, and charms to be laid on the mat of the sleeper, by which the affections of that individual can be influenced or changed.

They also have women troubadours, who go from harem to harem chanting in a sort of metrical rhyme stories and adventures; but they are not at all particular to make the rhyme, but carry on half the tune or stanza, or dwell for half a bar on one syllable, "Ah! ah! ah!" until they get the right length of metre, so that there is little merit in this sort of improvising, which reminds one of a

village clerk who, wedding a psalm to a new tune, supplemented the deficient meter by the introduction of "Rum-tidi-al-sal-vation."

BAKINK.

The ruins of *Bakink* were situated on the only rising ground within twenty miles—scarcely a hillock, formed of white marble.

The pagoda's sculpture and statuary were of the same character as the other *Wat;* but these were the more sacred, as they had been constructed to cover and enshrine the impression of the foot of Buddha. This fabulous foot must have been a yard and a half long; right under the instep is a figure of a rosette which I copied. The rosette alone measures ten inches; it is all deeply gilt, and emblazoned in vermilion, and enclosed within splendidly carved moulding of stone; and above it had been erected a pagoda, like the *Wat's,* but on a smaller scale.

One of the lodges at the gateway was jammed full of figures of Buddha, of all sizes; and in the other, a colossal statue fallen from its pedestal and lying on the ground, its head with four faces reposing beside it. It measured fourteen feet, without the pedestal.

Both the lodges were built of solid blocks of stone.

From the top of this hill the view was magnificent; far away to the horizon, on every side, was one vast ocean of waving trees, brilliantly green in the foreground, and shading off into deep blue, which grew dim and pale as it mingled with the sky; and, rising majestic above this leafy bed, shone the pine-cone shaped towers of the pagoda of Angkor Wat. Overwhelming as the view had been from these towers, it was greatly enhanced by having them as an object.

I do not think there is in the world so beautiful a building, with such a lovely surrounding; every shade of green viridifying the silver stems and trunks of the trees; and here and there a mass of the crimson-flowering cotton-tree, and the *flamboyant*, with its torch-like flowers; and others of golden brown. For twenty miles we could see the circle of the horizon around. No wonder the Cambogian believes in nothing so much as in his own forests. So far as his eye can see, he beholds trees, and more trees, and trees beyond. As far as he can walk, he treads for ever under their shade.

One little object, dimly visible in the blue distance, struck me as being very peculiarly shaped for trees; and, from what we could make out from our minor mandarin, it was more ruins, about twenty miles away, on some rising ground, for this now deserted country must once have been thronged with cities, temples, and highly cultivated inhabitants, warriors, sculptors, artists, architects, mechanicians, fine workers in gold and jewels, men of letters, &c. We could now distinctly see the distance of the outer wall which surrounded Angkor Wat.

CHAPTER XX.

BIVOUAC IN SIAM.

OUR domestic life was, perhaps, as curious as anything around. My establishment consisted of Nam, my femme de chambre, personal attendant, and general aide-de-camp; of Rot, the boatman, who had come with me as general valet, to fetch and carry; and of Paolo, the interpreter, and his wife—who belonged essentially to his suite, for, although the stipulation had been that she was to cook for me, she did nothing in the culinary way but light her lord's pipe, and attend to his opium requirements generally, little Nam having to cook for the whole party; which cooking consisted principally in boiling rice, frying fish, or grilling a chicken, whenever we could get one. Then there was the minor mandarin, charged by the governor to see that no harm betided me, and

to attend to me generally. He had a suite of about a score of grooms for the ponies, drivers for the oxen, runners *en avant*, trainers *en arrière*, always in couples. It appeared that one man could not do anything alone: he must have some one to help him, even to remain idle.

As I have said, we were established in a bamboo-shed without a bottom, mother earth being six feet below us, and the slender bamboo splints on which we lived creaked and bent at every step we took, and the pegs on which we were supported were constantly giving way. Paolo, attempting to eject a stray cat without a tail by the appliance of a kick, got his feet through the lattice-work floor, and remained seated on a rail, whence he had to be extricated by Nam and Rot, much to their wicked delight.

The roof was neatly thatched with grass, very superior to our English straw thatch. The inside was quite symmetrical and pretty. The walls, which opened outwards like shutters, were made of bamboo tied together, and we propped them upwards with sticks. We divided the shed into three compartments, with matting: my chamber, then that of Paolo and his wife, and Nam and Rot slept upon a sort of broad step, also of bamboo. Of course, our beds

or mattresses were stretched on the laths, with the mosquito curtain carefully tucked under.

I slept as well as I could have done in a royal bed. Indeed, it was a royal bed, for did it not belong to the King of Campuchia? I slept with all my shutters open. We had no doors to shut, and I opened my eyes in the morning upon that glorious leafy wilderness and those stupendous ruins. That is, if I succeeded in sleeping through the cock crows which heralded the dawn; for here, to my dismay, we had no sooner made our arrangements in our new abode, than a deputation of roosters appeared.

At first we made them welcome, under the sanguinary hope that presently we could kill and eat them. But such a thought was vain. They turned out to be sacred cocks, presented to and living under the protection of Buddha; and no one dared touch them for their lives. They considered it a sacrilege as monstrous as picking out the gold from Buddha's eyes. They were beautiful birds certainly, but the very noisiest that ever crowed; and to see them strutting about in all the glory of their plumage and arrogance, awaking us up at their own pleasure in the morning, and shrieking discordantly all day long, was too provoking.

Even the splendid feathers from their tails I could not obtain; they were too sacred; and thus we had to submit to the tyranny of these roosters. They promenaded under our house by tens and twenties, regaling themselves on our scraps and bits, and deafening us with their speeches and unasked opinions. There were very few hens, and I concluded that polyandry was the institution most in vogue amongst the saintly birds. We saw a lady walking about with several husbands, à la Veddahs, or modern American Laura Fairs. I do not believe there was much domestic felicity amongst them; they were eternally fighting and crowing. I have seen one lady fought for by two gallant gentlemen (very likely a first husband and a second, as is frequently the case in our own life), carried off by a third, sly rogue, *sans cérémonie*, whilst the other two irate feathered bipeds were tearing each other's combs, and draggling that fine plumage. "Telle est la vie!" This demonstrated, to my mind, how much more the female brain is given to forbearance and solid common sense than the male. I have never seen hens fight about a cock, or Mormon or Chinese women fight about their husbands. *Cui bono?* they say, justly and philosophically—what is the use?

Once awake, I had nothing to do but put on my brown-holland dress, which is of all things the most desirable garment for this climate, because it is cool and strong, and not transparent, —three great desiderata in travelling when the thermometer ranges between 80° and 90°, and you have to mount racing-saddles and elephants, besides ruins, rocks, and trees, and sit on the floor; for of course we had neither chairs nor tables. A cushion, with our plates on our laps, was the best we could muster. It was a daily picnic, with the one exception that we had no champagne—only seltzer-water and claret. If we wished to indulge in champagne, we put a little brandy in our seltzer; if we particularly preferred pink champagne, then we added claret. We had provided ourselves with a great variety of canned meats, which, nevertheless, all had much the same taste of well-stewed rags, except the San Francisco salmon, which was always delicious.

Now and then we got a chicken: we might have had plenty but for the everlasting somnolence of Paolo; sometimes fish, sweet potatoes, cabbage, and other vegetables unknown in Europe. Indeed, we might have had a very good table, even on our knees, if we had had a

commissariat officer instead of that sleepy Paolo. Besides we soon discovered that the small Ouy was wide awake while her lord slept, and helped herself, quietly intercepting any small delicacies which the villagers brought for me, to regale him with when he awoke.

Day after day the country people assembled round our shed to view this great wonder of a white woman, raising their hands in token of great respect, and uttering admiring exclamations of "*Yah!*" but as their mouths were always full of betel-nut leaves and lime, it sounded "*Ya-wh-h!*" The children, to the age of seven or eight, wore no garments. The women and men were clothed exactly alike, and if they had on the scarf across the bosom, it was impossible to distinguish the sex.

The first thing in the morning, Nam made café au lait, and excellent coffee it was, with Borden's preserved milk. Cambogians consider it highly improper and indecent to milk a cow, and filthy to drink the milk. With eggs, of which we always had plenty, spite of Paolo's assurances that there were no fowls in this part of the country, we made a good breakfast.

Then we sallied forth into the temple, never forgetting the smelling-bottle; for the stench of

those bats was something overpowering and indescribable. The gateways were literally lined with them, and the fluttering and squeaking, when we passed through, was to me perfectly terrible. A bat and a cat fill me with a supernatural horror; but in the gallery or courts there were scarcely any, and there we sketched, wondered, admired, counted steps and pillars, made notes, and lived in a world of bygone grandeur, beautiful conceptions of delicate fancies in common with high minds, and great thoughts that never die, but speak for centuries in those massive stones, as they will continue to speak to souls yet unborn—telling us plainly that not Solomon alone built mighty temples to honour the Lord, but that all creatures between earth and heaven have worshipped Him with their highest thoughts and with their utmost labour—bearing testimony to generations yet to come that the great Supreme has ever been worshipped with the deepest devotion by all nations—"By saint, by savage, and by sage;" that His glory is proclaimed through the tiniest flower that enamels the sod, equally with the adamantine rocks that bulwark Yo-Semite, and the crystal gems that glisten around the islands of the Pacific.

As in these splendours of nature the Creator

is proclaimed, so in these marvels of human skill the higher soul given to man is clearly defined, though the world constantly goes astray on a name—a banner-cry often taking precedence of what it represents. Thus Buddha with his fantastic attribute, because differing from the God of Moses in the burning bush, has been considered as the worship of a false god, whereas a false god is a logical impossibility. God is the supreme power; every creature believes that and bows to that, under what form or under what name is in no way material to the fact that God is worshipped. A false god would not be power supreme, hence not God; and it is this latter all worship; it is merely the name or the attribute which we conceive to be false.

These forms of Judaism, of entering the temple in a certain way, of placing the wood in another; of inflicting death upon any who ventured behind a certain curtain; of maintaining that only a handful of God's creatures paid Him homage in the correct fashion (and even these not for long together), and in fact that the teeming millions of the world know Him not, are stumbling-blocks to the enlightenment of mankind, which it is curious to see still holding their ground through Christianity, and through civilization, and science,

as they are so fond of calling that splendid continent, of which they are so justly proud), where there is less formalistic religion than in any other country, in the last war, the dashing cavalry-leader, Stonewall Jackson, used—before ever he made a charge upon the enemy, to trample them to pieces—to retire from his staff to some quiet spot, and there on his knees supplicate the aid of the Almighty to the consummation of that feat.

Nothing could induce him to go into battle without first recommending his horrible undertaking to that beneficent Being who, in His great mercy, died for us, yet whom we have the insolence to ask to destroy His own creatures for our special whim and fancy—slavery to wit.

The ruins of Angkor Wat taught a different lesson; and I think few, whose prejudices were not fostered by interest, could fail to take this sermon from those stones. I wish my feeble pen could in any way convey to the world what they are; their beauty, their solemnity, their majestic grandeur, the great peacefulness which envelopes them, the awful stillness at certain hours, and the exquisite music of the singing birds at others, the fairy-like dreaminess of the whole scene.

And sitting under those colonnades on one of

the royal steps, emotions, strange and new, thronged around us so fast that we could not resist the fateful spell, but continued to drink deeply of the magic draught, in order to recall it freshly at some distant period. So we often sat silent, but realizing vividly all around; "hoping, wondering, fearing, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dreamt before." We were not without ravens either, and strange unearthly sounds from all sorts of creatures.

The tokay, or cokay, was the most startling and repulsive. This animal, of the alligator species, and quite as ugly, utters this cry in a sudden loud guttural manner, so like a coarse human voice that one starts and shudders at the sound. Then come the plaintive owl and the chattering monkey, and the incessant chirp of the cicala when evening approaches. Lizards dashed about uttering their little kissing sounds, so that one would have thought the place thronged with amorous lovers; and in the distance the continual chanting of the yellow monks, whose mat-sheds, like our own, were upon the grand terrace which surrounded the building. Like many Christian religious orders, they prayed six times in the twenty-four hours: at early morn, at nine, at mid-day, at three, sunset, and midnight. They were vege-

tarians, and could only eat the bread of charity, or rather rice, for bread is unknown in those countries. They cannot kill any animals, not even a mosquito, like some order in Europe, I forget which, whose votaries were not allowed to kill the fleas which abound in Italy and Spain. The yellow monks are also celibate, and the punishment, if caught *in flagrante delicto*, is terrible, the unfortunate lovers being burnt alive. I never heard of this punishment being inflicted in China, whatever it may be in Siam. They have a dead language, in which they repeat their prayers, and many are said not to know the exact meaning of what they are repeating (just like some of the monks of Christendom), and to be unable to translate the psalm which they say daily for five or six hours; but they have a general idea of the meaning.

They had a large community of boys and young men, who went to them to gather a little reading and writing. Some remained to become monks, and these were taught the ecclesiastical language. The boys appeared to carry the water, and the older ones to go off every morning to the surrounding villages for their daily supply of food. Sometimes the abbots of one monastery would visit those of another.

They arrive with a large staff of secretaries and bearers of all descriptions, under enormous crimson umbrellas, and hammock-bearers, encumbered with a great number of Sarah Gamp bundles.

There is one Grand Head Centre of all the Bonzes—a sort of Pope or Grand Patriarch.

Living in this primeval style, we very soon forgot the day of the month and even the day of the week, and, our watches having stopped simultaneously, we never knew precisely the hour of the day. Paolo, when he did take an order, was always particular to ascertain exactly the time we wished to have it executed; and we gravely told him "precisely at twelve or eight," as the case might be. That meant just when we could get it, that day or the next, for he knew nothing of the hour, any more than we did, and would go to his opium and regale himself in bliss until late at night. As the ponies and the whole team of oxen and drivers remained with us, we could make excursions when we liked. But, for all we could say, they persisted in bringing up those oxen every night, and tethering them round our shed, so that, besides the fowls, we were roused by the terrible bellowing of some discontented bull or buffalo, who,

if he had become too excited, might have thought fit to change his quarters, carrying our shed along with him. Their idea evidently was that all my possessions should be as close upon me as possible, including themselves, who wanted to sleep in a circle round my cooking fire, which was kept up to drive away the mosquitoes. I had the greatest trouble to induce them to take up their abode in a shed a little distant.

But the most distressing spectacle to me was the lean and hungry dogs that prowled about, seeking a morsel of food and fighting (poor things!) over the monopoly of an egg-shell. Whatever morsel I could spare went to the dogs, hideous and vicious as they were; for surely their tempers might well be soured, and their forms ungainly, when they were nothing but bones. I suppose they were professionally monk-dogs, strict celibates and vegetarians, and obliged to live upon the alms of others.

When I went forth on a promenade or excursion on foot, we formed a curious procession, as the whole of my retinue conceived it their duty to follow me in single file, treading exactly in my footsteps, winding in and out as though we had formed a solid whole; and I often pictured myself as some curious animal with

a very long tail. First came the head, habited in long American boots to shield my feet from thorns and prickles, straight linen dress, and Chinese hat. Then follows Nam, as special body servant, in white badjou, scarlet sash, ditto turban, and white loose trousers, and bare black feet. Next comes Paolo in bright yellow langoufti, a piece of silk tied round his loins and drawn up loosely in the middle, a gorgeous blue jacket which does not reach his waist, leaving a band of dark skin to blend the harmony of the colouring; his coiffure à la shoe-brush. Follows his wife, ditto on a smaller scale, for the Cambogian men are rather fine figures. Ouy is an Annamite woman, and extremely diminutive, not bigger than Nam, in fact. Then comes, puffing and blowing, my minor mandarin, arrayed in a bright reddish-coloured langouti only, the perspiration streaming over his broad fat chest and shoulders, coiffure shoe-brush. He is followed by his own body retainers, in more dingy red langoutis. After him, my Rot puts himself in, as belonging especially to me—a tall lithe figure, with soft, blithesome eyes, which never lose sight of me for one single moment when they are awake, and when I disappear from his view, I could easily find him an

hour afterwards still staring at the spot where he had last seen me, like a dog that is sleeping with one eye fixed on the door, whence he has been shut out by his master.

Poor, pitiable, devoted Rot! I wonder what became of him when I left, for a creature more permeated with the influence of another I have never seen. I longed to have brought him away with me and kept him as I would a large Newfoundland dog, but I am afraid that the conventionalities of English society are even now shocked by many things I did bring home, so that I should have been martyrized to Rot. His langouti was of an indescribable colour, having been so often wet in the river and dried in the sun.

Then follow my six grooms for three ponies, the mahouts, or elephant-drivers, the oxen-drivers, &c., &c.—a motley throng which increases my tail to an extreme length. If I want to secure a flower, or a twig, or a fruit, they all rush forward and volunteer their services. If my boot-laces come unfastened, Nam is the boy whose duty it is to set them right; but the whole cortége assemble round me; in case of one failing another would come forward in his turn.

The mandarin and I are great friends; we

hold a conversation through Paolo at a distance of twenty feet; and so we march forward. If any obstacle occurs—bramble or tree-trunk—a detachment of my rabble is sent forward to clear it away, and, after having performed their duty, again fall in.

We often made excursions to different bits of ruins, sometimes escorted by other mandarins from the adjacent villages, who guide me to all the stray Buddhas in the neighbourhood, and all the ruined walls and gateways.

When once they had got over their bewilderment at the phenomenon of a white woman—not white-washed—devoting herself to hunting up old stones, they yielded amicably to this eccentricity, and showed me all they could think of.

One evening, it was the feast of the full moon, and we had been to a neighbouring village to witness the ceremonies, consisting of a sort of service by the monks—fireworks and music.

Upon our return from the full moon fête, I was shocked to behold three fires kindled under our domicile. I immediately clutched Paolo, and demanded, in a manner which evidently terrified that nervous individual, the meaning of this outrage.*

* Opium smokers become extremely nervous and timid.

My first thought was to spring on my pony and ride for my life a steeple-chase direct to the governor's, and claim his protection as his own guest; for there could be no doubt the fires had been lighted expressly; but then an access of courage coming, I decided to face the difficulty, and stand my ground. Rot I knew would shelter me physically with his big body, if treachery was meant by the rest.

"What is it?" I said, fiercely glaring upon Paolo, and keeping my grasp tight on his quivering arm; "what is it, Paolo?"

"*Moucaambe*" (mosquitoes), answered that craven, forgetting in his nervousness both Malay and French.

"Mosquitoes! and you want to set the house on fire to drive them away?"

"It is the Cambogian custom," he replied; and little Nam joined in, "Yes, we always make a fire under the houses in Sargon; it does not burn the house, only the mosquitoes;" and upon close examination we beheld the rest of our suite calmly seated round the fires chewing betel-nut.

We approached and viewed them, expressing our fears by gestures, but they all joined in a chorus that there was no danger. They certainly

are the strangest people in the world; I believe they would carry fire in their pockets, if they had any; in fact, they would make a fire anywhere, in a bowl, in a tub. On board even the tiniest of skiffs there is a fire, quite unprotected by any grate or a mite of iron; in fact they stick their bamboo torches into the kadjang, the palm-covering of the boats, and in the niches of the bamboo sheds, without ever setting them on fire. They smoke incessantly, sitting on matting dry like tinder, and knock out the ashes with the greatest insouciance.

Now, whilst we sat on the broad steps—Nam's bed, yet the nearest approach to a chair we had—a strange object hopped and half-crawled up to me, and, bowing a shaggy head to the dust and uplifting the hands, laid a large torch at my feet. It was a humble tribute; and then it crouched in the dust, gazing upon me with wonderment nothing short of my own, as we viewed each other in the moonlight. The creature had a soft expression, like some wild beast's. He had some disease which crippled him, and was wretchedly poor. He lived in the forest, and eked out a painful existence on fruits and berries. I ordered some rice to be given him, and presented him with a composite candle,

which excited his amazement and delight. He lit it, and blew it out over and over again, enjoying the amusement like a child. He had never seen either a white lady or a white candle before, and no doubt his private impression was that, if I were lit, I should burn up in the same way. He petted it, nursed it, smelt it, tasted it, and I believe finally ate it up as a great luxury.

It occurred to me that, if a few surgeons and doctors would turn missionaries and seek out the poor objects of charity, they would soon find their way to the hearts of the heathen, as Dominie called them, and God's work would be more effectually forwarded. That poor mop-head (for that was the article it most resembled) crawled up to our house every night—he had scarc y a rag to cover him—and brought some little present, a butterfly or a flower, or some cabbage which he had grown in his wilderness. There were several other poor wretched creatures who rejoiced over an egg or a little rice, as I have seen poor Irish peasants rejoice over a little tea and sugar.

I regretted constantly that I had not provided myself with small articles, treasures to them for life—common calico, handkerchiefs, needles, and thread. I had to distribute every inch of gar-

ments I had to spare, finishing with my riding-skirt when I had done with it, for, in spite of Dominie always setting me down on those subjects—he had been educated for the ministry—I hold that to clothe the naked and to feed the hungry is a bounden duty, without any choice at all; but Dominie said the "Bread of Life" was the first thing to be thought of, and, if he had been fluent in language, would have preached to them, so I said to him, "Very good, Mr. Tinglethumb, you shall give the gospel and I will give the rice and unmentionables; I will be the sister of charity and you shall be the missionary." But Dominie had no faith in my version of charity, and I had no opinion of his, and so between us our poor friends got little advantage from us.

We made an excursion to the ruined city of Angkor Thnom, about ten miles from Angkor Wat. The space intervening between one gateway and another covered seven miles, and the remains of the wall which encircled the city still survive. Within is an immense wat, five times the size of Angkor, which boasted the possession of eighteen towers. It is in complete decay, and overgrown with large forest trees. There is also the king's palace, much less dilapidated, the

walls and sculptures remaining to attest its magnificence; and we were shown the statue, in perfect preservation, of the Leper King. These ruins, in their architectural features, correspond closely with Angkor Wat, and, in fact, with all the ruins in this portion of Siam, formerly Cambogia.

Sometimes on those wondrously moonlight evenings little imagination was required to picture oneself in some mystic transition state, where, freed from the cares of this sublunary world, the soul awaits some future bliss, such as a sort of limbo where unbaptized infants are said to dwell in peace, yet excluded from the glory of the Divine presence. I used to try to steal out alone, and wrap myself in these vague fantastic dreams; but the watchful eyes of Rot were ever upon me, and, before I had wandered far on the terrace, he might have been seen creeping stealthily along the balustrade, and presently Nam would follow. I used to take a seat upon one of the great stone lions with the chancellor's big wig, which flanked the innumerable stairways of the wat. One in particular used to excite my antipathy, from his extreme likeness to a certain law lord; and, while I was punishing him by sticking thorns into his wig,

a strange but beautiful sound made itself heard, scarcely describable by any similitude. If spirits could load the air with music, it might be with such a sound, but it in no way resembled the spirit-séances I have "assisted" at. It was a soft, plaintive minor, in regular tones and cadences. I listened long, and was clearly convinced it was the air playing a concerto on something, but *what*, was the question.

Nam and Rot could give no solution of the mystery, and Paolo was deep in his opium dream, and, though we prowled about in the direction whence it came, we could find no phantom musicians. It could not be a dying swan, for, though we had plenty of alligators, pelicans, cranes, and wild ducks, there were no swans. But the following evening, a breeze springing suddenly up, wafted the same music to us, full, sonorous, melancholy. The vigilant ears of Rot caught the first tone, and his long legs were over the parapet, and striding across country in a second. Shortly he beckoned and called, when we followed the steeple-chase to a ruined building, where the monks had lately held a festival, and there we discovered a frame-work filled with hollow bamboo sticks, like the pipes of an organ. Such were the wild notes of the forest, which

can thrill through the heart as keenly as the strains of Mozart or Mendelssohn, and I feel persuaded that those great musicians learnt their inspired melodies in nature's school.

I had to tear myself away from this enchanted ground, for I had a feeling creeping over me day by day and hour by hour that it might be well to rest there during the remainder of my sojourn on this planet, and hold my soul in peace. There was a mystical attraction about it that lured me like a spell. I do not know if satiety would have ensued, but I mourned to turn my back upon it. Finally, the governor became alarmed at my long absence, and sent couriers to ascertain my welfare. I had to bid adieu to the most thoroughly dreamlike, historical land I have met with in my travels round the world. It appeared to me like suddenly being transported back to the period of the Pharaohs. The country, the people, the gigantic monuments, the thoughts depicted in the sculptures, the modes of life, the dress, the ideas, were such as one has read of but never realized, until the tangible things come before your eyes and you are enthralled by a curious charm which is one indescribable surprise. You look back to the modern European world, thousands of miles away, with

a half-bewildered, half-yearning desire, yet uncertain which you shall embrace as your own. Save for this home-sickness I believe most people would stay in the East, so great is the charm of earth and air and firmament.

Upon our return the governor again entertained us, and we passed a few pleasant days with him.

From Siem Reph I made my way in the sampan by a ramification of rivers through the Annam kingdom, touching at all the French posts in Cochin China, and, arriving at Saigon, took the Messagerie for Singapore.

END OF VOL. I.

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